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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.49, 5.14, 5.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 1.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.13, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m. 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays [illegible] throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes

BOX	LOCATION
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.
64	Winn street, near Calman's Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and [illegible] Crane's factory (Pri.)

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THE TIME OF HER LIFE

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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One morning, when Billy and I were lingering over our rolls and coffee, Betty came in with a tragic air and an open letter in her hand.

"Listen to this!" she exclaimed. "Eleanor Cuyler is coming to New York to visit her aunt, and she says she simply must see us because she's always wanted to visit the 'shores of Bohemia!'"

"The shores of what?" said Billy. "I'm sure there's nothing Bohemian about us."

"That's just it," wailed Betty, "but Miss Cuyler doesn't see it that way. She's daft about people who 'do things,' and she says she never met any, so she begs that she may come to dinner some night, quite informally, and be one of us. She thinks that because Kate writes and you're an artist and we all live in a little flat—I mean apartment—we are—well, we are queer and unconventional."

"Who is this Eleanor Cuyler?" said Billy, with a frown.

"She's a Philadelphia girl Kate and I met when we were in the mountains last summer. She was awfully nice to us in ever so many ways, and now it's our turn to do something for her. It's no use suggesting the matinee or a luncheon. Eleanor's rich as Croesus and tired of all that, and there's nothing else we can afford. Oh, I don't see what we're going to do!" And Betty puckered her brows in despair.

"Do," cried Billy. "Why, it's as plain as day! Satisfy her craving for the unconventional! If we're not Bohemians, we can at least put up a good imitation of the real thing. We can ask the Englishman, Harry Rockminster—he'll add a continental flavor. And there's Perry Dashwood; he can sing stein songs better than any one I ever knew. We'll get Cynthia to come and recite, and Worthington to bring his violin. They can pretend they're professionals. Cynthia will be an actress just starting on her career, and Worthington a struggling musician—'struggling' is the right touch, isn't it? And—let's see—this is Monday. Write and invite Miss Cuyler for Wednesday evening. Bohemians aren't supposed to give much notice when they ask people to their parties." And Billy looked over at me and laughed.

While Betty was jubilantly writing her note I went to explain things to Aunt Pattie. Aunt Pattie has mothered us ever since we were children, and nothing we do ever surprises her, so she fell in with our plan at once. "But I couldn't be a Bohemian if I tried," she declared. "I wouldn't know how to act, and I'd make you all miserable and myself too. You can easily excuse my absence."

"But you'll miss all the fun," I objected.

Aunt Pattie's eyes twinkled. "Oh, I mean to be there!" she cried. "Since we have no maid I'm going to serve the dinner myself."

In vain we all protested, coaxed, commanded. Aunt Pattie was firm in insisting that as Miss Cuyler had never seen her it could make no possible difference. Yet somehow it did to me, for I could imagine with what horror my Englishman might look on such proceedings. Even after I had written to him and explained the circumstances I was tormented by misgivings, for, although he didn't know it, his good opinion mattered more to me than anything else in the world!

All Wednesday Betty and I worked like majors. We had always rather prided ourselves on the artistic arrangement of our little parlor. Now, in order to make it look Bohemian, we had banked it with all the bizarre and startling things we could lay our hands on. Billy's delicate water color sketches were jostled by flamboyant posters, theatrical photographs adorned the mantel, and sundry pipes and ash trays littered the table. It certainly looked queer; but, as Betty and I confessed to ourselves, we didn't. Betty was demure in a gray gown, and I wore my black net. I was just fastening one of Harry Rockminster's roses in my hair when the bell rang.

"There she is!" cried Betty hysterically. "Now, don't act as if anything unusual were happening!"

Eleanor Cuyler was enthusiastic in her greeting, and she was still telling of her joy in seeing us when we crossed the threshold of the parlor. At sight of the room she smothered a little gasp, which showed that our work had not been in vain. Then Billy came forward, and the loose blouse and soft tie which he wore for the occasion made him look as if he had stepped straight out of the Latin quarter. But Miss Cuyler wasn't any more surprised at his appearance than he was at hers. Somehow neither Betty nor I had told him what a beauty Miss Cuyler was—a childish little beauty with a fluff of golden hair and deep blue eyes that opened very wide when anything astonished her.

Perry Dashwood and Harry Rockminster came early, but there wasn't a sign of Cynthia and Worthington.

"They're half an hour late already," said Betty to me in an aside. "What on earth can be keeping them? I'm afraid the dinner will be spoiled."

Something of our uneasiness reached Billy, and he turned abruptly to Betty. "I really think we'd better not wait for the others," he said. "They may be quite late. You never can tell what may happen on the shores of Bohemia."

But we were hardly seated before we heard the turn of Worthington's latchkey and the swish of Cynthia's skirt down the hall. She made a dramatic pause at the dining room door and looked perfectly dazzling in a crimson Spanish costume, glittering with spangles.

"I hope you won't mind my coming in costume," she said. "We were kept late at rehearsal, and there wasn't time to change. I met Worthington on the stairs," she continued nonchalantly. "He'll be in in a moment. He's a musician, Miss Cuyler, and you know what uncertain hours musicians are forced to keep, especially when they are young and struggling."

Cynthia moved toward her chair with sinuous grace. She said afterward that the Spanish costume had entered into her blood, and she wasn't responsible for anything she did. Neither was Worthington, for he wore a peculiar, shabby black coat and carried his violin under his arm. But his crowning glory was his hair, or perhaps I should say his wig, which was very long and straight.

"'The Music Master,' by Jove!" ejaculated Harry Rockminster.

Yet not once did a triumphant gleam illumine the eyes of Signor Worthington. To this day I've always wondered how he managed to keep that dreamy, abstracted expression. Of course I knew I could count on Cynthia and Worthington, but I never knew I could count on them to such an extent as that. Eleanor Cuyler was delighted. She looked at them and listened to them in open eyed wonder as if they were beings from another world. And all my fears of what Harry Rockminster would think were set at rest when he whispered, "I say, isn't this a stunning lark!"

And now if Aunt Pattie didn't act too much like a lady our Bohemian dinner would be a complete success, but one false note would ruin everything. I toyed with the grape fruit as long as possible. Then I rang the bell. As I did so I kept my eyes fixed on Billy. He sat opposite the kitchen door and would be the first to see Aunt Pattie. The kitchen door creaked, swung open, and the expression on Billy's face signaled me that something had happened.

"Aunty," he burst out and then checked himself.

From behind me came a soft voice with the pleasant slurred accent of the south. "I reckon yo's 'sprised to see me, Mars' Billy! Yo' didn't know I was to cook de dinnar, did yo'?"

I turned and beheld Aunt Pattie! And yet not Aunt Pattie! For the face that beamed from beneath a bandanna turban was as black as the ace of spades!

To Miss Cuyler this apparition was nothing more than a loquacious dusky servant, but the rest of us were in ecstasies of mirth. We have vowed ever since that we owed the whole success of the evening to Aunt Pattie, for not only was the dinner deliciously cooked and splendidly served, but it went with a whirl. Harry Rockminster was never more brilliant in his life and told stories of marvelous escapades in which he had taken part. Cynthia recited "Lasca" with true dramatic fervor. Between courses Worthington played snatches on his violin, and we all sang songs—songs for which Perry made up funny impromptu choruses. The men smoked, and through the blue haze shone the radiant face of Miss Cuyler.

When dinner was over she leaned back in her chair with a little sigh. "It's just as I fancied Bohemia would be," she declared. "Oh, what fun you all must have gathering round the table this way every evening. Of course it's just a common occurrence to you, but I shall never forget it. Never! And I can't thank you enough for this glimpse of it."

Billy said she thanked him fervently again when he saw her to her carriage. "I've had the time of my life," she reiterated, "the time of my life!"

"Well, she wasn't the only one," said Worthington. He had taken off his wig and was mopping his brow while the rest of us sat about the dining room table nibbling at the remains of dessert and teasing Aunt Pattie to have something more substantial than lobster salad and a cup of coffee.

"Miss Cuyler did seem to appreciate it," said Cynthia.

"Appreciate!" cried Billy. "I think it's we who ought to appreciate her coming! Why, just to look at her is a feast! She has exactly the kind of eyes I want for my 'Queen Titania.'"

"Why don't you ask her to pose for it, then?" suggested Cynthia slyly.

"I have asked," answered Billy quite simply, "and we are going to begin tomorrow."

"Whiff!" sniffed Betty. "I smell orange blossoms!" And under cover of the laughter Harry turned to me.

"Miss Cuyler's had the time of her life, Billy's had the time of his, and there's just one thing wanting to give me the time of mine." His lips were smiling, but there was no mistaking the look in his eyes.

"I'd hate to spoil your evening by saying 'No,'" I whispered back. And then, although I was so happy, I had an absurd desire to cry, and if Billy hadn't suddenly interrupted with a toast to the shores of Bohemia goodness knows what might have happened!

Trout's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent of the London Field relates that he shot a flying heron that had been fishing in the river Colne at Uxbridge, and as the bird fell there dropped out of its mouth a trout nearly one-half pound in weight. The fish was alive, though scored on the back. A keeper procured a live bait can, filled it with water and put the trout into it. After a minute or so the fish gained strength. In a few hours it seemed quite resuscitated and apparently none the worse for its narrow escape from death. It was accordingly returned to the river to recover itself fully.

From the Irish.

First Citizen—I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a stranger in Dublin. Can you direct me to Grafton street? Second Ditto—With Pleasure. Sure it's the second turn to the right. First Ditto—Thank you, sir. (Walks off.) Second Ditto (calling after him)—Hi! If you're a left handed man it's the other way entirely.—London Globe.

Taking No Chances.

"Perhaps," suggested the waiter, "you would like a Welsh rabbit."

"No," said the austere customer; "I am a vegetarian."

"A Welsh rabbit is made of cheese, you know, sir."

"I know it. As I said before, I am a vegetarian."—Chicago Tribune.

Inflexible.

"She is so rigidly conscientious."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; she sticks to her principles as if it were a matter of etiquette."—Brooklyn Life.

THE STANDARD YARD.

That In Use In Great Britain and the United States.

The yard is the British and American standard of length. Down to 1824 the original standard of Britain, from which ours was copied, was a rod, which had been deposited in the court of exchequer, London, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In those days all measures intended for general use were taken to the court of exchequer to be examined by the proper officer. That official took the proposed measure and placed it parallel with the standard and if found correct placed certain marks of identification upon it. By an act of parliament in 1824 the old Elizabethan standard was superseded by another, which had been constructed under the directions of the Royal society sixty-four years previous. This act provided that "the straight line of distance between the centers of two points in the gold studs in the brass rod now in the custody of the clerk of the house of commons shall be the genuine standard of the yard measure in Great Britain." The act further provided that the measurements of the rod must be made when the temperature of the brass was at 62 degrees F.

The standard was destroyed by fire in 1834, and the commission appointed to replace it made the yard measure now in use. The new standard was deposited in the house of parliament in 1855, and authenticated copies of it are in the possession of our government officials at Washington.

THE DEAD SEA.

Work of the Salt Divers In This Desolate Waste.

The awful desolation of the Dead sea, which lies nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is broken here and there by the salt divers, whose work is probably as ancient as the human race itself.

From remotest antiquity the salt of the Dead sea has been collected and taken to the Jerusalem market, where it is used for curing hides and for domestic purposes. Dead sea water contains over 25 per cent of solid substances, of which 7 per cent is chloride of sodium, or common salt.

The Dead sea contains no living creature. Sea fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat navigates its strange waters, nor is there any sign of life, save the isolated parties of salt divers, who scrape and slowly amass their glistening heaps of crystal near the mouth of the Jordan.

When a sufficient cargo is made ready a long string of camels crosses the desert, and the salt is loaded up into panniers, or "shwerries," and taken into Jerusalem, where it finds a ready market.

Salt, as is well known, has been used as currency from time immemorial, just as bricks of tea are used today in central Asia, especially in the borderland of China and Siberia.—Technical World Magazine.

ARTIFICIAL BALDNESS.

The Ancient and Strange Custom of Shaving the Head.

A historical inquiry into the origin of the custom of shaving the head, which is practiced in several countries, would be interesting.

It was not until the fifth century that in Europe priests began to shave their crowns. The Roman clergy then adopted the circular method and shaved that small round spot on the top of the head which is known as the tonsure. In Scotland, however, the monks shaved the whole of the fore part of the head from ear to ear.

In the Andaman islands every man shaves his head, or, rather, gets his wife to shave it for him. Many other orientals also get baldheaded.

As for the Chinaman, his method of shaving is exactly opposed to that of the Roman monk. He shaves all but a round patch, the hair of which grows long and forms the pigtail.

When the difficulty of shaving the head is borne in mind the true strangeness of the custom becomes doubly apparent. It is hard to see the advantage of it, yet in one form or another and at one time or other it has been practiced in nearly every country.

Cruel Elephant Hunters.

A correspondent of the London Times writes of elephant hunting in Africa: "The most deadly method of killing elephants, and that most frequently employed by the natives of east Africa, is the pit, sufficiently deep—roughly twenty feet—long and wide to engulf and hold an elephant. After a period of frantic struggling, hunger and exhaustion the wretched animal is done to death by native spears. If the size and powers of the animal are remembered it is difficult to imagine a more revolting, brutal picture of torture, but this is the common practice of the natives of the country and is being enacted daily throughout British territory.

Unlucky.

There is an ancient jest in Paris which originated with a waiter. A guest had ordered a dozen oysters.

"Only one dozen?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, that will be enough."

"You are not superstitious, then," said the waiter with a curious smile.

"Why?"

"Because you are not afraid of being thirteen at table."

Different Tellings.

The Doctor—You never can disguise the real thing. Culture will tell. The Professor—Yes, so will ignorance, but it generally uses more words in telling it.—Chicago Tribune.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—Jefferson.

Devotion.

That was a remarkable instance of devotion to which an Italian journal referred some time ago, wherein a husband on hearing that his wife looked her best in mourning committed suicide that she might have an opportunity to wear it.—London Queen.

Sarcastic.

Young Doctor—He seems to have every confidence in my ability to save him. Old Doctor—Is he delirious on other subjects also?—Judge.

SAVED BY COURAGE.

An Exciting Adventure With a Maori Chieftain.

Mr. Becke, the author of "Notes From My South Sea Log," tells of his tutor, who seemed to him the most heroic man in the world because he had been through the first Maori war and because of an adventure which there befell him, and which is given as follows:

Poor Guy—such was the tutor's name—was a lieutenant, and he and two companies were captured by the Maoris. They were taken inside the stockade, and the chief, taking up one of the captured seamen's cutlasses, felt its edge and then fixed his keen eyes on the young officer's face.

"I shall not harm these two men of yours," he said slowly. "They shall go safely back to your lines if"— He paused, and a grim smile distorted his tattooed face.

"If what?" asked Guy calmly.

"If you will stretch out your right hand so that I may cut it off at the wrist swiftly, no further harm shall come to you, and you, too, shall go free."

"Will you keep your word?"

"Aye. I, Te Atua Wera, am no liar."

Guy nodded, quietly took off his coat and held out his left hand.

"Strike," he said.

The chief again smiled. "Thou art as cunning as thou art brave. I said the right hand."

Guy let fall his left and extended his right arm. Te Atua Wera stepped back a pace, raised the cutlass—and struck the point of it into the ground. Then he bent forward and gravely rubbed noses with Guy.

"Go," he said, "but come back no more." So Guy and the two sailors were allowed to return to Despard's lines unharmed.

SHORT LIVED DOCTORS.

Diseases Which Are Most Deadly to the Medical Profession.

The diseases which claim the most victims among physicians relatively to all males are gout and diabetes, and there is a high relative mortality from diseases of the nervous system, circulatory system and kidneys, says the Scientific American.

From the nature of his habits the physician is not subject to accidents, and, though he is brought into contact with infection to a greater extent than other men, his preventive means are successful and his mortality from infection is low. Freedom from prolonged muscular strains and high blood tension apparently saves him from arteriosclerosis, but suicide claims many and so do the drug habits acquired by the nervously exhausted. It has been said that three-fourths of French morphine users are physicians.

The cause of the physician's early death is evidently the excessive nervous expenditure, insufficient rest and defective nutrition, inseparable from his calling, with its broken and restricted sleep, irregular hours of work, rest and meals and worry when lives depend upon his judgment and the lack of a day of complete relaxation in each week. The physician who sees his patients every day in the week, month after month, and cannot learn to forget them when he goes home merely burns the candle at both ends. He violates the law observed by every animal, that there shall be short periods of moderate exertion interrupted by longer periods of rest when repairs are made. It is not too much work as a rule, but scattered work, which prevents rest.

Long Speeches.

Much merriment has been caused by the discovery that in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" an ancient declared he had "not inflicted long lectures" on his hearers, but this is curiously matched by a plea for his soul uttered by Hugh Grove (Loyalist) at his execution May 16, 1665 (Vol. 3, Thurloe's Collections): "Good people, I was never guilty of much rhetorick, nor ever loved long speeches in my life, therfore you cannot expect either of them at my death. All I desire is your hearty prayers for my soul," etc.

In view of the Egyptian discovery this seems a very close second for England.—London Notes and Queries.

Our First Coins.

The first coins really deserving the name of United States coinage were struck off as "pattern pieces" by Benjamin Dudley at the instigation of Robert Morris and were laid before congress in 1783 as specimens of what the coinage should be. They were a "mark" and a "quint" and thus described: The "mark"—obverse; an eye, the center of a glory, 13 points cross equidistant a circle of as many stars. The "quint" is similar in design, the value on reverse being noted.

The Usual Result.

Little Willie—Pa, I'll be awful glad when I get old enough to do as I please. Pa—Naturally, my son, and when you reach that age you'll probably get married and not do it.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR.
AGUE CURE.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

The Punishment of the Bagno.

In former times the punishment of the bagno (bath), one of the most cleverly cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the water of the lagoons played so prominent a part in its penal system. The punishment was as follows: The prisoner was placed in a vat the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man. In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water which ran into the vat in a constant stream the criminal was furnished with a scoop with which to bale out the water as fast as it came in. The respite from death by immersion thus obtained was more or less prolonged, according to the powers of endurance possessed by the victim, but imagine the mortal torture, the exhausting and even hideously grotesque efforts, the incessant and pitiless toil by night and day, to stave off the dread moment fast approaching, when, overcome by sleep and fatigue, he was unable to struggle any longer against his fate.

"Auld Robin Gray."

A ballad that won instant fame against the expectation and even the wish of its author was "Auld Robin Gray," written by Lady Anne Lindsay about the end of the eighteenth century merely for her own satisfaction to replace the coarse verses of an old melody that pleased her. She sang charmingly, and the new ballad soon came into favor. Great was the curiosity aroused as to the author of this pathetic song, in whose simple verses all the elements of a heartrending tragedy are contained, but Lady Anne, modest and retiring by nature, preserved silence for many years, smiling, no doubt, at the controversy that raged so hotly. In the course of it her ballad was attributed by some disputants to David Rizzio, declared by others to be a genuine sixteenth century production and finally made the subject of a twenty guinea prize to be bestowed on anybody acute enough to bring to light the veritable author.—Cornhill Magazine.

Cigars Few Can Afford.

"A long, low strip of land, a valley between high hills, lies five miles outside of Havana, and there," said a cigar salesman, "the best tobacco in the world is grown. The name of the place is Abajo, and the Vuelta Abajo crops are always bought up two or three years in advance of their planting. They yield only 35,000 cigars annually. These cigars sometimes sell as high as $150 a hundred—$1.50 apiece. Vuelta Abajo cigars are only smoked by kings and billionaires. There are many fake Vuelta Abajos on the market, but the real thing, once smoked, can never be mistaken, for there is no other tobacco in the world with an aroma at once so powerful and so delicate."—New York Press.

Eat Less and Eat It Slowly.

Economic methods of eating are so important and so axiomatic that it really occasions some surprise that more is not known about the matter. Horace Fletcher, in his famous A B Z books on nutrition, very wisely insists upon the necessity of slow mastication with abundant insalivation. It is really astonishing how badly people use the teeth nature gave them for this purpose. Children naturally bolt their food, so it is said, and adults retain the habit. Not having the digestive power of cats or dogs, which naturally bolt their food, it results that much of our food is undigested and wasted.

A Good Excuse.

After the Duke of Wellington's victorious campaigns the University of Oxford complimented the duke himself and his principal officers by conferring upon them the honorary and not very appropriate degree of doctor of civil laws. At that time the fees were heavy, and one of the distinguished soldiers, who had gathered more honor than profit in the wars, declined the proffered degree in the following verse:

Oxford, I know you wish me well,
But prithee let me be.
I can't, alas, be D. C. L.
For want of £ s. d.

Tradition.

What an enormous "camera obscura" magnifier is tradition. How a thing grows in the human memory, in the human imagination, when love, worship and all that lies in the human heart are there to encourage it, and in the darkness, in the entire ignorance, without date or document, no book, no Arundel marble, only here and there some dull monumental cairn.—Carlyle.

Violence.

Violence ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.—Hazlitt.

Just a Dig.

Proud Mother—Professor Octave called at our house today, and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing. Her Neighbor—How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings just as the rest of us do?

Two Archbishops.

The archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England and therefore takes precedence of the archbishop of York, who is only "primate of England." This very nice distinction was made several centuries ago on account of a very bitter dispute arising between the two functionaries as to which should precede the other. The matter was settled by conferring precedence upon the archbishop of Canterbury, the two titles being also bestowed at the same time.

The Australian Native.

For hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, the Australian black has accepted the doctrine of a Trinity in heaven and the theory of evolution. In some respects he is far superior to his civilized contemporary, but he curls himself around like a dog and sinks to sleep on the bare ground at sunset. In the dark he is a veritable coward.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

A Cream of Tartar Powder, free from alum or phosphatic acid

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

St. Peter's Chair.

Rome itself is spoken of as the chair or throne of St. Peter by some early writers, but the actual episcopal chair which he is believed to have occupied may still be seen in St. Peter's, a worm eaten wooden structure, preserved in a bronze covering, says the London Chronicle. It is from such chairs of episcopal and other authority, of course, that we get the phrase "ex cathedra" and the word "cathedral," an abbreviation of "cathedral church," the church that contains the bishop's cathedra or chair. Some of the uses in old fashioned English of the adjective "cathedral" seem quaint now. "Cathedral dogmatism" meant not the dogmatism of a dean and chapter, but that of any one who spoke with an assumption of authority. A "cathedral beard" was a broad beard of a fashion anciently worn by bishops, and in Johnson's time "cathedral" seems to have been slang for "antique."

How Little Savings Roll Up.

If a parent deposits $1 at the birth of the child and adds at each succeeding anniversary of the birthday a number of dollars equal to the number of years, the amount by the time the son or daughter is twenty-one years old, computed at 4 per cent interest, compounded semiannually, will equal $300. This would be a substantial nest egg to begin life with. The man who deposits only 25 cents a week, drawing 4 per cent, compounded semiannually, will have to his credit at the end of five years $73, at the end of ten years $162, at the end of twenty years $403 and at the end of forty years $1,294. The man who saves $5 a week at this rate would be worth at the end of forty years the snug fortune of $25,888.—Leslie's Weekly.

Eased His Conscience.

In an ordinary restaurant, according to the London Chronicle, a waiter was surprised at being asked one Friday with Ireland's inimitable smile for "diviled whale." "Is it filleted shark that ye have, thin?" pursued the Irishman on being refused this delicacy. Again receiving a reply in the negative, he tried once more. "Thin ye can bring me some roasted porpoise," he said. The waiter showed signs of becoming restive, and Paddy sank back in his seat and heaved a sigh of contentment. "I'll take some roast beef and vegetables," he said cheerfully, "and sure ye'll not be for saying that I didn't ask ye for fish."

Creeping Salt.

Here is something in the course of natural phenomena that will interest and instruct the little folk if they look into it curiously: Into a tumbler half full of water dissolve just as much common table salt as can be held in solution. Let it stand for a few days and see how the salt creeps out of the water, up the inside of the glass and down the outside—just like a thing of life trying to escape from its environment. And when all the salt is apparently out of prison the water remains as salty as before! It is a pretty demonstration.

Lasting.

"This butter seems strong," said the young husband at their first breakfast at home.

"Yes," she answered. "I talked to the market man about that, and he said it was economy in the end never to buy weak butter. He said that even though this might cost a little more people could get along with less of it, and it would last longer."

Slander.

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it, so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls, since it kills not only those who circulate it, but also all those who do not reject it.—Woman's Life.

Comes Easy For the Son.

A man can't fool his wife with the same excuse more than three times, but her son can fool her with the same promise 300 times, and it will not show the least signs of wear.—Cass County (Mo.) News.

Unsuccessful Fishing.

Esmeralda—This is my latest photograph. What do you think of it? Gwendolen—Let me have one, dear. It's absolutely perfect. Esmeralda—You mean, spiteful thing!—Chicago Tribune.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face. There is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.—Haliburton.

Hopeless.

"Tom has proposed, and asks me to give him his answer in a letter."

"Shall you do it?"

"No. I will be more liberal and give him his answer in two letters."

Or Cook With Them On.

There never was an angel who wouldn't take off her wings and cook for the man she loved.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1906.

SETTLED.

There is to be no tinkering of the Dingley tariff at this session of Congress. That point is settled beyond peradventure.

Last week the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, replying to a letter from Representative Samuel W. McCall of this District, put a quietus to the clamor of a part of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress by stating positively that tariff revision was entirely out of the question at the present time, and on that they might set their hearts at rest.

Not only so, but the Chairman told Mr. McCall that, excepting a few uneasy agitators in and around Boston, the Nation were perfectly satisfied with things as they are, and a revision of the tariff was not called for, or wanted, by the people at large. The country was never in its whole life so prosperous as it is today, and it is an excellent plan to "let well enough alone."

The Massachusetts delegation, it was said, took the Chairman's letter in high dudgeon (in a horn), and talked of doing things.

☞ Rev. William H. Scott, pastor of St. John's Baptist church in this city, is engaged in securing signatures to a protest against the appropriation of money by the Massachusetts Legislature in aid of the Jamestown, Virginia, celebration until guarantees are given that the Negro shall have a square deal at it. The protest was voted at a great mass meeting held in Boston last month, and represents the sentiments of the entire colored population of this State. The point raised is, that Massachusetts ought not to participate in or appropriate funds for the Jamestown Exposition so long as a portion of her citizens are debarred the privileges accorded to other portions of them. Rev. Mr. Scott and his co workers are making a strong fight against the proposed Legislative appropriation.

☞ The praiseworthy movement for the erection of a Federal building in this city is doomed to failure for the present, at least. Last week the National House Committee on Public Buildings settled the matter. At their final meeting only five cities were so fortunate as to secure recommendations for buildings, namely: Boston, Cincinnati, Toledo, Atlanta, and Pittsburg Representative McCall had, some time previously, graciously presented Woburn's petition, but when the plums were distributed Woburn's name failed to appear in the list of prize winners. This will be apt to dampen the ardor of the enthusiastic promoters of the enterprise, and have a disheartening effect on the accumulation of funds to prosecute it. Perhaps, however, we may be included for a building site, which will be one good step.

☞ Arbor Day comes on April 28 It should be made much of according to Governor Guild's words of wisdom, which strongly advise the planting of trees. The Day has never been observed here to any alarming extent, as the late lamented humorist, Artemas Ward, used to put it, because, probably, to plant trees in Woburn would be something like "carrying coals to Newcastle." However, the Governor's idea is correct on general principles, and to plant trees is a pleasant sort of business, anyway.

☞ A disposition to favor the Rum interests by the present Legislature is painfully apparent in the records of both branches. Of course, it has been understood for several years past that the influence of Boston is paramount on Beacon Hill when the General Court is in session, but why extraordinary pains are taken to gratify the wishes of her rumsellers this present year is not so easily comprehended. It has been suggested that possibly last Fall's campaign pledges may account for it.

☞ Our thanks are due to Representative H. S. Riley for a copy of the "Manual of the General Court, 1906," a useful public document. Rep. Riley thinks the present session of the Legislature will run well into June, and final adjournment may not come before July We were gratified to learn from the records that he voted against the Abutters bill, which is a concession to the liquor interests of the State.

☞ The Civic League, if such is the high sounding name of an aggregation of Boston cranks who find their chief delight in opposing things that sensible people approve of, are sending circulars around to create a public sentiment against the commutation of the death sentence of Tucker, the Weston murderer.

☞ Since 1892 when the State first took a hand at exterminating the gypsy moth it has spent over $1,000,000 for the purpose; and now Superintendent Kirkland says he must have as much more before he can hope to gain control of the pest. This ought to open some people's eyes.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Dauchy—Lowney.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Scott & Brown—Emulsion.
County Com.—Pet. and Order.
H. E. Bucklen & Co.—Dr. King.

— The several alarms of fire this week have all been for brush fires.

— Gas, instead of electricity, now illumines the fine big house of Towanda Club.

— According to reliable reports measles are having quite a run among the children of this city.

— The High School concert last week yielded $102 net, which was a most excellent financial showing.

— W. R. C. 161 are to hold a food sale tomorrow, April 7. No danger but what it will be well patronized.

— Rev. Ernest A. Legg is to preach at the M. E. church next Sunday. He is pastor of a church at Brownsville, Vt.

— Josephine Hart, a bright teacher, is spending the school vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George G Hart, 11 Lowell street.

— Miss Ruth Richardson entertained a bevy of young friends at the residence of her parents on Mishawum Road last Monday evening.

— Work on the new schoolhouse began in earnest last Monday, and there will be no letup until the fine new building is finished from bottom to top.

— At Unitarian church, Sunday, April 8, Mr. Louis Schalk, baritone, will sing Faure's "Palm Branches" and Dvorak's "Hear my prayer, O Lord."

— Work of removing the old L. & W. St. R. track in Burlington began last Monday, and that on the new line "through the woods" will soon begin.

— The Board of Health are to investigate the matter of over-crowded tenements in this city pursuant to an order introduced by Ald. Feeney in the City Council.

— An opinion by City Solicitor Converse allows the Cemetery Commissioners to purchase the tract on Salem, Beach and Church streets for an enlargement of Woodbrook.

— The fortnight mission at St. Charles church closed last Sunday. It was one of the most successful ever held there. It was made by 1708 men, 1936 women, and 300 children.

— Assistant Principal Mr. Frank R. Clark is training the candidates for the High School baseball team at the Armory. He intends to have a strong combination for this season's work.

— One day, lately Jordan, Marsh & Co's auto furniture van made the trip, with a load, from Chelsea Ferry to Woburn, via Melrose, Stoneham, etc., in 50 minutes, or 4 minutes to a mile.

— The funeral of Mrs. Vary, wife of Mr. Raymond P. E. Vary, was held last Monday. She was a member of W. R. C. 84, and a large delegation from that body attended the funeral at St. Charles church.

— The baseball season is expected to open in a few days with a great flourish of trumpets. There are a plenty of clubs in this city by whom great playing and many victories may reasonably be expected.

— A sunlight hop will be given by the South End Auto Club in Music Hall, Dow's Block, Patriots Day, April 19. Calnan's Orchestra will furnish the music and dancing will be enjoyed from 2 p. m. till 2 a. m.

— Mr. Alex. Grant, the tailor, is expected to take rooms in Mechanics Building and carry on business there. He is one of the tenants of the Fox Building who have been notified to vacate to permit changes for Burnes's big store.

— Burlington is going to hold a special Town Meeting to see if the vote to sell the town farm can't be upset. A strong reaction of sentiment concerning it has taken place, and it is doubtful if the farm will be sold as advertised.

— The funeral of Willard A. Dow, who died at his home on Pleasant street of tonsilitis on Friday, March 30, 1906, was held last Monday. The religious services were conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church.

— March went out near enough like a lion last Saturday to let it go that way. It came in like a lion, and left in the same character. It rained, snowed, and drizzled Saturday, and the weather, all day, was anything bu pleasant and agreeable.

— All the schools of the city opened last Monday morning with no spotted fever scare on hand to prevent the attendance of pupils. No cases of the disease have been reported since the fourth, which resulted in the death of a child on Richardson street.

— In a little better than 3 weeks the Commissioners will ladle out another batch of liquor licenses, to the gratification of some and disappointment of others. Moore, Doherty, Maloney and Scally are sure of being favored; but uncertainty exists as to others.

— James Durward, Jr., left here a few days ago with his family to enter on the duties of Rifle Inspector at the U. S. Armory in Springfield. It is a fine official position, and no man can fill it better than Mr. Durward. He is the Rifle Champion of the United States.

— Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, who is about as good judge of such things as we have among us, says the phonographic representation of the Civil War at the G. A. R. Post 161 smoketalk last Monday evening was all that could have been desired, meaning that it was excellent.

— As has been the custom for several years past, there will be a Union Young People's service at 9.30 Easter Sunday morning. The meeting this year will be held in the vestry of the First Baptist church, and will consist largely of prayer and song. All people are cordially invited.

— If Lawyer W. Fred Davis has opened his campaign for a seat in the next Legislature he is keeping mighty still about it. He ought to be cuddling up to the County Commissioners and see to it that no changes in this representative District prejudicial to his interests are made.

— Woburn Council, K. of C., have instituted a series of smoketalks at which popular speakers from abroad will deliver addresses. The first one was held last Tuesday evening when Mr. Francis J. Horgan was heard with great pleasure on "Citizenship." It was a fine and useful address.

— It stands in hand of everybody to buy tickets to the May Party to be given on May 4, for the benefit of the Floating Hospital. Mrs. Bertha Taylor is Chairman of the Ticket Committee, and, as such, wants to sell a pile of them. The charity is one of the most deserving that people are asked to contribute to.

— Miss Gertrude Menard of Montreal, formerly of this city, has a racy and entertaining story in the April number of *Donahoe's Magazine*. Its scenes are laid in and around Quebec, and its motif is love and romance Miss Menard is a poetess as well as story teller, and excels in both branches of literature.

— Patriot's Day will be with us in one week from next Thursday, April 19. It will mark the 131st anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the first in the Revolutionary War, in which many Woburn men took part, and some lost their lives. Hence Woburn should celebrate.

— Hon. John G. Maguire, Associate Justice, presides at the Fourth District Court during the absence of Judge E. F. Johnson in the far West. According to public testimony, he fills the honorable position in a highly satisfactory and creditable manner. Judge Johnson will be gone several weeks.

— President Fitzgerald of the Depot Hackmen's Trust is not the whole shootingmatch down there. Last Monday Barney Harkins, better known as "Shorty," went out and bought one of the finest horses in the market for his hack business, and never said aye, yes or no to "Fitzy" about it until the trade was made.

— On Monday evening, April 9, the Young Men's Class of the Baptist church will hold their annual supper and ladies night. At 7 45 P. M. the doors will be thrown open and the public will be admitted to the entertainment and lecture. Rev. J. Stanley Durkee will deliver an address entitled "Why I am here."

— The cast in "Sunbonnets," given in Shirley Hall, Montvale, a few evenings since, with marked and gratifying success were: Louise Hosmer, Hazel Pike, Doris Pike, Grace McDowell, Alma McPherson, Lois Young, Gertrude Pike, Amy Foster, Eva Poland, Annie Foster, Phronie Freeman. The play was given in real good shape.

— On Sunday at the Congregational church Rev. Lewis Chafer will speak three times. The Vesper Service will be held as usual at 4.30 p. m., and there will be an evening service at 7 o'clock. At the latter service Mr. and Mrs. Chafer will have entire charge of the music, themselves singing duets, and leading the people in the hymns.

— Mr. Benjamin T. H. Porter, the well known insurance agent of this city, was 83 years old last Sunday He was born in the North End, Boston, and came with his family to Woburn in 1840, when he was 17 years old. He has been in the insurance business here nearly half a century, and is still bright, quick and healthy.

— With lively games, fine music, excellent luncheon, phonographic songs and speeches, Miss Evelyn Buckman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Buckman, celebrated the anniversary of her 11th birthday at her home last Saturday. About 30 of her young friends and associates were happy participants of the festivities of the occasion.

— The Revival Meetings held by Rev. and Mrs. Lewis S Chafer at the First Congregational church this week have been remarkably well attended, and pervaded by a real revival spirit. The large vestry has been well filled every evening, among the audiences many people being numbered who are not constant attendants on the evening meetings at the church.

— A party of young ladies of this city, have formed a Club, and at a meeting held at the home of Misses May and Nellie Hartnett, of Dartmouth street, North Woburn, they adopted the name of "Independent Maids" and elected officers as follows: President, Miss Grace Keefe; Secretary, Miss May A. Hartnett; Treasurer, Miss Helen Lynch. The next meeting will be held at the home of the President on Lake avenue.

— The N. E. Methodist Episcopal yearly Conference opened in Malden last Wednesday, and will close, by an announcement of the ministerial appointments, next Monday. Many regret the probable change in the Woburn pastorate, for Rev. Mr. Richardson is a favorite with his church and is popular outside of it. His transfer to another field of labor, if one is made, will be on his own motion, and for reasons in no way based on his relations with his present charge.

— Mr. Rufus R. Whitten has furnished us with a copy of last Saturday's *Old Colony Memorial* published at his native place, Plymouth, for which we tender our thanks. No 65 of "Plymouth Memories by an Octogenarian" is of more than local interest, for it tells of things said and done by the Pilgrims who first set foot on American soil, and revives old time memories. A report of the late Town Meeting there makes readable matter. Plymouth has about 10,000 inhabitants

— It is reported that Mr. Charles G. Lund has resigned the position of General Superintendent of the American Hide and Leather manufacturing business in this city and has become associated with the Turner Machine Co. at Peabody. Mr. Daniel W. Bond, a prominent leather manufacturer here for years past, takes Mr. Lund's place as Manager of the Trust's interests in this city. Mr. Lund has been one of the most successful men in the business, and is thoroughly acquainted with all branches of the trade.

— The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Buckley, who died at her home on Pleasant street March 28, 1906, at the age of 80 years, was held on March 30, at St. Charles church, and attended by a large number of her friends. She had been a resident of Woburn many years, and was highly respected by a wide circle of acquaintances. The children left to mourn the loss of a kind mother are Mr. Charles P. Buckley, driver of Hook and Ladder 1, Mrs. Michael Walsh of this city, and Mrs. Johanna Reardon of Peabody.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have let the contract to remove the ledges and knolls on both sides of the tracks between Church avenue and Main street, and to level them off in fine shape, to Capt. J. M. Ellis, the contractor, of this city, who will begin at once on the work, the same to be performed under the direction of the Company's engineer. Station Agent Parkin tells the JOURNAL that the site of the ugly mounds is to be made smooth and level, in other words, a thing of beauty and joy forever.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it *cures the cold*. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE. 409 Pearl Street New York

— George C. Conn is expected in this city next week.

— Dr. Lane is still at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, but is improving every day.

— Work on the changes and improvements of the Fox building have begun.

— Arthur Platts is to be Assistant Superintendent of a new electric plant at Medford.

— The "Boston East Wind" manages to get around towards night every day. It is evidently preparing to do business here this spring.

— The Geo. E. Brown Building Co. have installed an 8 P. H. gas engine at their shop on Prospect street this week in place of a 5 H. P. electric motor, which they have discarded. The Co. are finding business fairly good this spring.

— The weather this week has not been of the very best quality for planting corn. Frank Pushee, though, expects to put in seed this week for a crop of peas, and as good as guarantees a big mess from the vines to go with the spring lamb for dinner on Bunker Hill Day.

— Miss Angie Heartz is at home from Mount Holyoke College for a brief vacation season. Last Sunday she entertained a classmate, Miss Frances Crawford, daughter of Dr. Crawford of Davenport, Iowa, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz on Bennett street.

— Quite a number of our people attended the Vesper service in Emmanuel church, Boston, last Sunday. Harp and violins from the Symphony Orchestra assisted by organ and vested choir of 60 or 70 voices. Prof. Plaucon, leader of the Young Peoples' Choir of the Woburn First Congregational church, was one of the soloists.

— The competative examination of applicants for admission to the West Point Military Academy and Annapolis Naval Academy residing in this Congressional District will take place in the Winchester High School building at 9 o'clock, Saturday, April 7. Congressman McCall has the appointment of a scholar in each of the schools.

— Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles Church in this city, attended the splendid reception given to the Most Reverend William H. O'Connell, Titular Archbishop of Constance and Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston last Tuesday. More than 6,000 Catholics assembled there to do honor to the new Coadjutor.

— The greatest improvement that can be made in the centre of the city will be that of Montvale avenue and Walnut street, and now is the time to do it. The top of the hill at the Armory should be lowered 2 feet; the street widened 10 or 15 feet at that point; raised 6 feet at the junction of Walnut street and that street laid out and properly graded. The improvement ought to be made now before any buildings are put up.

— The employees of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Companies held a convention in Boston few days ago at which resolutions were adopted asking for an increase of wages and a modification of the hours of labor. They demand 28 cents an hour for working 9 hours in each period of 11 hours after May 1 The employees of both Companies, which are practically the same, were largely represented at the convention.

— It is fair to presume that Mr. Frank C. Nichols was prominently in evidence at the convention of "Ice Barons," assembled under the nom de plume of "The Massachusetts Ice Dealers Association," at the American House, Boston, yesterday, for he is one of them It is equally presumable that that he did not "smile" as frequently as the author of the call for the convention intimated the members would, for Frank eschews drinks that have "sticks" in them, and is far from being of a bibulous turn of mind. However, it would not strain his conscience much to agree with the convention that the price of ice must go up.

— Mrs. Emma F, wife of Arthur F. Heald, died Sunday afternoon, April 1, at her residence on Cambridge street, this city, after a short illness. Mrs. Heald was Emma F. Blakely, daughter of Chambers and Elizabeth Blakely, born in Saugus, June 11, 1858 She leaves a husband and three children, one daughter Addie G, and two sons, Charles and Elmer. She is survived by three brothers and two sisters, C. L. Blakely of Medford, A T. Blakely of Lexington, G. L. Blakely of Milford, N. H., Mrs. M. L. Holliday of Worcester and Mrs E. A. Tufts of Woburn. The funeral was conducted by Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., Tuesday afternoon. Many beautiful floral tokens attested to the esteem of friends.

— Mr. M. A. Burnes is to move to the west side of Main street as soon as the owners, Messrs. J. W and E F. Johnson, get the Fox building ready for his occupancy, work on which is to begin at once. The building, which is well located for business, is to undergo radical changes made necessary for Mr Burnes's large and increasing furniture and house furnishing trade. A 50 foot addition is to be made to the rear end, which will reach well up to the line fence. Mr. Burnes is to occupy the first and second stories, both to have fine full fronts for the exhibition of goods, the main entrance to be on the south side. The necessity for more and better arranged room for his large stocks of household wares is the reason for Mr. Burnes's change of location.

Rev. Lewis S. Chafer.

Rev. and Mrs. Chafer, whose coming has long been anticipated, are at work in special meetings in the Congregational church. They were greeted by a large audience on Wednesday evening, and the people felt at once that helpers of spiritual power had been graciously sent to them. The singing of Mr. and Mrs. Chafer is peculiarly effective; they sing together with utmost simplicity and with winning tenderness hymns full of the gospel of love. Mr. Chafer speaks with great clearness and directness the central truths of religion He wishes it to be widely understood that his mission is to present the truth in love; that it is the mission of the Holy Spirit to make the truth effective; that he has no methods of his own to push; and that no embarrassment will be caused to anybody attending the meetings. Mr. Chafer speaks each evening, except Saturday, until Easter, and three times on Sunday. The people are invited to make the meetings their own.

A Fatal Accident.

Mr. James A. West of 8 Brown Place, this city, a well known and highly esteemed citizen, was struck by a Boston & Maine train at Central Square about 7 o'clock last Saturday evening, and died of the injuries received a few minutes later in the railroad station there. One of his legs was broken and his skull badly fractured.

The theatre train and a cab train met and passed at that point and it appeared that Mr. West stepped to the track in the rear of the former and was immediately struck by the cylinder of the other, resulting a few minutes after in his death. Just how the accident happened the gateman could not explain, saying that he was not an eye witness to it. Why the cab train was not seen by Mr. West and the danger avoided could not be explained.

Mr. West was a native of Nova Scotia, about 53 years old, a brother of Deacon George W. West of the First Baptist church, and the father of five children, all of adult age. He was a prominent and working member of the Methodist Episcopal church of this city, and had been connected with the *Youth's Companion* in Boston about 18 years.

In the sad death of Mr. West this community loses one of its best members, and the church and moral reform an influential friend, advocate and supporter.

The funeral was held in the Methodist church on Tuesday, and was attended by a large congregation, the auditorium being filled both above and below. Rev. Norman B. Richardson, pastor, paid an eloquent and well deserved tribute to the virtues of the deceased, and Alice Locke and Eva Langill sang appropriate pieces sweetly. The Messrs. Tripp were the undertakers. Frank W. Greydon, Frank W. Legg, Charles H. Kimball, Herbert S. Dickinson, A. L. Holdridge, and Moses W. True were the bearers.

A large delegation were present from the *Youth's Companion* establishment, where the deceased was held in high regard, and many Boston friends came out to the funeral.

A Lucky Postmistress

is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., druggists. Price 25c.

High School Concert.

It was given in Lyceum Hall on the evening of March 30, and greatly enjoyed by a large audience. A fine programme was executed by home talent exclusively and every number was perfectly rendered. The listeners were not slow in demonstrating their appreciation of the merits of the performances.

Miss Dora A. Winn, Music Instructor of the public schools, acquitted herself handsomely as Conductor of the concert, and won well deserved credit for talents in that direction. Master Owen said that Miss Winn came out strong at the rehearsals, where she held a taut rein, and drilled her artists thoroughly for the concert, where the result of her good work was seen and appreciated.

The assisting talent were: Maud H. Littlefield, violin; Alice A. Whitcomb, reader; Edna B. Felch, soprano; John C. Andrews, clarinet; Ethel A. Wallace, accompanist, all homebred, and the very best in their special lines.

The Euterpean Glee Club, whose valuable aid was duly recognized, consists of Stella G. Preston, Annie L. Draffin, Edith J. Nelson, Edythe D. Bezanson, Edna B Felch, Stella W. Eames, Susan B. Quinn, M. Loretta Kenney, Emma F. Dugan, Ruth W. Coburn, Carrie M. Armstrong, Marion L. Fetridge, Margaret E. Martin, Dorothy M. Coburn, Mildred A. Fox, Inez M. Kenney, Jennie E. Goode, Agnes A. Froberg.

The Senior Class Double Quartet of the High School, also participated in the entertainment. The members are: Chester J. Conn, Harold B. Sweetser, Roger P. Eaton, H. Harrison Leathe, William M. Lynch, Philip H. Owen, Sydney A. Beggs, Arthur F. Ray.

The net proceeds of the concert were over $100, which will go quite a little way towards procuring ornaments for the new schoolhouse.

Easter in Europe.

In Munich and Vienna, the churches on Good Friday are the scene of a very striking picture of the burial of Christ. A figure of the Saviour is carried in state around the church to the altar, where is a sepulcher, to which access, through an opening formed by artificial rocks, awaits it. The windows are darkened and, through the gloom, the eyes of thousands of awed worshipers are drawn to the tomb, where a solitary light illumines the white-palled figure of the crucified Christ. In some parts of Austria large processions parade the streets, headed by priests riding on horses and bearing banners, with an escort of white-robed choristers chanting hymns, and in Bavaria the peasants form processions, hundreds, sometimes thousands, strong, heralded by a man bearing a gigantic candle.

One of the most peculiar of these continental celebrations of Easter is that which for centuries has been practised by the monks of Roncevaux. As day breaks on the morning of Good Friday, a long procession of the monks files out through the gateway of the abbey, each bearing on his back an enormous and heavy cross, by way of annual penance and in imitation of what they consider to have been one of the severest forms of Christ's physical suffering. Through hamlets and villages, this pathetic procession makes its way, in spite of the trembling knees and aching muscles, while the villagers, with bare and bowed heads, do homage to the cross. That their penance may lack nothing of severity, these monks strike into the country, choosing the steepest and roughest paths.—*The April Metropolitan Magazine.*

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Store, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE BREAD

Exclusive because the home-made taste is there. We are the only people who are willing to put it there. It costs us more to do it, but it costs you no more to buy Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. It's different because it's better.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St. BOSTON

Literary Notices.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for April is a fine Easter number. Its stories, poetry and illustrations are numerous and of a high order of merit. The contents are: He is Risen, April, An Impressionist Sketch, On Resurrection Morn, Life of Sir John Gilbert, A White Nun, The Far Country, The Risen Christ, A Comrade of the Flower, An Eastside Feud, A Little Prematurely, Catholic Royalties, The Century of Baltimore Cathedral, The Coming of Spring, The Annunciation, Experiments in Drama, The Spring Poet, People in Print, From a Little sister in China, April, Book Reviews, etc.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Three Musketeers" is one of the most popular melodramas ever produced in any country. In France, the land of its origin, in England, and in America, theatre audiences have never grown weary of its romantic scenes and characters, and its production at the Castle Square next week will be more than welcome. Dumas's famous novel has had many dramatic versions, and it is an entirely new one, never before seen in Boston, that has been chosen by the Castle Square management. The Castle Square production of "The Three Musketeers" will be in every way original and novel. The scenery will be especially prepared for this production, and the cast, headed by John Graig as D'Artagnan, will give a strong interpretation of every character.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. Price only 50c.

James A. West.

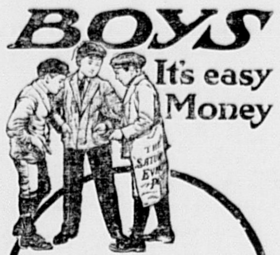
Woburn met with a great loss in the death of James West. He was one of our most useful citizens. Always courteous in manners, yet a great worker in every good cause. We always knew which side he was on without asking; always working for what he thought was the right side; in temperance, church and political work, a hustler. Always doing a kind deed for some one; finding employment for some one out of work; helping those in trouble; visiting the sick night or day. His good influence was felt throughout the city. He was an indulgent father, and a companion of his children. How we shall miss him!—C. M. S.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for Weak Lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Devil's Island Torture

is no worse than the terrible case of Piles that afflicted me 10 years. Then I was advised to apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and less than a box permanently cured me, writes L. S. Napier, of Rugles, Ky. Heals all wounds, Burns and Sores like magic. 25c. at Robbins Drug Co., druggists.



Thousands of boys all over this country, who never had much money to call their own, are happy now at the merry jingle of cash in their pockets, made by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Friday afternoons and Saturdays. They have no better chances, they are no brighter than you. It's just this—instead of dreaming about the good times to come, they got right down to business and hustled for what they wanted. You can do the same. Don't lose any time about it. Write a letter to day asking us to send you our handsome booklet about boys who make money, also the complete outfit for starting in business. With this will come ten free copies of *The Post*, which you can sell at 5c each. After this you buy as many copies as you need at wholesale prices. As an inducement to do good work we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc., to boys who sell a certain number of copies. And in addition

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

EACH MONTH

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1728 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN. LYCEUM HALL BUILDING H & SON CO.

Spring Styles

— IN —

Hats

Are Now Ready.

You can purchase all the New Styles and Shapes of Derby and Soft Hats at our up-to-date store. Be sure and ask to see

THE GUYER HAT

The best make of Hat that can be shown. Prices:

$1.00, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
And Hatters
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

Card of Thanks.

Mr. Arthur Heald and family wish to express their appreciation and thanks to the many friends who so kindly aided them in their bereavement, and for the beautiful floral tributes.

ARTHUR F. HEALD,
ADDIE G. HEALD,
CHARLES A. HEALD.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "A Missionary Religion."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Ernest A. Legg.
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Lewis S. Chafer.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 4.30 P. M., Vesper Service.
At 7 P. M., Evangelistic Service. Mr. Chafer will speak. Mr. and Mrs. Chafer will sing.
Each evening Evangelistic Service.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, March 29, by Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, James Hugh Ray and Frances Jane Dobbins, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 31, James A. West, aged 53 years, 6 months, 3 days.
In this city, March 30, Willard A. Dow, aged 39 years, 11 months, 12 days
In this city, April 1, Ina Maud Hart, aged 22 years, 11 months, 16 days.
In this city, April 1, Emma F., wife of Arthur Heald, aged 47 years, 9 months, 21 days.
In this city, April 3, Lizzie A. Jaquith, aged 51 years, 10 months, 26 days.
In Boston, March 31, Emma H. Vary, aged 40 years, 4 months, 27 days.

DON'T WORRY

You get the girl
We furnish the rest.
Four rooms furnished
Complete $88.00

	REGULAR PRICE
1 Iron Bed	$3.00
1 Spring	2.50
1 Mattress	3.75
1 pair Blankets	2.00
1 pair Pillows	2.00
1 Oak Bureau	10.00
1 Oak Commode	4.50
1 Oak Table	1.50
1 Oak Chair	1.00
1 Oak Rocker	2.00
20 yards Matting	4.00
1 Sofa	12.00
1 Rocker	6.00
1 Arm Chair	5.00
1 Parlor Chair	4.00
1 Ladies' Chair	3.00
1 Mahogany Table	2.50
1 Rug Carpet	15.00
2 pr. Lace Curtains	4.00
1 Oak Dining Table	6.75
4 Oak Dining Chairs	5.00
1 Art Square	7.50
1 Range and Pipe	14.50
1 Kitchen Table	2.50
2 Kitchen Chairs	1.00
16 yards Oilcloth	4.00
6 Shades	2.40
	$131.40

SMILE AND DO IT NOW.

The Plimpton-Hervey Co.
21-25 Washington Street,
Near Haymarket Square.

CANNED GOODS

Standard Goods at Right Prices.

Corn, good quality,	8 cents
" Honey Drop,	13 "
Peas, Marrowfat,	8 "
" "	10 "
" Larson's,	13 "
" " Sifted,	17 "
String Beans,	9 "
" " Wax,	10 "
" " Best,	12 "
Shelled Beans,	12 "
Beets, small,	15 "
" sliced,	10 "
Sweet Potatoes,	10 "
Peaches, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" New York,	15 "
" Maryland,	13 "
Strawberries, Victor, 2 lb.	15 "
" " 1 lb.	10 "
" Oneida,	25 "
Raspberries,	12 "
Apricots, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" California,	15 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hous
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank

Incorporated A. D 1854.

Open Daily 9 A. M to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M., and Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

Deposits,	$2,000,000.00
Surplus,	190,000.00
Dividends credited to the depositors since Bank commenced busines	$1,334,575.00

A safe depository for the savings of the wage earner; where as high a rate of interest is paid on deposits as is consistnnt with the safe investment of principal.

BOARD OF INVESTMENT

Charlie A. Jones, *President.* John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, *Vice Presidents* Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W Fowle, Julius F. Ramsdell. A. Herbert Holland, *Treasurer.*

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS,

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held on

Thursday, April 12, 1906,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, fifteen Directors, and three Auditors, to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and for transacting any other business that may legally come before the meeting. The Polls will be open from 7.30 to 9.00 P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

To Let.

A Tenement on Franklin street; 8 rooms, and all modern improvements.
Enquire of P. E. BANCROFT,
12 Franklin street.

Spring Dyeing
Call for Direction Book
5 NEW COLORS
For 1906
DIAMOND DYES

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-2
Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Grabow Malt...

A liquid food and a superior Spring Tonic. Recommended by the medical profession as a builder and appetizer, especially to convalescents. Grabow Malt puts into the body what work takes out.

18c. Bottle. Six for $1.00

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.
417 Main Street, Woburn

Gift or Giver...

Do you want the ring to be a pleasure of the giver, or because of the ring itself? It might be both. These rings would be Admired Because of their Beauty. The giver would be admired because of his judgment. You'll be interested for many reasons.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Easter Novelties.
A large assortment of EASTER EGGS.
Fine CHOCOLATES in fancy packages for Easter.
Ice Cream, Sherbets and Fancy Ices.

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

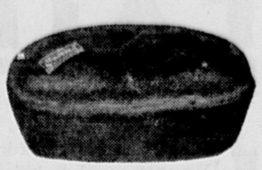
439 Main St., Woburn

1906 SPRING STYLES
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - Woburn

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

WOBURN
Gas Light Co.
For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining t gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,
314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.
The Residence of the late
James I. Hanson,
situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres
MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.



Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

The Oval Loaf
With the Different Taste

Has twice the food value of any other kind of Bread. Of course you want the best and there can't be but one best—that's Creamalt. The best for little folks and big folks. Grocers everywhere sell it. One loaf will prove its worth.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
CHARLESTOWN

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned petitioners, citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, that common convenience and necessity require a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musolino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larsen to some point near the residence of Andrew Larsen.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board will give due notice, view the premises, and lay out a highway as aforesaid.

Dated Wilmington, March 15, 1906.

FRANK E. DAY
and fifty-four others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on the twentieth day of March, A. D., 1906.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, on Friday, the fourth day of May, A. D., 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Buckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Patrick Charles Buckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Marion, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Elijah P. Marion, administrator of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six,

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HAMS AND BACON

EASTER EATING
gives you privileges you've been longing for, for many a day. Don't think of preparing that Easter meal without first visiting our meat market and laying in a stock of our

EASTER HAMS and BACON

They're well smoked, sweet and juicy. You'll relish them and buy more, as they can't be excelled. Price is shaded for Easter.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

Public Speakers.

There are only two kinds of speakers. The first is the man who is making a good speech and won't finish. The second is the man who is making a bad speech and can't finish. The latter is the longer.—Illustrated London News.

The Original Lobbyist.

The lobbyist was a conspicuous part of the first government established by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. He was a serpent.—Washington C. H. Record.

WINCHESTER.

Judge Littlefield is arranging a schedule of his summer trolley trips.

Calumet Club held its last smoketalk of the season on Saturday, March 31. Vale!

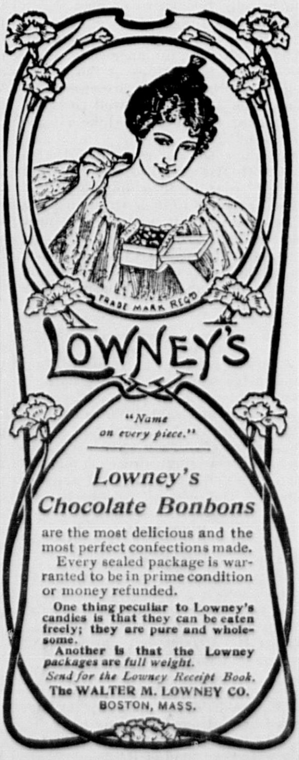
Moth Commissioner Kirkland says "more funds or greater voluntary cooperation by property owners, is what we want" to fight the moth. Exactly! especially the funds.

Rev. D S Kelleher, Ph. D., is the successor of Rev H J Madden as Rector of St. Mary's Catholic church He comes here highly recommended The financial condition of the church is excellent.

At a meeting of the Mass. Rep Ed Ass'n last week, Mr. Theodore T. Wilson, Editor of the Winchester *Star* was chosen a member of the Executive Committee. No better selection could have been made.

We are all hoping that the purchase by him of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald*, the leading paper of that State, will not result in the loss of Congressman S. W. McCall as a resident of Winchester. He is one of our very best citizens, and barring his politics, which some think are a little off color, no gentleman of this town is more highly esteemed than he. But his interest in Winchester, and his hold on the Republicans of the 8th District, will probably insure a continuance of his residence here, which is what our people, without an exception, want.

One of the best men in this town, and a citizen of 50 years continuous living here, who everybody respects and honors for his rare native and acquired qualities of head and heart, Hon. Abraham B. Coffin, reached the 75th anniversary of his birthday last Saturday, and to make it more binding, and duly observe the occasion, his amiable and devoted helpmeet, Mrs Coffin, arranged and carried out in the most successful manner a reception for him at Felledge, their home, which was attended by a large number of the best people in this town, and which everyone enjoyed. I believe that no man has ever lived in Winchester who shared to a greater degree the confidence and esteem of people in all grades of society than Hon. A B Coffin. His name is also well known and highly respected elsewhere than in Winchester in this part of the State, in official and professional circles, for he has filled many public posts of responsibility, and, until his health became impaired, was classed among the leading lawyers of Boston Esquire Coffin was born in the State of Maine; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1856; studied Law and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1858. He has lived in Winchester 50 years, and if he has any enemies I don't know who they are, or where they belong Such a life record as that of Lawyer Coffin is worth more than money, and his precept and example have done more good than gold or greenbacks.



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BOSTON, MASS.

The First Man.

About the middle of the seventeenth century Isaac de la Peyrere, in an odd little volume entitled "The Pre-Adamites," attempted to prove that there were two creations of men—the first on the sixth day of the week of creation, when "God created man male and female." The rabbis interpret the above passage of holy writ as meaning that the first race of human beings were creatures in which both sexes were united in the same individual. According to De la Peyrere, Adam was the result of the second creation, the "male and female" being having been the progenitor of the gentiles, Adam the father of the Jews. A great many people fell in with the views of De la Peyrere, and he was the lion of the hour. His followers were called "Pre-Adamites," and they increased in numbers rapidly until finally the movement became so strong that the founder of the sect was compelled to go to Rome and abjure his doctrine at the feet of Pope Alexander VII.

Savages and Snuff.

The habit of snuff taking has been confirmed among savage tribes for ages past. In South Africa it is used among Swazis, Basutos and Matabeles. Every Zulu today, even in towns, carries a little square box suspended around his neck by a piece of string or gut, and the snuff spoon (for they do not indulge in the homely "pinch"), carved out of sheep's bone, often ornamented with intricate geometrical designs and for convenience carried hanging downward through a slit in the lobe of the ear. The Zulu regards the lobe of his ear as a useful receptable for various small articles he meets with. The umfaan, or house boy, universally met with in Natal, has a penchant for safety pins, which have to be carefully hidden from his sharp eyes. Even then he is usually to be seen, after going through the rooms, with a string of these pins suspended from each ear until they reach his shoulders.

Neckties as Railway Signals.

"Red neckties are always worn by foreign brakemen and conductors. Ever notice it?" said a railroader.

"No. Why is it?"

"As a safety device," was the reply. "These red neckties that flash upon your gaze on the railroads of Italy, France, Germany and England are not a sign that the people have a gay taste, but that they are cautious and prudent.

"The neckties are supplied free by the railroad companies for use as danger signals in emergency. Thus, no matter when or where an accident may happen, there is no need to search or scramble for a red flag, but the brakeman whips off his red necktie and waves it frantically aloft."—Minneapolis Journal.

Kentucky's Names.

Kentucky is known as the Corn Cracker State from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in great abundance in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State, from the belt of land running through the center, in which this variety of grass grows to great perfection. In the early days of our history it was known as the Dark and Bloody Ground, being so termed by the Indians. It was then a debatable land between the Indians living north of the Ohio and those living in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, a sort of battleground for these tribes, which fact gave it the name long before it was settled by the whites.

Planets With Three Suns.

The people inhabiting the planets in the solar system of Gamma have no need of electricity, gas, oil or other kind of artificial light. In those favored worlds they have continuous daylight and probably have no idea of a land like ours which is alternately bathed in sunlight and plunged into darkness. The Gammanean planets are so situated that as soon as one of their three suns begins to decline another appears in sight. Each of these three suns is of a different color—red, yellow and blue.

Price and Imagination.

Housewives are apt to judge the quality of groceries by the price paid for them. As an illustration of this a grocer tells the following story: "I had two qualities of flour—one fine and the other poor. One day I accidentally sold one for the other. My customers, who paid a high price for the poor quality, said that it had given entire satisfaction, while those who had received the fine flour for a low price complained of it, and a few returned it as unfit for use."

Affection.

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing; that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—Longfellow.

His Ancestors.

Jones—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—One thousand pounds, for keeping quiet about them. —London Tit-Bits.

It Hurt.

"Pa whaled me with a board. Then he said it hurt him worse'n it hurt me."

"And do you think it did?"

"I expect so. He got a big splinter in his thumb."

Heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there. But if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors it would sound like poetry.—G. W. Curtis.

Safe For a Short Distance.

A young man who is blessed with a Scotch kinsman need never fear that he will be allowed to hold too high an opinion of himself.

"What do you think of my project to study law?" asked young Witherby of his great-uncle, Robert Donaldson, a person whom he was desirous to propitiate.

"I should call it a vera harmless amusement," said Mr. Donaldson dryly after a comprehensive survey of the young man's fatuous face and gay attire, "if not carried too far."

Honesty.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shall thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March, 17, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 21, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

OWEN H. BOYLE.—About 2,218 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Richardson street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Richardson street; easterly by land now or late of Bassett; southerly by land now or late of Parker; westerly by land now or late of Maloney.
Balance of Tax of 1904, $20 58

MAURICE W. CARROLL.—About 7,056 square feet o land with buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; easterly by land of Ellen J. Carroll; southerly by Stoddard street; westerly by land formerly of Joseph Buck.
Tax of 1904, 12 15

EDWARD W. CHAMPNEY, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 14,576 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Summer street; easterly by land now or late of Chas. G. Lund Trustees and land now or late of Sentner; southerly by land now or late of George M. Champney; westerly by Warren avenue.
Tax of 1904, 137 20
Street Watering for 1904, 5 08

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,888 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Porter street, being lot No. 19 on Plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by said Porter street; easterly by lot 20 on said Plan; southerly by land of Eustice Cummings; westerly by lot 18 on said Plan.
Tax of 1904, 42 14

JELINDA T. DOW HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 31,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Myrtle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Myrtle street; easterly by land of Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston; southerly partly by land last named, and partly by land now or late of Holden; westerly by land of Warren Academy Trustees and land now or late of Eckly Stearns heirs.
Tax of 1904, 96 04

ANNIE M. DOWNEY.—About 9,320 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Buck street, and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by said Buck street; southerly by a private way; westerly by land of Garvey; northerly by land now or formerly of one Conlan.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

JOHN DUFFY.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 12 Buckman street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Buckman street 50 feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Harkins 116 feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Buck 60 feet; westerly by land now or formerly of Eliza M. Newell 117 feet.
Tax of 1904, 18 62

PETER M. G. FRASER.—About 5,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 13 Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of James Fraser; easterly by Court street; southerly by land of Alice M. Grammer; westerly by land of Alice M. Grammer.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 34 88

JAMES GIVEN.—About 2,376 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 46 Beacon street, bounded as follows, namely Northerly by land of Upton; easterly by land of Smith; southerly by land of Robert; westerly by Beacon street.
Tax of 1904, 17 25

FRED AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About 5,424 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 Wyer's Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson; westerly by Wyer's Court.
Tax of 1904, 47 04

CATHERINE A. GILLETTE.—About 17,060 square feet of land with builings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 14 Arlington Road, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Salmon; easterly by land of Jones and land of Hayden; southerly by land of Hayden and land of Mendum; westerly by Arlington Road.
Tax of 1904, 76 44
Street Watering for 1904, 1 74

JULIA M. W. OBER.—About 17,616 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 Arlington Road, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of John Johnson; easterly by land now or late of Farrer heirs; southerly by land of Julia A. Scalley; westerly by Arlington Road.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 64 08
Street Watering for 1904, 2 60

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 15,630 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 20 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hunt and land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren avenue.
Tax o 1904, 96 04
Street Watering for 1904, 1 76

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 12,480 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 1 Warren avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Pleasant street; north easterly by Warren avenue; southeasterly by land of John W. Johnson; westerly by Arlington Road; southerly by land of John W. Johnson.
Tax of 1904, 141 12
Street Watering for 1904, 5 60

Non-Residents.

JOHN MAXWELL.—About 23,568 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 Jones Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Hayward; easterly by land now or late of Richmond and land of Feeney; southerly by land of Flynn; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1904, 136 22

PATRICK O'RIORDAN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 28,800 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 40 Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Lake avenue; easterly by Main street; northerly by land now or late of Stanley; westerly by land now or late of McLaughlin.
Tax of 1904, 206 78
Street Watering for 1904, 2 40

ARTHUR C. QUIMBY.—About 25,536 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning on the southeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs northerly on Main street 133 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of John Quealey and one Armstrong about 235 feet; thence southerly by land now or late of George Wyer about 102 feet; thence easterly by land now or late of Gould and land now or late of Littlefield about 203 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 99 96
Street Watering for 1904, 2 88

WARD 2.

MARY E. BASSETT.—About 14,250 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Conn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Conn street; easterly by land now or late of L. W. Thompson; southerly by land now or late of Tay; westerly by land of Vallancourt and land of Maguire.
Tax of 1904, 19 60

MARY K. CALLAHAN.—About 2,095 square feet of land with building thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Fox; easterly by land now or late of Fox; southerly by Fowle street; westerly by land now or late of Geo. Munroe heirs.
Tax of 1904, 17 64
Street Watering for 1904, 1 44

TERRANCE CARROLL HEIRS.—About 7,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 27 Arlington street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of McGilligan; easterly by Arlington street; southerly by Medford street; westerly by land now or late of Richardson.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

SVEN A. JOHNSON.—About 7-16 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 116 Garfield avenue, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Eastern avenue at a private way by land now or late of H. O. Appleby; thence southerly by said Eastern avenue about 179 feet; thence easterly by land of Holton about 99 feet; thence northerly by land of said Appleby about 174 feet; thence westerly by said private way about 134 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 25 48

CHARLIE A. JONES.—About 5,711 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Fowle street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Fowle street 62.5 feet; easterly by land of Knight; southerly by land of Collamore; westerly by land of Collamore.
Tax of 1904, 64 09
Street Watering for 1904, 60

RICHARD F. WALSH.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 207 and 209 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Johnson and Winn; easterly by land of Johnson and Winn; southerly by land of Johnson and Winn; westerly by Main street.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 49 64
Street Watering for 1904, 1 00

Non-Residents.

EDWARD COX.—About 6,050 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Vernon street, being lot 16 on plan of Mary P. Foster land, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at end of Book 2254, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on easterly side of Vernon street 395 feet southerly from land of Francis Hammond; thence easterly at right angles with said Vernon street about 110 feet; thence southerly by land now or late of Foster 55 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Keeler 110 feet; thence northerly by easterly side line of Vernon street 55 feet to point of beginning. Being the same premises described in Deed recorded in Book 2446, Page 484, with said Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds.
Tax of 1904, 5 88

E. SARGENT COX.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 35 on Hawley street, shown on plan of Mary P. Foster land, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by said Hawley street; northeasterly by lot 36 on said plan; southeasterly by land now or late of Holton; southwesterly by lot 34 on said plan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 5 88

E. SARGENT COX.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 31 on Hawley street, shown on plan of Mary P. Foster land, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at end of Book 2254, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by lot 32 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Holton; westerly by lot 30 on said plan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 3 92

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street about 105 feet; easterly by Holton street about 53 feet; southerly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed.
Tax of 1904, 39

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2,500 square feet of land situated on Green street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Green street about 58 feet; easterly by land of Cadwell about 105 feet; southerly by land now or late of Cadwell about 38 feet; westerly by Holton street about 75 feet.
Tax of 1904, 49

CHARLES D. DENSMORE ET AL.—About 5,000 square feet land situated in said Woburn, being lot 279 shown an plan of land recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 278 on said plan; easterly by lot 281 on said plan; southerly by Hanover street on said plan; westerly by lot 277 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

NELLIE C. DODGE.—About 6,284 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 and 12 Cross street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by a passageway about 74 feet; easterly by land now or late of Cummings about 5 feet; southerly by Cross street about 62 feet; westerly by land of Reynolds about 87 feet.
Tax of 1904, 43 12

WADE KEYES.—About 5,000 square feet of land, being lot 13, Section F, on Laurel street, shown on plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at end of record book 2284, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 14 in said section; easterly by lot 2 in said section; southerly by lot 12 in said section; westerly by Laurel street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

WADE KEYES.—About 34,100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on westerly side of Laurel street, shown on plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, at end of record book 2284, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Mary P. Foster; easterly by said Laurel street; southerly by Hawley street on said plan; westerly by lots 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 19 60

WADE KEYES.—About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10 and 11, Section F, shown on plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at end of record book 2284, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 12 in said section; easterly by lots 4 and 5 in said section; southerly by lot 8 in said section; westerly by Laurel street.
Tax of 1904, 11 76

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 6 on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Vernon street, at point distant 595.6 feet southerly from land now or late of Adna Page; thence the line runs southerly 40° 58' east by said street 60 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Mary P. Foster about 100 feet; thence northerly by land of said Foster about 60 feet; thence at right angles to Vernon street, about 100 feet to point of beginning, being same premises described in deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2435, Page 289.
Tax of 1904, 5 88

WILLIAM A. MCWHIRK About 6,685 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 34 and 36 Highland street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thorp; easterly by land now or late of Lewis J. Lyman; southerly by land now or late of L. W. Thompson; westerly by Highland street.
Tax of 1904, 35 28

PETER NEVENS.—About 5,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 277 on Hanover street, on plan of land belonging to S. S. Holton et al., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by lot 276 on said plan; northeasterly by lot 279 on said plan; southeasterly by Hanover street on said plan; southwesterly by lot 275 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

PATRICK O'RIORDAN HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About ½ acre of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot 32 on plan of L. G. & W. H. Richardson, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 26, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Bryant & King; easterly by land of Terrett; southerly by Belmont street; westerly land of American Hide and Leather Co.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

OLIVER G. PEARSON.—About 10,440 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being part of lot 10 shown on plan of Emerson land recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 2, bounded and described as follows, namely: Northwesterly on Beacon street 35 feet; northeasterly on part of lot 10, 100 feet; northwesterly on part of same lot 50 feet; northeasterly on lot 9, 67 feet; southeasterly on part of lot 10, 93 feet; southwesterly on a new street, 165 feet; being same premises conveyed to said Pearson by Charles K. Amidon, by deed dated August, 1881, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1593, Page 501.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

FRANCES L. RICHARDS.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on southerly side of Green street, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.
Tax of 1904, 4 90

FREDERICK H. VIAUX.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 289 on plan of land belonging to S. S. Holton et al, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 290 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 286 on said plan; southeasterly by Hanover street on said plan; southwesterly by lot 288 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

MARION W. WEBBER.—About 6,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on westerly side of said Vernon street distant a little west of north along the westerly line of said Vernon street, from land of John Lyons about 350 feet; thence running southerly along the westerly line of said Vernon street, toward land of said John Lyons about 60 feet; thence at right angles to Vernon street westerly by land now or late of said Webber about 110 feet; thence at right angles northerly by land now or late of one Harlow about 60 feet; thence at right angles easterly by land of Harlow about 110 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 4 90

MARION W. WEBBER.—About 6,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on westerly side of said Vernon street, distant a little west of north along the westerly line of said Vernon street, from land of John Lyons about 230 feet; thence running along westerly line of said Vernon street, a little east of south towards land of said John Lyons, about 60 feet; thence at right angles to said Vernon street westerly by land now or late of Harlow about 110 feet; thence at right angles northerly by said land now or late of Harlow about 60 feet; thence at right angles easterly by land of said Harlow 110 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 4 90

MARION W. WEBBER—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14 in section F, on plan of lots in Woburn, belonging to Mary P. Foster, et. als; by Chas. D. Elliott, C. E., dated Oct. 22, 1896, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the easterly corner of Laurel and Harvard streets shown on said plan; thence the line runs along said Harvard street easterly about 100 feet; thence southerly about 50 feet to boundary line between lots 14 and 13 on said plan; thence along said line westerly about 100 feet to easterly line of Laurel street; thence along said Laurel street about 50 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

FRANCIS WELCH.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 140 and 142, shown on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, December 1874 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Andover street on said plan; easterly by lot 144 on said plan; southerly by lots 139 and 141 on said plan; westerly by lot 138 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn

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MARKET GARDEN FARM

in Burlington, owned and occupied by C. E. MARION at his decease.

The Farm contains **48 Acres** 20 of which is mowing and tillage, and 28 in wood. It is well located, productive, and easy to work.

There are GOOD BUILDINGS on the Farm, and all farming conveniences.

There is an excellent ORCHARD on it; Asparagus Beds, etc.

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To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.
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4 Church Avenue, Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Charles Malatesta, Julia A. Crockett, both of Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth; the Inhabitants of said town of Wilmington, a municipal corporation duly established by law, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court by John Bailey of said Wilmington, to register and confirm his title in the following described land situate in said Wilmington, bounded:—Northerly by land of Charles Malatesta; westerly by land of Charles Malatesta; easterly by land of Julia A. Crockett; southerly partly by land of the town of Wilmington and partly by land of owner unknown, as the Maple Meadow Brook runs.

The petitioner claims as appurtenant to the above described land an easement of way by prescription from and to the same over the land of Charles Malatesta to and from Butters Row so called in said Wilmington through the central portion thereof from a point designated on a plan of said land of the petitioner, over a cart path running in a general northerly direction to said Butters Row where it intersects said Row at a point indicated on said plan as "Centre of Right of Way."

The petitioner further claims that said easement is the right to pass and repass over said way on foot and with horses, cattle and teams for the purposes of the cultivation, use and improvement of his said land and for the transportation thereto and therefrom of its products and material therefor; and that said easement of way has been used by him and his predecessors in title for more than twenty years last past under a claim of right adverse to the rights of the said Malatesta and his predecessors in title.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the sixteenth day of April A. D., 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and six.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

WHITE SEAL
Cough and
Throat Lozenges
relieve Coughs, Colds, Voice Difficulties and Sore Throat.
In convenient packages,
10 Cents
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.

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I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

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Cobb's Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.
Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.
Be Sure You Get The Genuine.
Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.
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MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.
J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

SYBILLA LONG, KNIGHT ERRANT

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"I did have such an experience this morning! I started out to find a girl I used to know and who I heard was living here. I got tangled up in a minstrel show going over and coming back I got mixed into a funeral. I didn't know exactly where she lived, and I had all Boston Ravine out looking for her. I'm sure the folks down there haven't been so stirred up for years."

The voice beyond the bowlder broke most pleasantly into Fenton's moody thoughts. He sat up promptly, but cautiously.

"That's the first decent voice I've heard in this accursed place," he observed silently.

It didn't seem to be an accursed place. Fragrant with pine needles, vocal with the humming of bees in late manzanita blooms and the laughter of a watercress laden stream; beautiful with brick red soil, varied greens in foliage and glimpses of heaven's own blue—it seemed like a charming spot—the only discord the pale faced, hollow eyed man himself.

"I didn't find the girl after all," the musical tones went on, "but I found the house she used to live in."

Fenton listened impatiently while the other voice said things, querulous things burdened with the aches and pains of the speaker. "A typical sanitarium voice," thought Fenton peevishly. Then he brightened as the first speaker remarked:

"You think you will go back, do you? Oh, no, the walk hasn't hurt you. Exercise and fresh air do wonders for a body often. No, I am going to stay and read till luncheon."

In silence Fenton wondered if she would read aloud, but instead she began to sing. He fairly held his breath—notes soft as a wood dove's; a voice exquisite by nature and unspoiled by training. She was singing a lilting lyric of love, and Fenton thought of a swinging gate, scurrying clouds and his first sweetheart's first kiss, years and years forgotten. Then, without any perceptible hesitancy, the melody changed to a lullaby, tender as a mother's prayer, and the weary look left the man's eyes, the hard lines around his mouth relaxed, and he drew a long, almost sobbing, breath. The melody ceased, and Fenton felt as if he had never had a desire in his life but to hear her sing. He arose and went to the other side of the bowlder.

"Pardon a sick man," he began, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. His only conscious thought was that he was glad the girl in her nurse's uniform was so fair. Her eyes gazing curiously up at him had never a hint of fear in their amber depths. He gathered his senses together.

"I haven't slept naturally for a week," he said bluntly. "Will you sing for me?"

When Fenton awoke the sun was shining no longer. He sat up quickly and found that a great shawl was keeping the evening's chilliness from him; then his eyes discovered the nurse leaning against a tree, regarding him gravely.

"You have stayed here all day—you have had no lunch!" he exclaimed.

She smiled. "Oh, no; when I was sure you would stay asleep I went back to the sanitarium, and then I came again."

They arose. Fenton folded the shawl and laid it over his arm.

"How am I ever going to thank you?" he began.

"Don't try," she answered simply, preceding him down the narrow path.

"I worked too hard and collapsed," he explained. "Shan't be so foolish when I get well again. I am going to get well now that I can sleep. Maybe you have heard of John Fenton, carpet manufacturer. I am the idiot."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, then added hastily: "A pebble rolled under my foot. I am Sybilla Long, nurse."

He wondered at the deep flush which overspread her face—they were at the foot of the hill and walking side by side.

"Can't I syndicate your services?" he inquired gravely. "Do you suppose the doctors are averse to a graft?"

He thought her low laughter was pleasanter even than her song or her speech. That night he slept as he had not for a year.

A new life was beginning for John Fenton. The sanitarium's grim walls no longer spelled to him hopelessness. The doctors were complacent over so satisfactory a convalescent, but Fenton laughed in his sleeve at them. It was not pills and potions which had made a man of him again, but the tonic of a sweet voice and a gracious presence.

She seemed, this fair Sybilla, to be overyoung for a nurse. Perhaps for that reason the grave doctors indulged her beyond the others. At any rate, she always had time for Fenton, and daily she fascinated him more. He had not been a man of many loves. The first little sweetheart, dead years before, and the woman his mother wanted him to marry, but whom he had perversely refused even to meet—the first had set his heartstrings a-quiver; the last, his mother affirmed, stood ready to do so. So all the loves which Fenton might have nurtured and had not came flying around this amber eyed, flute voiced Sybilla.

So she sang to him, and he quoted to himself, "And thou beside me singing in the wilderness." She read to him, and he fitted other words to the melody of her voice, words he hoped some time to hear from her lips. She talked blithely or thoughtfully, as her mood might be, and he answered in like spirit, watching with a lover's eyes each changing expression.

The doctors had pronounced him well, but he was loath to go into the world again. He had a feeling that in its clang and clamor Sybilla Long would prove to be what she had been before he knew her—a dream too beauteous to come true.

There came a day when the breath of summer was hot over the red soil and withering manzanita blooms. The water cress laden stream was too languid for laughter, but Fenton's heart beat high with hope. He was wondering how he should say it, the world old tale, for say it he must within the hour. Looking at her pensive face, the words of a favorite song came into his mind, and his clear tenor broke softly into the stillness of the pine forest. Sybilla looked up surprised, for she had never heard him sing.

"I think of you all the day long.
You run through the hours like a song.
Sometimes I think if the world could see
My golden dreams it would envy me.
Dearie, my dearie, nothing's worth while
but dreams of you.
And you can make every dream come
true,
Dearie, my dearie—

"Will you, my dearie, make every dream come true?" He leaned toward her eagerly, but she shrank away from him, covering her face with trembling hands. A tear splashed out between her fingers.

His face clouded. "Why, little girl"—he began, with troubled concern.

She uncovered her face and looked at him wanly. He started at her expression.

"Did you ever hear of Martha Gillen?" she asked.

His look was uncomprehending. Martha Gillen was the woman his mother had for five years been importuning him to marry.

"Yes," he said dully. "Why?"

"For many reasons I love her as I would a sister. One day she told me that your mother wanted you to marry her, but that you wouldn't even meet her for fear you might be inveigled into it. She laughed about it, but I thought it an affront to her beauty and goodness and wisdom, and I prayed for the chance to avenge her. It came sooner than I expected. I learned about your illness and where you were. Dr. Jenson is my cousin, so it was easy enough to pose as a nurse, and that's what I've been doing. Now you despise me."

Fenton noted the quivering of her lips and said gently: "I don't understand. You have been goodness itself to me. You have"—

"Oh, don't you see the baseness of me? I did it to make you love me." Sybilla's white face was crimson now. "I wanted you to love me and tell me so, and ask me to marry you, and then I was going to spurn you to the ground, and so should Martha Gillen be avenged!"

Fenton smiled. "How old are you, little knight errant, avenger of another woman's wrongs? Not quite twenty? I thought so. Years ago I was not quite twenty, and often did I busy myself turning a gopher hill into a Vesuvius spitting forth fire, smoke and lava. Sybilla, dear, why don't you spurn me?"

He held out his arms, and into them crept a tearful, very rosy, very winsome knight errant, happily worsted in her first combat.

The Reserve Seat.

"As an instance of the way traveling Americans get foolish over making a show of opulence and liberality," said a New Yorker who is much abroad, "let me tell you about an old woman who made a visit to Ireland. This woman, getting off the boat at Queenstown, hired an outside car for a drive. The rate by the hour was 1 and 6 (35 cents) for the car and a shilling (a quarter) for the jarvey, or driver. Well, the woman got up on one side of the car, and the jarvey got up on the other, driving sideways, and they started off. After a bit the woman pointed to the empty driver's seat in front and said:

"'What is that seat in front for, young man?'

"'Sure, ma'am,' said the wily jarvey, 'that's what we call the reserve seat, nicely cushioned and all that kind of thing, and is only engaged by the real gentry, they payin' for the same 10 shillin's and 2 shillin's for the driver.'

"The woman hastily shifted to the driver's seat.

"'You should have told me that before,' she said. 'How was I, a stranger, to know what was the proper thing to do over here?'

"And she paid 12 shillings for the privilege of riding in the driver's seat, to the amusement of all Queenstown."

Dear Old Mother!

In the hurry and bustle of this busy life those dear old mothers, our best friends and champions, who gave us the very best years of their lives, who stood between us and all harm, who would willingly have laid down their lives for us, who in times of sickness were always our ministering angels—constantly at our bedside, responding willingly to every beck and call, attending with more than loving kindness to our every want and need—are too often forgotten and seldom accorded the loving attention which is their due, and when the grim reaper takes them from us we, for the first time, realize in anguish, sorrow and regret what the loss of a mother really means. It means more than all the other things of earth. All the riches of the universe could not compensate, and in all the whole wide world there is no other who can fill her place. Of all the beauty with which the world is embellished the most beautiful is the mother, and to her every human being truly owes a world of homage.—Papillion Times.

Cure For Hypochondria.

A young lady of Cardiff who fancied she was ailing went to the surgery of the family doctor and commenced the interview with, "Doctor, I'm dying." "Oh, indeed, I can recommend a very respectable undertaker," blandly responded the doctor. She felt quite well after that.—Cardiff Mail.

Our Surroundings.

Even the strongest of us are not beyond the reach of our environment. No matter how independent, strong willed and determined our nature, we are constantly being modified by our surroundings.—Success Magazine.

Everything Returned.

"Are you beginning to get any returns from your literary work?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm not getting anything else."—Kansas City Times.

Oh, what men dare do, what men may do, what men daily do, not knowing what they do!—Shakespeare.

According to an old superstition of the mediaeval church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told.

Old Parliamentary Fines.

It is costly to be a member of the British parliament, but some ancient expenses are spared the modern member. An order dated 1640 runs thus, "Those who go out of the house in a confused manner to forfeit 10 shillings." Others enact that "all the members that come after 8 (the house met at 8 o'clock in the morning then) to pay 1 shilling, and those who do not come the whole day to pay 5 shillings, those who do not come to prayers to pay 1 shilling, such members as come after 9 o'clock to pay 1 shilling to the poor," etc. Still more expensive was it for members to go out of town without permission. In 1664 a penalty of £10 was imposed upon every knight and of £5 upon every citizen who should make default in attending the house, and a penalty of £40 upon every member "as shall desert the service of the house for the space of three days together (not having had leave granted him by the house), and he shall be sent for in custody and committed to the Tower." Week enders had a bad time in 1664.

SUPERFICIAL SENTIMENT.

Secret of Power Lies In Intensity of Emotion.

Superficial sentiment is without vital influence. The secret of power lies in the intensity of emotion, but especially so in poetry, art and literature. By no hocus pocus can artists and writers adequately depict what they do not feel. There should be a thermometer of temperament as well as for temperature. Feeling and emotion have their degrees. We are serene when our feelings are in the temperate zone, indignant when we pass eighty-three, furious when we reach blood heat, mad at boiling point. When feeling falls below 50 we become indifferent, and when it reaches freezing point we are heartless. An emotion that does not attain the seventy-sixth degree is hardly worth recording. At summer heat the rarest flowers begin to bloom and nature becomes poetic. While the temperate is the proper sphere for pure reason and scientific observation, it is rarely, if ever, proper for the highest achievement in any art. In the world of art imagination and feeling are not content with a serenity that touches the borders of indifference. The creative instinct is never effective unless at a certain pitch of enthusiasm. It is the sharp, clear, brilliant current of thought that electrifies the brain. But an idea is worthless unless we can find a form to hold it. In the best work idea, form and feeling appear to the beholder as one. An electric bolt seems a cold thing, yet a stroke of lightning will consume more at one flash than an ordinary fire would consume in an hour.—Francis Grierson in Critic.

GETTING THE NEWS.

Method Adopted at the Outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

In contrast to the workings of the newspaper of the day and of the rapid transmission of tidings without the aid of even a wire to guide the message is a document printed in the Berkshire Courier at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. But evidently people were as eager then as now to hear the news.

"For the Purpose of getting Speedy and Certain Intelligence from the Army at Boston. We the Subscribers hereby promise and agree to Ride from this town to Tyringham or Sheffield by Turns so as to bring Inteligence from thence each Day (the Sabbath excepted) and to Report the same at the House of Mr. Josiah Smith—And in Case no regular method is come into for bringing the News to Said Tyringham we promise to bear our proportionable part of the Expense in procuring Inteligence from Springfield twice in each Week—Witness our hands this 3rd Day of May 1775."

Following this agreement is a list of days, with the names of the citizens who were to be riders. Jacob Van Deusen, who agreed to be the first man to ride to Tyringham or Sheffield, was to go for it on Monday, May 8, and Mark Hopkins was to follow on Wednesday, the service from that time on alternating, except as to the Sabbath, which compelled a no news interval of two days in the week.

SPEED OF INSECTS.

A Common House Fly Travels a Mile In Thirty-three Seconds.

It is the popular belief that the flight of the birds is much swifter than that of the insects, but a number of naturalists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case.

A common house fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed by over 160 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line, it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds.

It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was formerly thought that no insect could escape it.

A naturalist, however, told of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake it.

The Water Pitcher.

The following simple method of keeping ice water in a common pitcher is worth knowing: Put a layer of cotton batting between two sheets of wrapping paper three inches higher than the pitcher. Fasten the ends of the paper and batting together, forming a circle. Paste a cover over one end of the batting and paper. This cover, when over a pitcher, must come close to the stand and so exclude the air, and ice will keep a long time. This paper cover will be found of great service in a sickroom for both milk and water pitchers.

Care of the Feet.

The feet should be bathed at night, and this treatment is an excellent sleep producer. The water should be salted. The feet should be scrubbed all over with a nailbrush, which will often prevent the formation of corns, while hard spots on the soles may be reduced with a piece of fine emery paper or fine file before the feet are placed in water.

Not Evenly Matched.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" asked the judge.

"Nothing, your honor, except that I hope you will make allowances for the fact that the lawyer who convicted me had a louder voice than the one who defended me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Flowers.

The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium.—Hillard.

A Study In Anatomy.

"Mamma, what part of the body is the trombone?"

"No part of the body, my dear."

"Yes, it is, because it says in the paper here that last night while returning from the symphony concert Professor Gridel fell and broke his trombone."

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.

The Indian and the Railroad.

Gail Hamilton said if there never were to be any railroads it would have been an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America. The Indian's knowledge of the location and direction of the rivers and lakes and of the positions of the portages and his readiness under the right sort of persuasion to put this knowledge at the service of explorers, missionaries and settlers "stood off" this stigma from Columbus before the railways came. Indians guided Captain John Smith, Champlain and La Salle through the wilderness. Indian trails blazed pathways for the pioneers through forests and over mountains. Sometimes these trails were utilized by the railway builders. At the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis and at the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland were monuments to the heroic Shoshone girl, Sacajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark across the Rocky mountains and through the wilderness on each side of that range in their exploration of the Pacific.—C. M. Harvey in Atlantic.

Cheapest Place to Live.

"The cheapest place in the world is Antioch," said a globe trotter. "I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants, was $4 a week. Antioch is in Asia, on the Mediterranean. The climate is all right for winter—as good a winter climate as Monte Carlo, Palm Beach or Los Angeles. For my house I paid $5 a month rent. My servants I paid 50 cents a week. Mutton cost 3 cents a pound. Eggs were 2 cents a dozen. Chickens were 5 cents apiece. Fish cost a fifth of a cent a pound. The finest of fresh fruits and vegetables—fresh fruits and vegetables in February—were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much a week. All I wanted for my household cost me a quarter weekly. An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on $175 a year."—New York Press.

The Danes and Britain.

John Ackworth, an English dialect novelist who made a special study of the dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the east coasts and also of the Danes, shows that the Danes by their early landings and sojournings in England have influenced the language of the east coasts of Britain to an extraordinary degree and that the Danes and the British, in spite of apparent differences, are one practically in speech and language as well as in the relationship of blood. "So strong is the English of the east coasts of England impregnated with Danish," John Ackworth once said, "that I am sure that if a fisherman from the east coasts of England were to be wrecked on the shores of Denmark and he would only speak in his true native dialect that fisherman would be able to make himself understood."

The Christian Era.

The Christian era was suggested or devised by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman monk, who, in 527, began its use and proposed that all public and private documents should be dated "in the year of our Lord." It did not come into general use in France until the eighth century nor in England until July, 816; in Spain it was not adopted until the eleventh century; in Portugal it was made legal in 1415; in the empire of the east is was established by royal edict in 1453, a few weeks before the fall of Constantinople.

Where Circulation Is Feeblest.

Those who lead a sedentary life find the circulation feeblest about the nose, lips and temples, and those parts of the face should be energetically kneaded several times a day. When the pores become distended the fine, invisible dust in the air enters and clogs and blackens them. Mere ordinary face washing, even when warm water and soap are used, is not sufficient to remove the dirt in the pores, but the vigorous acid of the lemon will cleanse and carry off all such unsightly blemishes.

The Good Fellow.

The treasurer of a church temperance society told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story.

"A woman entered the barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. She placed a covered dish on the table and said:

"'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.'

"And she departed.

"The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said:

"'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same as your wife and children have at home.'"—Life.

Coffee-Tea.

Coffee-tea is the common beverage of the natives of Java and Sumatra. When required for infusion the coffee leaves are gathered fresh from the trees and are dried in a pan over a slow fire until they are light brown. They are then put into a teapot, boiling water is poured over them, and the infusion is drunk with milk and sugar. It seems the general opinion that coffee should come in contact with metal as little as possible. The Viennese people prefer a glass bottle to a canister for storing, and Brazilians use earthenware in preference to a metal pot for making.

Antelopes Choose the Open.

The antelope lives always in open country, unlike members of the deer family, which invariably prefer a thick, dense forest. They cannot be driven into timber cover or thickets of brush, but will literally turn about and run over a pursuer, if necessary, rather than be forced into cover. If they are ever obliged to pass by or through such places for food and water, they take a great deal of time to do so, as if they were determined to see everything that could be seen en route.—H. H. Cross in Century.

The Great Lakes.

Lake Superior is the deepest of the great lakes, showing by soundings 1,008 feet in at least one place. Michigan stands second, with 100 feet less. Huron and Ontario are about 750 in the deepest parts, while Lake Erie is but 204. Vast areas of Lake Erie will not show a depth exceeding 80 feet. The bottom of Lake Michigan is 400 feet above sea level.

One View of Love.

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do, and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.—Shakespeare.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON II, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 8.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Ex. xx, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

In all our studies let our prayer be "that I may know Him," "that God in all things may be glorified" (Phil. iii, 10; I Pet. iv, 11). This whole book, the Bible, reveals Him to us and also reveals to us man's heart toward God, as well as God's heart toward man. God manifest in the flesh was in the world that was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. The world by its wisdom knew not God (I Tim. iii, 16; John i, 10, 11; I Cor. i, 21). Yet in Jesus Christ God the Father was revealed as the sinner's Saviour, the Redeemer of the lost, the Messiah of Israel, the only One who can forgive sins and give life eternal. In Matthew's gospel He is specially the Messiah of Israel, the King of the Jews, but they will not have Him, and the last verse of today's lesson says that they held a council against Him, how they might destroy Him. This they did because He, in their estimation, had broken their Sabbath day by allowing His disciples to pluck corn and by healing in one of their synagogues a man with a withered hand. In chapters v-vii He had given them the laws of the kingdom or had opened up to them the true meaning of the law and its righteousness. In chapters viii and ix we have samples of the absence of sickness and disease in the kingdom when He shall reign, or, if you prefer it, some credentials of the King. In chapter x He sends forth the twelve to gogues a man with a withered hand. commissioning them freely to heal the sick, to cleanse lepers, to raise the dead and cast out devils, but warning them that they would be persecuted and imprisoned and perhaps killed for His sake. Chapter xi tells us that the cities where most of His mighty works were done repented not, but showed their estimate of Him by slandering Him and numbering Him with transgressors, He telling them in reply that it would be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment than for them. He was heavy laden with their sins, with pity for them, with compassion upon them and with sorrow because they would not accept their redemption which He offered them in Himself, even as afterward He wept over their city because they would not let Him deliver them (Matt. xxiii, 37-39; Luke xix, 41-44). Yet He could say, "Even so, Father," resting Himself under all circumstances in the will of God and inviting all weary, heavy laden ones to rest where He did, in that same perfect will of God (xi, 28-30).

Among heathen nations the common idea is that God or the Great Spirit or that which they worship must be propitiated, appeased by offerings or sacrifices, but the one only living and true God revealed in the Scriptures is One who provides the sacrifice in Himself that helpless sinners may be freely saved. In the first sacrifice (Gen. iii, 21) the Lord God did it all—providing the animals, shedding their blood, making the coats of skins and clothing the guilty pair. It was the same on Golgotha, where all the types were fulfilled and all the shadows found their substance. God does all and gives all, and man is the empty, helpless one, who, having nothing to give, can only receive as a beggar. The great institutions of Eden before the fall were marriage and the Sabbath, pointing onward to the marriage of the Lamb (Eph. v, 31, 32) and the rest of the seventh day or seventh thousand years. After the fall came the revelation of God's way of redemption by sacrifice and the consummation of that redemption in the cherubic forms of the redeemed, but from beginning to end all is the work of God, who so loved that He gave.

Israel in her rebellion against God asked to be like all the nations (I Sam. viii, 5, 20), and so they turned from God, who gave all freely, and worshiped a god of their own imagination, who demanded their sacrifices and their forms and ceremonies and washings and the keeping of a Sabbath after a fashion that God never commanded, perverting the whole thing by teaching that their god demanded this and that, while all the time God was begging them to turn to Him that He might have mercy upon them. In our lesson we see Him in their midst as the Lord of the Sabbath, one greater than the temple, rebuking them because they had not learned the meaning of the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" (verse 7). See the original word in Hos. vi, 6, and note the rest of the verse, "The knowledge of God more than burnt offering." Compare Isa. lv, 7; Jer. iii, 12-14; Hos. xiv, 1-4. All the doing of today to obtain peace with God, as well as the Sabbath keeping and washings of the Pharisees of our Lord's time, who sought only the praise of man (Matt. xxiii, 5), is simply a form of idolatry, a breaking of the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" (Ex. xx, 3). Much of modern so called Christianity, as well as the Judaism of the Jews, might well be called a civilized heathenism. (Like all the nations.)

The time had not come for Him to cope with His enemies, who were but bruised reeds in their impotence and smoking flax as to their wrath, nor has it yet come, but it now draweth near and hasteth greatly, and the long despised and rejected Christ will soon be coming again in His glory to establish the kingdom of righteousness upon this earth.

An Odd Verdict.

A jury in Lindsey, Lincolnshire, England, after being out some time on a case of alleged false pretenses, returned to court and said, "We can't bring him in guilty and don't like to say he is not guilty." They were sent back and in fifteen minutes reached this verdict, "We find him guilty, but not with intent." The prisoner was discharged.

Blackmail.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Margie, "I'll make a bargain with you."

"What kind of a bargain, dear?" asked her mother.

"If you'll give me a penny every day to buy candy with," replied the small diplomat, "I'll not tell any one you have false teeth."

The One to Be Pleased.

"No," said Peckham, "we never have boiled ham at our house any more."

"Why," replied Newitt, "I thought you were very fond of it."

"So I am, but my wife's pet dog won't eat it at all."—Philadelphia Press.

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50 Washington St., cor. Hanover. 877 Washington St., opp. Oak.
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BOSTON, MASS.

Legend of a Book.

A quaint and kindly legend, illustrating the sorrow devout Christians used to feel for the paganism of their favorite classic authors, is that of St. Cadoc and his Virgil. St. Cadoc, whose day is Jan. 24, was the son of a South Welsh prince, who founded the great monasteries in Glamorganshire and neighboring regions, but was driven away to Brittany by the coming of the Saxons. Tradition has it he was walking one day with a copy of Virgil's poems in his hand and weeping to think that Virgil as a pagan might be in hell. An ultra orthodox friend who was with him severely reproved him for even doubting the fact, and a sudden gust of wind carried the book out of Cadoc's hand into the sea. But that night he heard in a dream a sweet voice saying: "Pray for me; weary not in praying. I will sing the mercies of the Lord forever." And next day a fisherman brought Cadoc a fish inside which the Virgil was found uninjured.—London Chronicle.

Mixed Wives.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription:

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Versailles Bourbon.

There is at Versailles an orange tree some five centuries old. This tree, which was taken from Fontainebleau of Versailles on the completion of the orangery, was already famous under the title of the Grand Bourbon. According to tradition, the tree had been planted in 1421 by a Princess of Navarre and after several changes of owners came into the possession of Francois I., by whom it was placed at Fontainebleau. When it reached Versailles the king came to visit it, and two grand Bourbons were then face to face. The man passed, and even his bones, torn from their tomb at St. Denis and tossed into a trench, have perished. Not a pinch of his dust remains. But the tree lives and blooms and bears fruit, the only Bourbon at Versailles, serene, invincible, enthroned.—Farmer's Versailles.

In Darkest Africa.

A weird tale of witchcraft comes from the interior of Africa. A recent trial at the Lilongwe court proved that a native woman killed by a lion had been partly eaten by another native who was accused of impersonating the lion. The prisoner confessed freely that he had eaten of the woman's dead body, the excuse being that he had purchased from a "witch doctor" a medicine which enabled him to turn into a lion at will—in other words, to indulge in cannibalism in its lowest form as the mood took him.

A Waterspout.

A scientist says of a waterspout that passed over a certain district in France: "Its passage was accompanied with a sound which is described as resembling that of a battery of artillery drawn on the gallop over a paved street. At the base of an extended nimbus hung the reversed cone characteristic of phenomena of this kind. A strong wind was then blowing from the south-southwest. The waterspout was preceded by a storm and followed by a shower."

"On Satan's Knees."

A little girl of five or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn:

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"Whatever," she asked, "did they want to sit on Satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on Satan's knees at all, and why should he tremble if they were so little?"

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, as follows:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, 9 15, 10 15, 11 15 A M, 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A M., then hourly until 1 15 P M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10.45, *11 15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P M

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq at 8 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P M

Leave Stoneham Sq for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00 9 30 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P M

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Burlington, March, 1906.

To the Middlesex County Commissioners:

Respectfully represent the undersigned inhabitants of the town of Wilmington, that Burlington Avenue in said town from the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge to the Burlington line is in need of alterations and relocation.

Wherefore we pray that you will after due proceedings relocate said street for the purpose of making alterations in its course and width and take such action as you deem necessary under the provisions of Chapter 48 Revised Laws.

JOHN A. TAYLOR,
WALTER E. BEDELL,
AURELIA B. BEDELL,
JOHN ALLEN,
FRED H. ROBERTS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on th fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1906.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of April, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at City of Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah E. Fisher, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Frank L. Perry, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the tenth day of April A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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A Human Salamander.

Some years ago a Spaniard named Martines gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions on record. It was at the New Tivoli, in Paris, in the presence of an audience of scientific men, who placed its genuineness beyond doubt. A large oven had been heated by a furnace for several hours. This the Spaniard entered, clothed in flannel trousers and shirt, a large cloak of the same material and a felt sombrero. He sang a song while a fowl was roasted by his side and at the end of fifteen minutes came out again, the temperature registered being between 202 degrees and 312 degrees F., or about 100 degrees above the temperature of boiling water. He entered the oven a second time and ate the fowl which had been roasted beside him. After a short pause he was shut in, lying on a board surrounded by candles. After awhile the audience raised a cry of "Enough!" The door was opened. The oven was found to be full of noxious, suffocating odor of boiling tallow, the sole survival of the candles. The Spaniard came out and after a cold bath was well and strong. His pulse when the door was first opened beat 176 to the minute.

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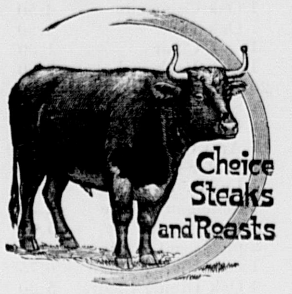

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.3 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06 2 40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED

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Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
512	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

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WITH TONKA'S AID

By Honore Willsie

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Barbara wandered about the great, pleasant room restlessly. She liked the huge fireplace, with whips and rifles above the mantel. The couches, with the fur robes tossed across them and the long study table in the middle of the room, heaped with magazines and a varied collection of pipes, made her forget that the nearest human habitation was fifteen miles across the plains.

She paused at one of the windows, snubbing her nose against the pane, like a child, and looked out over the brown, dusty plains toward the mountains. This visit to her bachelor brother was suddenly proving lonely, since he had forbidden her her daily ride because of threatening snow. Until today everything on the ranch had been so new and strange to this eastern girl that she had forgotten to be homesick.

"The sun is shining!" she exclaimed aloud to the empty room. "It is only that funny hazy ring around it that keeps it from being really bright. Richard is so silly and funny over me, like a hen with one chick. What is a snowstorm, anyhow, but fun? I'm going to take Tonka out for just a little while."

Ah Lee, peering from the kitchen window a little later, shook his pigtailed head dubiously at the sight of a slender figure in a heavy riding habit making its way toward the stables.

"Me no like missy glo," he said. "Weather velly bad." Then, with an indescribable gesture not unmixed with disdain, he calmly washed his hands of the matter and went on with his pie making.

Barbara found the stables deserted, but Tonka nosed her softly with welcome in her great eyes, and pony and girl swung eagerly out beyond the corral to the open plain. Barbara shivered a good deal at first. The air lacked that clear, invigorating quality that had hitherto made riding a delight. There was a raw wind rising that penetrated her heavy habit.

"We won't go far today, Tonka," she said, with chattering teeth—"just the five miles out to the irrigating gate and back again."

The murky ring about the sun grew thicker and thicker until the sun was a mere pale yellow dinner plate resting on a gray blanket. The wind began to sting Barbara's face unpleasantly.

"Oh, dear," she said, "this isn't any fun! It's so hazy I can't see the ditch, and"—she turned in the saddle and looked about in a puzzled way—"I can't see the ranch house either. Why—why, Tonka, where are we?"

She looked up into the sky, but during her short moment of uncertainty the sun had become totally obscured, and as she looked fine, driving particles of snow pelted her face. Tonka shook her head stubbornly and started off abruptly, but Barbara pulled her in. "Silly thing," she said. "I don't want to go to the irrigating ditch. We must get home as soon as ever we can."

But Tonka had ideas of her own on the subject. As Barbara pulled on the rein she shook her head again and started to back.

"Tonka," scolded Barbara, raising her voice above the roar of the wind. "I want to go home! Don't act like a goose!"

With the aid of the whip she finally persuaded Tonka to turn, and they started off in the teeth of the wind. The drive of the snow was so heavy that Barbara could not see a horse's length in front of her. The cold was so intense that she felt as if her face were being seared, and she began to be frightened.

"It must be a blizzard," she thought. "Richard will be frantic."

For half an hour Tonka struggled through the blinding storm, while the frightened girl on her back clung to the reins with numbing hands and urged her on. As the cold grew unbearable Barbara pulled the pony in and dismounted.

"I've got to walk," she thought, "or freeze to the saddle."

With the reins on her arm, she plunged on, her heart sinking more and more. "We are lost, Tonka," she said, "lost in one of those terrible blizzards!" She stopped to breathe and to pound her aching hands against the pony's side.

Suddenly Tonka lifted her head with a shrill whinny, which was answered from out the storm by another whinny. Barbara looked about eagerly. "Is it only a stray pony," she thought, "or is some one looking for me?"

Out of the whirlwind of snow came the shadowy form of a man, like Barbara, leading his horse. Barbara's heart gave a great throb.

"Mr. Ingraham!" she gasped.

"Great heavens, Miss Barbara, what does this mean?" exclaimed the man, turning his back to the gale and shouting to be heard above it.

"I'm lost!" called Barbara.

"This is awful," answered the man, his face tense. "You poor child! Why on earth did your brother let you out on such a day? I—I shall call him to account for this. And I am of no use! This is my first experience with an American blizzard. I, too, am lost!"

Barbara's heart sank. Her month's acquaintance with the young Englishman, who was their nearest neighbor and who during her visit had ridden the fifteen miles regularly three times a week, had inspired her with a profound faith in his capabilities. As he owned himself lost, she unconsciously moved a little closer to his stalwart figure. The man pulled off his fur coat and in spite of her protestations wrapped it about her shivering little figure.

"First," he said, "you will put that on."

"No, I won't!" she cried.

"Oh, yes, you will!" he shouted, but toning it firmly under her chin. Barbara changed the subject.

"It's lucky I didn't let Tonka carry me on to the ditch," she called. "She almost refused to turn. I really got mixed up with her backing and turning."

The Englishman pondered for a moment. "Oh, I say," he shouted, "that's too bad. You are the one that probably got mixed up. Those Indian ponies always head for home, they say, as soon as a blizzard strikes them. My horse didn't know enough. But wait. Give Tonka her head and see what she does. I'm afraid we'll have to walk or freeze."

With the horses on either side of them they started out, Tonka, without a moment's hesitation, taking the lead. It was a terrible journey. In spite of Ingraham's assistance, Barbara constantly stumbled and fell. Without the protection of his fur coat he could only fight hopelessly against the numbing cold that assailed him, his heart aching over the misery of the girl who depended on him so pathetically, but Tonka, with drooping head, plodded slowly on.

As Barbara, assisted to her feet for the hundredth time, dimly concluded that it would be better to lie still than to struggle against the fearful cold, Tonka gave a glad whinny and stood still. They were standing before the stable door!

That evening after the two had recovered somewhat from ice baths and hot blankets and Richard had left them alone for a few moments Ingraham looked across the fire to the girl's sweet, pale face. All the love that he had so bravely suppressed during their terrible journey welled to his voice.

"Miss Barbara, Barbara," he said hesitatingly, "I'm glad it happened."

Barbara looked up.

"I hadn't much hope before," he went on, "but now, somehow, you seem to belong to me a little."

Barbara's pallor disappeared. "It wasn't such a bad storm in some ways," she said.

And the fire crackled appreciatively at the pretty tableau.

Half of His Fee.

John had the name of being the jolliest man in town. But tonight, which was apparently the worst night in the year, even John wore a long face, and as he swung his cab door open for the minister to enter John's doleful expression was so noticeable that the minister inquired if he were thinking about the work of cleaning off the mud in the morning.

"No, it is not the work that I'm thinking of. If I could make as much as you this evening I wouldn't mind it a bit."

"Well," replied the minister, "I am to marry a couple this evening, and I'll give you half of my fee for driving me out and back."

"It is a deal," replied John.

After an hour of dreary driving through cold and rain John drew up in front of a small house in which the service was to take place. It was two long hours of cold waiting before the minister re-entered the cab, and the home drive was made. With a spirit of expectancy John once more swung open the cab door in front of the minister's house. The minister stepped out, and as he entered his own door he turned and said:

"Five hundred thanks, John," leaving the bewildered cabman to figure out what his exact fee had been.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sugar.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessaries, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix. Statius in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds." Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without bees," and Strabo, writing concerning it, says, "They (the people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."

Hog Tried For Murder.

Anent strange cases, a lawyer said that a hog had been tried for murder, convicted and hanged. "At Clarmont-Avin, in France," he said, "a huge hog killed and ate a child. The people, horror stricken, treated the hog as they would have treated a human being. They tried it."

He took down a book bound in gray calf.

"Here is the verdict," he said, "the original of which is kept in the National museum of Paris. It is dated June 14, 1494, and it reads:

"'We, the jury, in detestation and horror of this crime and in order to make an example and to satisfy justice have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed that the said hog now detained in the abbey as a prisoner shall by the executioner be hung and strangled on a gibbet near the gallows of the monk. In witness whereof we have sealed this present with our seals.'"—Minneapolis Journal.

A Skeptic.

"Did you tell your father the story I read to you of Jonah and the whale?" asked a teacher of one of his scholars.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but he didn't believe it. Dad never believes any fish stories unless he tell them himself."

Bound to Disagree.

Hicks—The idea of his marrying Miss Roxley! Why, he's a dyspeptic! Wicks—What has that to do with it? She has plenty of money, and— Hicks—That's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.—Exchange.

Marvelous.

She—And to think I am the only girl you ever loved! He—Yes, dear. She—And to think you thought I believed it!—Brooklyn Life.

Where a man has a passion for meditating without the capacity of thinking a particular idea fixes itself fast and soon creates a mental disease.—Goethe.

A SABBATARIAN.

Result of a Doctor's Compact With an Insane Patient.

Dr. A. did not believe in forcible restraint for the insane. Therefore, as head of an insane asylum where personal influence was made to take the place of bolts and bars and shackles, he was kept a busy man. One patient in particular was a young boy continually complained of at headquarters because he refused to wear his clothing, preferring to tear it into rags.

Dr. A. remonstrated in vain, then thought out a plan of diplomacy, with which he approached his patient.

"John," said he, "I find I am in need of a boy and thought you might like to take the position. I want to engage a boy not to tear clothes. Do you think you could do that work?"

"Yes, I could," said John.

"Very well. What wages will you ask?"

"Twopence a day."

The bargain was closed on the spot, John's destroyed clothing having cost the asylum pounds where his wages were pennies. From Monday to Saturday John was a model laborer, receiving at the end of each day his wage with the other workmen about the asylum. Sunday came, and with it John's mania. He had not a whole rag on his back when Dr. A. was called upon to speak to him.

"How did this happen, John?" he asked. "Weren't you engaged to work for me? You have broken your contract."

"I have not, sir," asserted John, with warmth. "Didn't I work for you all the week? Today's Sunday, and I'll be hanged if I work for any man on Sunday."—Pearson's Magazine.

CAVE OF THE WINDS.

The Vision Carved In Stone Under the Hills of Dakota.

The great wind cave has the form of an eight story house, each story, or stratum, containing a distinct formation of its own and each containing chambers of a size and magnificence of decoration such as have never been found in any subterranean cavern of the world.

It is a dream, a nightmare, a vision, carved in solid stone under the green hills of Dakota, stone as white as the milk the hired man used to give us to drink in the dawn of a happy June morning, stone as red as the heart of the first bloodroot that you dug in the spring when the world was all spring to you, and stone that is blue with a blue that all the painters who have ever painted Venice have tried to get for generations and have failed.

Frozen fountains are there, white with the leaping foam of untold ages; sculptured cats and horses and great monsters to be dreamed about o' nights and feared in dark corners in the daytime, organs built by the hands of giant gnomes for a Titan to play wild hymns of praise upon, a kitchen for the cooking of weird dishes never thought of up here in the sunshine, all manner and all kinds of rooms, ninety miles of them, down there under the hoofs of the gallant little range horses who pound the grass into hay the year round, up there in South Dakota.—Exchange.

Napoleon's Ink Wiper.

Napoleon was a hero to his valet, Constant, though he sadly marred the servant's effort to dress him neatly. Said the valet:

His breeches were always of white cashmere. But two hours after leaving his chamber it often happened that they were all spotted with ink, thanks to his habit of wiping his pen on them and shaking ink all around him by striking his pen against the table. However, as he dressed in the morning for the whole day, he did not change his toilet on that account, but remained in this state until night. The whole inside of his boots was lined with white fustian. Whenever one of his legs itched, he rubbed it with the heel of the boot or shoe with which the other leg was shod, thus heightening the effect of the spilled ink.

An Aggravated Case.

Lord Justice Clerk Eskgrove, in sentencing certain housebreakers, began by explaining the various crimes of which they had been convicted—assault, robbery and hamesucken, of which last he gave them the etymology. He then reminded them that they had attacked the house and robbed it, and so worked gradually up to the climax, "All this you did, and, God preserve us, joost when they were settin' down to their dinner!"—Law Notes.

A Long Life.

To prolong life one should take plenty of sleep and remember to sleep lying on the right side, indulge in a morning bath in tepid water, take daily exercise in the open air, keep the window of the sleeping room open all night, take frequent and short holidays, not be overambitious and hold one's temper.

Considerate Discretion.

Stranger—How long since you made an arrest, constable? Constable Hi Medder—Quite a considdyrable spell. I'm goin' a leetle slow 'bout haulin' 'em in jest now. We hain't got no place to put 'em 'ceptin' Cy Tedder's chicken coop, an' Cy's got a settin' hen on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Fact of It.

"It's love that makes the world go 'round," said the old fashioned sentimentalist.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "it merely makes some people so dizzy that they think the world is going 'round."—Washington Star.

The dawn of the future is announced to such as can read its signs, and we owe ourselves wholly to it.—Mazzini.

Strong.

Fair Customer—Have you any good butter? Dairyman—Certainly, madam. My reputation rests upon my butter. Fair Customer—If the last I got of you was a fair sample, your reputation certainly rests on a strong foundation.—Chicago News.

Disappointed love makes the misery of youth, disappointed ambition that of manhood and successful avarice that of age.—Goldsmith.

AN ECHO.

How to Measure the Distance From Which It Is Reflected.

There is scarcely anything in nature that exerts the fascination over every one alike than does an echo, and common as it may become there is always a feeling of mystery about it that holds us as with a charm. Of course we all know that it is merely the reflection of a sound from some object, as the side of a house or a rock or a hill, but often we cannot tell how far away the object is that causes it. Here is a way to tell every time:

Holding a watch in your hand, shout a single syllable, as "Ho!" or "Ha!" and count the number of seconds from the time you shout till the sound comes back to you. Now, sound travels at the rate of 1,125 feet a second, so the number of seconds that elapse multiplied by 1,125 will give the distance in feet traveled by the voice in going to the object and back to you again, and one-half of that number will be the number of feet away that object is. Of course the object may be only a few hundred feet away, in which case the sound will come back in less than a second, but you may determine the distance, nevertheless, by calling a single syllable—"Ha!"—and calling it again as you hear the echo, not before or after it, but just with it.

With a little practice you can do this. Repeat the call ten or twelve times, counting the seconds between the first call and the last echo. Suppose, for example, that the time is seven seconds and that you called the syllable ten times. Then each echo took seven-tenths of a second, and the distance, found in the same way as before, is about 394 feet.—Exchange.

WATCHING THE BUILDERS.

Fire Insurance Folks Keep an Eye on Construction Methods.

A builder speaking of the watchfulness of fire insurance companies in New York city in the erection of buildings in that city says:

"Insurance companies in placing policies upon so called fireproof buildings do not accept the word of the builders and contractors, nor rest content with the evidence submitted by the city building department. Their own experts make an examination. Such an examination is made not at the behest of politicians or in the interest of a group of men, but by technical experts whose reports must be exact, detailed and exhaustive in the interests of shrewd business men. The insurance underwriters have their own corps of expert engineers and fireproof agents in the field all of the time. When a large building is in course of construction in New York these experts of the underwriters watch every stage of the development. They have no power to stop work on the building as city building inspectors have when the building laws are not complied with, but they possess another sort of check which is fully as effectual. The builders, contractors or owners, or all three, are notified that further insurance policies will not be made on the building until certain remedies are made."—Pittsburg Press.

Earrings.

Earrings have always been among the most favorite ornaments of nearly all the nations of the world, certainly with those which are called civilized. Indeed among the Persians, Babylonians and Carthaginians they were worn by men as well as women. They were always worn by Greek women from Hera in the "Iliad" down to the Venus de Medici, whose ears were pierced for the reception of earrings. Pliny tells us that there was no part of dress upon which greater expense was lavished among the Romans. Many Egyptian earrings of very beautiful design have been preserved, and these antique designs have been imitated in modern times.

Match War Erected a Fountain.

Probably the price of no other article in common use has undergone such a revolution as the match. The first friction matches in 1830—the "Congreves"—were placed on the London market in tin boxes of fifties at half a crown a box, with a piece of glass paper for striking purposes thrown in. Messrs. Bryant and May took a leading part in defeating Mr. Lowe's proposed tax on lucifers, as they were then called, and in recognition of their services a public drinking fountain was erected at Bow.—London Mail.

Not Well Enough For Hospital.

House physicians, when they wish to empty a bed of a chronic case, will welcome the new and original excuse contained in the following letter: "Dear Sister—When next the doctor attends mother, will you please ask him to dismiss mother, as she does not feel well, and oblige, yours truly, ——."—London Hospital Gazette.

Necessity.

"Perkins has separated from his wife and gone to live in bachelor apartments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said he couldn't live without some of the comforts of home."—Life.

Politeness.

Politeness is a kind of anaesthetic which envelops the asperities of our character, so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude.—Joubert.

Almost Malignant.

M. D.—This is queer. Have you taken anything that disagreed with you? The Patient—Nothing but your advice of yesterday.

Disgrace is immortal and living even when one thinks it dead.—Plautus.

Quite the Contrary.

"I understand that drinking is one of your husband's failings."

"You have been misinformed," said the wife severely; "it is his most pronounced success."

The Cost of It.

Dolly—Nell says that her engagement ring cost $100. Polly—Perhaps she meant that she spent as much as that entertaining the young man before she got it.

Cheap Courting.

There lived in the town of Epping, N. H., an old man who was noted for his penuriousness. One winter the school teacher boarded at his house, and she had a beau who came once a week to spend the evening with her. This, of course, necessitated heating and lighting the parlor.

Nothing was said about this item of expense at the end of the term when the teacher paid her board bill, but the next day, happening to meet the young man on the street, the old man accosted him and, after a few preliminaries about the weather, remarked: "You know we've been to some little extra expense this winter running that fire in the parlor for you and teacher. I didn't say anything to her, but I thought perhaps you'd be willing to make it right."

"Why, yes," replied the young man, "I am willing to pay anything reasonable, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Waal," drawled out Mr. B., "I guess 'bout 10 cents will do."—Boston Herald.

Uniforms to Scare the Enemy.

Red uniforms were first adopted by the Emperor Valerius Maximus in order that the Roman soldiers might not be frightened by the sight of their own blood. To this day the children of England are told that this is the reason why French troops wear red trousers, and French children are taught the same notion respecting the red coats of the British. The legionaries of ancient Rome wore the skins of bears on the field of battle to make them look fierce. For the same reason they put figures of frightful beasts on their shields and helmets. From this odd custom spring modern crests and armorial bearings. The idea of scaring the enemy by such devices has been perpetuated up to quite recent times. Tall bearskin hats were originally adopted to make them look taller by the French cuirassiers, each of whom carried a handful of grenades for scattering among the ranks of their foe.

Monkeys and Cocoanuts.

"The old story about monkeys climbing up cocoanut trees and firing nuts down on people that pass under them, as related in the old fashioned story books, is exploded by the facts," remarked a man who has been in South America. "The fact is that cocoanuts are never plucked off the trees. They are fastened on by a fiber that would require the strength of a Hercules to break, and no monkey was ever born in the world that could pluck one of them. I have read many stories about monkeys climbing these trees, but after five years' experience as a resident of Porto Cortes, Honduras, during which time my business has taken me out in the forests, I have never seen a monkey attempt to climb a cocoanut tree. They have no limbs, only a small bunch of foliage on the top, and each tree bears from eight to ten nuts."

A Peculiar City.

A traveler's tale has it that Nanghanu, a Siamese city, home of the royal family, is a sort of municipal harem. Its population is composed of women and children alone. It is in the center of Bangkok, has high walls around it, and in its population of 9,000 there is not a single man, though the king occasionally pays a visit. There are shops, markets, temples, theaters, streets and avenues, parks, lakes, trees and flower gardens, a hall of justice, judges, executioner, police, generals and soldiers, all the positions, official and otherwise, being filled by women. The only man in all Siam who can enter this city is the king.

The First Sapphire.

There is an Indian legend that Brahma, the creator, once committed a sin that he might know the torments of remorse and thus be able to sympathize with mortals. But the moment he had committed it he began repeating the mantras, or prayers of purification, and in his grief dropped on the earth a tear, the hottest that ever fell from an eye, and from it was formed the first sapphire.

Wondrous Evolution.

"In the slow evolution of the race," mused the elephant, looking with languid interest at the throng of curious gazers that stood on the outside of the ropes and fed him with cakes, peanuts and candy, "how many millions of years it must require to evolve from the shapeless and rudimentary projection on the face of the creature called man the full and perfect proboscis!"

The Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles is celebrated in ancient history on account of Xerxes and Alexander having crossed it, the former in 480 B. C. to enter Europe and the latter in 334 B. C. to enter Asia. At the point where Alexander crossed young Leander nightly swam the Hellespont to visit Hero—a feat performed in modern times by Lord Byron.

Making It Worse.

"What silly verses that woman is reciting!"

"I wrote them, sir!"

"Ah—oh, yes—to be sure—clever lines, but horribly delivered, don't you know. Woman must be a fool to bungle 'em so. Who is she?"

"My wife, sir!"

Got What He Wanted.

Auctioneer — Going! Going! Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir. The frame alone is worth the price. Connoisseur (ripping out the picture)—The frame is what I wanted. —New York Weekly.

You cannot find an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time contriving not to have tedious hours.—Johnson.

Caustic.

"And you are ready to forgive your daughter for eloping with me, sir?"

"Yes, I'll treat her kindly. The poor girl will be sufficiently punished in having you for a husband."—Cleveland Leader.

Paradoxical.

Brown—Walking down this steep hill is pretty trying, isn't it? Green—It is, indeed; it is regular uphill work.

Hot=Breads Light and Sweet
are made with
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Anti-dyspeptic; may be eaten without inconvenience even by persons with delicate digestion
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Letters In England Not Private.

You cannot regard any letter you may send through the post as being private. The government has a legal right to open any letter or parcel passing through the post and is also entitled, of course, to use any information thus obtained in furtherance of the interests of the law. At one time the official and secret opening of "private" letters was of such common occurrence that postoffice employees were sent to France to take lessons from an expert in the art of opening and resealing letters. In 1812 the postmasters of Manchester, Nottingham and Glasgow were instructed to "open all such letters as should appear to be of a suspicious nature and likely to convey seditious information," and so recently as fifty years ago there was an agitation to deprive the government of the right to open letters passing through the post. The agitation failed, however, so that your letters are still liable to be opened, and the law would be on the side of the official opener.—London Answers.

Snake Hunting With Noses.

When the Australian aborigine is pushed and can find no other game, he catches snakes for food. With his wonderful brown eyes he can see the faintest trail where a snake has zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves. At nighttime his broad nostrils take up the chase, and, stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hand to support him, he follows the track as unerringly as a bloodhound. When he runs a snake to earth, if he cannot surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squats over its hole, making a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips. Soon the snake puts its head out of the hole and peers round. In an instant the forked stick descends and fixes it to the ground by the neck, and the black fellow, seizing it behind the head, so that it cannot bite him, drags it out of the hole and either twists its head off or pounds it on the ground till its back is broken.

Humanity and Machinery.

Machinery is the cornerstone of modern society, the very foundation on which law, science, ethics, the arts, even the state itself, rests. It is so new that we do not yet know its poetry. We do not yet understand. Only two generations have lived beside the highway of steam; only one has seen the Bessemer converter transform the blacksmith into the master builder of ships and towers. The sewing machine, the far speaker, the typewriter, are common things of today, accepted as a matter of daily convenience, and yet are they teachers of the people. Machines that come close to our lives and homes insensibly teach truth, precision, the adjustment of universal laws to human needs, respect for that wise American idea that labor saved is labor released for higher and nobler toil. The machine is the head master of the high school of the race.—Reader Magazine.

At a French Wedding.

A wedding feast is an important ceremony in France among all classes of society. Even among the very poorest of the Parisians a wedding banquet is the occasion for a reckless expenditure of money in the purchase of wine and viands. In Brittany a wedding is even a more gorgeous affair than in Paris. At a recent wedding ceremony in Brittany the guests numbered 1,200, and three bullocks were slaughtered to provide them with meat. Wine was consumed in large quantities, and in addition forty barrels of cider was consumed.

The Currant.

The currant of commerce is said to be one of the most nutritious forms of food, a pound of the little berries from Greece containing more than three times as much actual nourishment as the same weight of lean beef. "Currants," says one authority, "should really be eaten every day. They contain all the beneficial properties of the apple, but in greater proportion." The most important fact connected with them is that they supply the body with muscle building and nerve sustaining material in a form ready for speedy digestion and assimilation.

Lion of Babylon.

One of the oldest and at the same time most interesting bits of pictorial work which have been preserved from antiquity is that of the lion of Babylon, and so careful was the workmanship that even after the lapse of several thousand years not only the outline, but the color, is very distinct. The figure was used very generally for decorative purposes in ancient Babylon.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1906.

THE 12 O'CLOCK LAW.

A week ago today the Massachusetts House of Representatives killed the Boston rumsellers' bill to extend the hour for closing barrooms from 11 a. m. to 12 midnight, and last Monday the same body of lawmakers voted to reconsider that action, and set the 12 o'clock bill on its passage. Representative H. S. Riley of this city voted against reconsideration, for which he deserves the thanks of this community, as the law, if enacted by the Senate, is a general one, and its effects will not be confined to Boston.

What influences were brought to bear by the liquor dealers on the turncoats will never be certainly known to the public, but a pretty accurate guess can be given of their character. A powerful lobby, with no end to the sinews of war in their pockets, strained every nerve to secure a reconsideration of the unfavorable vote of Friday on the measure, and won out by a majority of 8.

Fighting over the matter is, by no means, ended, for the Senate are to have a hand in deciding whether the Boston liquor sellers own the present Legislature, or the people at large still have some little influence in law making for the State.

THE GOVERNOR'S BILL.

Governor Guild's Excise bill and for a singleheaded Police Commissioner for Boston was passed to a third reading in the State Senate last Tuesday. He had set his heart on it.

The passage of the bill was strenuously opposed by the liquor interests of the Hub, but their opposition was of no avail. Only two Republicans voted against it.

There were probably no grounds for the contention of the opponents of the bill that a desire to get rid of Judge Emmons of the present Police Commission was the Governor's motive for favoring the measure.

☞ As incredible as it may appear to eyes unaccustomed to the perusal of reports of the proceedings of the present Legislature of this State, a bill was sent to a third reading in the House last week which gives *The Daily Law Journal* of Boston an absolute, ironclad monopoly of publishing, for generous pay, all the Court trial lists of Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex and Norfolk counties, and cuts out every other paper, urban and suburban, in that district. It is an outrageous piece of special, monopolistic legislation, and ought to be headed off at once. The originators of this scheme started out to secure a law compelling all legal advertisements in those counties to be published in the *Daily Law Journal*; but finding that proposition too rank for the stomach of even the present Legislature, they concluded not to press it, but wait for a more favorable opportunity for the enactment of such a law.

☞ Information reaches this office through a copy of the Laredo (Texas) *Daily Times* that Fort McIntosh, located there, is to have a complete outfit of new buildings, for which Lieutenant Linwood E. Hanson, of Co. B., 26th Regiment, U. S. Infantry, Battalion Adjutant and Quartermaster, and Engineer Hawley, made the plans. The *Times* gives a full description of the buildings to be erected, which are to be up to date in every particular, and equal, in design, finish and accommodations to any of the best of Uncle Sam's Military Posts. At the date of the paper Lieut. Hanson and Engineer Hawley were figuring out the cost of them. The *Times* also announced that Lieut. Hanson was preparing a report on the matter of a proposed new target range; all of which indicates that he is a busy man at Fort McIntosh.

☞ Mayor Linscott wisely advocates putting Montvale avenue into proper shape—of improving its present conditions in many respects—and asks the City Council to consider and act in the matter. At the Prospect street junction the avenue is too narrow; it is badly laid out; and some of it is on private grounds. It is one of the most important thoroughfares in the city, and the Mayor's suggestions concerning it ought to be carried out.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

G. W. Buss—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
A. S. Hall—Probate Notice.
National Bank—Statement.

— Not many men are now employed killing moths in this city.

— The food sale by W. R. C. 161, last Saturday, was a financial success.

— Miss Josie H. Randall of Worcester was a visitor in this city last Monday.

— For the 11th time George Durward has again enlisted in Co. G, 5th Reg't.

— W. R. C. 84 are to hold an assembly on April 23. Let everybody attend.

— Vidette Club are to hold an assembly in Hose 2 Hall, N. W., on April 24.

— About two hundred sides of patent leather is finished weekly at the South End Hall.

— The spring vacation of the public schools began yesterday to continue to April 22, inclusive.

— You want to see Miss Butterfield in "Sunbonnets" at the M. E. church Thursday evening, April 19, at 7 30.

— The Dorothea Dix Children give a little Play as part of their program at the Floating Hospital Dance.

— The first number on the program for the Floating Hospital dance will consist of a Solo Dance by Miss Helen Sylvester.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson, Associate County Commissioner, has been attending to the official business of the Board at Cambridge this week.

— Qualey Court, M. C. O. F., are to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their organization in K. of C. Hall on Wednesday evening, April 25.

— The entertainment for the Floating Hospital Dance will consist of a varied program by children from the Dorothea Dix Hall Association.

— John Lynch, Clerk of the Board of Health, was advised of another case of cerebro spinal meningitis last Monday. It was on Mt. Pleasant street.

— President John W. Johnson of the Woburn National Bank and family returned late last week from a pleasant California trip in good health and fine spirits.

— The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold the fine dwellinghouse No. 175 Bedford street with about 16,335 feet of land, to Thomas Walker of Woburn.

— Philip H., son of Master Owen of the High School, has gone to Monmouth, Maine, to spend the spring vacation. He is a great lover of the Pine Tree State.

— Children wishing to sell tickets for the May Party to be held on May 4 for the Floating Hospital, will be given them by Mrs. George H. Taylor, 23 Pleasant street.

— Next Tuesday evening the deciding game for the championship in the church Basketball League will be played by the Methodist and Episcopal teams at the M. E. Gym.

— As long as the coal dealers raised the price of coal without reason, why do they wait for one to drop it?—*Boston Globe*. Oh, they are not waiting as much as they were.

— The altar boys of St. Charles church have established a baseball team under the management of Wm. E. Kane. For games address William E. Kane, 4 Buckman street, City.

— Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Dorr have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James S. Ramage from the western part of the State this week. Mr. Dorr and Mrs. Ramage are brother and sister.

— With a high mass at St. Charles church the tearing down of the old rink will begin next Monday morning. J. M. Ellis was the highest bidder for the lumber and his men will begin the work.

— Arthur Jones came up from Harvard College the other day to visit his father, Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Savings Bank, and family. Several of his Collegemates came with him.

— Crawford, the boss confectioner and icecream artist, has an Easter outfit, in candy, displayed in his store windows that takes the cake. It is wholly new, odd and handsome. Crawford leads.

— Next Wednesday evening, April 18, the South Border Athletic and Outing Club will hold their sixth annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall. It was one of the events scheduled for the Auditorium.

— Before the sturdy blows of Ellis's stalwart crew, supplemented by a plenty of dynamite, the ledges on both sides of the railroad tracks between Church avenue and Main street are disappearing like dew before the sun.

— Look out for a plenty of brush fires from now on to the middle of May. More care should be taken by people respecting the setting of such fires. Railroad locomotives are supposed to be accountable for a good many of them.

— Major Clarke of the 5th Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, N. Y., and Lieut. Col. Doherty of Governor Guild's Staff, inspected Co. G, 5th M. V. M., at the Armory last Tuesday evening. The ceremonies were open to the public.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes, an esteemed member of "The Sons of '24," and one of our most highly respected citizens, was 82 years old last Sunday. He was at his workbench bright and early Monday morning, where he bids fair to be found for years to come.

— Ald. James Connolly saved the day for Hose 6 at the Council meeting last Monday evening. He voted with the Republicans for a new hose house, by which token he will be favorably remembered by the firemen when he comes up for re-election, or for Mayor.

— The Military Club of this city will give a grand exhibition drill at the first ball to be given by the Colonial Club of Charlestown at Rougan's Hall, Charlestown, next Tuesday night. A special car has been secured by the girls and a large crowd will accompany them.

— Next Thursday is Patriot's Day, the 131st anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. There is to be no celebration of it at Lexington, except the marching of a drum corps over the Paul Revere route; nor have we heard of any plans for its general observance here at home.

— The Stoneham Fire Department are to give their 12th annual entertainment and ball at Armory Hall in that town on Wednesday evening, April 18. Arrangements are completed for a fine time. The Stoneham F. D. annuals have always been popular and attracted great crowds of people.

— There is no food that one can eat at this season of the year that is healthier than greens—dandelion, beet, or any other. Not only healthy, but they "go to the right spot" when spring fever is coming on. The freshest kind of greens can be obtained at either Durward's or Linnell's fine market.

— After the Mayor of Lynn had "read the riot act" to the coal dealers of that city, and threatened to revoke their licenses, and finding that the public would not tolerate their extortionate course, they crawled back to the former prices, and tried to make it out that they were only in fun, anyway.

— Games played, fine refreshments, pieces spoken, and other nice things pleasantly entertained about 25 of the friends of Miss 7-year old Annie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Finn, at her birthday anniversary last week. It was a delightful party of little folks, duly matroned by their elders.

— Mary C. Fowle, daughter of Rev. James A. Fowle, who has been a foreign missionary many years, has been appointed a missionary in Turkey, and will soon leave for her field of labor. She recently resigned her position as teacher of a school at Catamount, preparatory to leaving for Turkey.

— A large number of people attended the funeral of Mr. Patrick Curran at the residence of his son-in-law, Edward T. O'Neil, 32 Union street, where he died, last Sunday. The bearers were: Thomas Moore, John Connolly, Bryan McSweeney, John Doherty, Luke Fournier, William O'Brien.

— Thomas Quirk, at the close of a four years enlistment in the U. S. Marine service, returned to his home in this city last Sunday. He has been stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard for some time, and leaves the service with a fine clean record and honorable discharge. He is not inclined to return to the Navy, at least, not for the present.

— The neatest business sign that anybody has seen in this town for a month of Sundays is that put up by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, successors to the Robbins Drug Co., last Monday. To be sure, it is nearly "as long as the Mosaic Dispensation," but the color will strike the traveler's eye as something out of the common, and decidedly fetching.

— About this time of the year the nurse girl begins to make her daily rambles with the baby and she feels proud if she has a natty baby carriage in which to wheel the child. The Plimpton Hervey Co. have a variety of English patterns which are the finest made—some of them are beauties. Call and see them or send for list, 21 Washington St., Boston.

— The Parish Committee elected at the annual meeting of the First Unitarian Parish last Tuesday evening were: Julius F. Ramsdell, William F. Davis, Herbert S. Riley, George J. Whithed; Treasurer, James H. Linnell; Collector, Henry P. Harrington; Trustees, Herbert B. Dow, 2 years; W. F. Davis, 4 years; Julius F. Ramsdell, 6 years.

— The address delivered by Stanley Durkee, Ph. D., on "Why am I here?" at the social of the Young People's Bible Class of the First Baptist church last Monday evening, was an excellent one, and well received by the company present. There was a banquet, and a fine literary and music programme. The social, at which lady friends were the guests, was a pronounced success, and greatly enjoyed.

— Preparations are on foot for building a boys school by St. Charles parish on the site of the Freeman machine-shop, which was purchased by Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector, some time ago for a parochial school. It is to be a large 3-story building of brick, faced with granite, and set on a line with the church and Parish home. Taken together the three structures will make a handsome appearance.

— A fine entertainment has been planned to be given in the M. E. church on Thursday evening, April 19, Patriots Day. It is to consist of a dialogue, "Sunbonnets"; tableaux and readings. Tickets only 15 cents. Miss Butterfield, an artist, will appear in "Sunbonnets," and solos will be rendered by the talented Miss Edna Felch. The entertainment is sure to richly reward all who attend it.

— When Charles T. Dearborn, a boss painter, went to 478 Main street at 5 30 last Tuesday evening, to see his employee, Samuel Bailey, about doing some work on Wednesday, he found him lying at the foot of the stairs in the hallway dead. Dr. H. G. Blake, Medical Examiner, was called and pronounced it a case of heart failure. Evidence showed that Bailey had died several hours before he was found by Dearborn. He was 55 years old and a widower.

— Many juicy hearted women in this town are actively engaged in making preparations for the May Party to be given on May 4 in aid of that noble charity, the Boston Floating Hospital, in which, so it is reported, they are meeting with great encouragement. A deep interest is taken by our people in the Floating Hospital, and in years past they have contributed generously for its support. Mrs. Bertha Taylor, 23 Pleasant street, is Chairman of the ticket committee.

— Next Sunday is Easter, the end of Lent being reached today, Good Friday. Easter answers to the Jewish Passover, and is observed, or should be, by the Christian church in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It occurs on Sunday, the third day after Good Friday. It is, also, observed by the female sex by a change of attire, especially in head adornments. Milliners hail the advent of Easter with joy, for it brings more abundant cash to their coffers.

— Bishop Moore made an announcement of the ministerial appointments last Monday at the New England Methodist Episcopal annual Conference held at Malden last week. Rev. Norman E. Richardson of Woburn was assigned to the church at Highlandville in the Boston District, and Rev. W. E. Vandermark of the Cambridge District comes to this city. Mr. Richardson has proved a popular and successful preacher and pastor of the Woburn church, and his removal from here is regretted by all who know him.

— The toughest snow, rain and wind storm of the season visited this section last Monday night. It began at 7 p. m. with a light snowfall and high wind, but soon changed to rain, a fierce S. E. wind continuing to prevail through the night, making things hum and rattle. About 11 30 p. m. the wind knocked the fire alarm out of gear and such another hullabaloo as was kept up for the next hour has seldom assailed the ears of a peaceful and sleepy people. Effects of the severe storm were seen in plenty Tuesday morning on the streets.

— The JOURNAL family received a pleasant call last Sunday from Miss Frances Crawford of Davenport, Iowa, who is a member of the Freshman Class at Mt. Holyoke College. She passed the College spring vacation with her Classmate, Miss Angie Heartz, and her family in this city, and was accompanied by the Heartz young ladies on her call. Miss Crawford is a smart, fairfaced, and lively Western maid, and the best of company. She likes the East, especially Boston, which is not common with natives of the Mississippi Valley. Our young student friends returned to the Academic groves of Holyoke this week.

FIFTY CENTS

IN some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

Send for free sample

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl St. New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

— There will be several parties in this city on Patriot's Day.

— Horn Pond is in a very dirty condition and it is likely the Board of Health will soon do something about it.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., entertained a party of visitors from Beulah Lodge of Lynn last Wednesday afternoon.

—Picture Day at the Wyman School last Wednesday was a fine affair. Miss Perkins, the teacher, prepared a nice programme for it.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Towanda Club held a most delightful Ladies' Night last Wednesday evening. A fine entertainment was given, which was greatly enjoyed by a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. It was the Club's 12th Ladies' Night, and a marked success.

— At the meeting of the Woman's Club, April 6, Children's Day was observed, one hundred and forty children being present. Mr. Dudley Prescott gave an entertainment which greatly amused the small guests. Refreshments were served by the Hospitality Com. Mrs. Alice B. Winn and Mrs. Carrie Fox Chairmen. At the next meeting April 20, the election of officers takes place. Members please remember to bring their dues. An entertainment will be given by Club Members, which is sure to be pleasing. —A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

— The special services of the Holy Week at the Congregational church have been full of interest and of deep spiritual feeling. They cannot fail to accomplish their purpose in the quickening of the spiritual life of those in attendance and leaving a deep and lasting impression in the hearts of the people. Such quiet, earnest efforts to secure attention and devotion to the best and highest interests never fail. Mr. and Mrs. Chafer through their evident sincerity, their sweet singing and searching discourse have won all hearts. Their closing service will be held on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

— Frank C. Nichols, who supplies Woburn with ice, cut 6000 tons at Horn Pond, that city, and an additional 6000 tons at Lakeport, N. H. The Woburn crop ranged about 12 inches. Houses have been erected at Lakeport by Mr. Nichols, and the Woburn supply will come from that place when needed. The price will remain at 30 cents per 100 pounds until it is necessary to draw on the New Hampshire supply.—*Boston Herald*. Mr. Nichols can be depended on to do the fair thing by his customers every time. Consumers of ice in this city will have no cause of complaint against him. There is ice enough, and people shouldn't worry.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court and Mrs. Johnson started last Tuesday on a Western tour which will consume the balance of the spring, probably. The little daughter did not accompany them because she had not fully recovered from a recent attack of illness. The Judge and wife will do the country along the Rocky Mountains, paying respects particularly to California, taking in the Grand Canon of Arizona, and some other of Dame Nature's masterpieces. They will escape the rainy season of the Pacific Coast, and find roses and oranges awaiting their plucking in lavish abundance at Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Diego.

— Harnessmaker Henry F. McKenzie of Main street was the victim of a neat swindling game the other day. A stranger called at his store and bargained for a harness for which he agreed to pay $10. McKenzie packed the harness, and the man tendered in payment a check for $25 50 on the Woburn National Bank, drawn to the order of J. E. Foster, and signed Charles E. Rice, Superintendent. Not having change for the balance, McKenzie asked George Durward, next door, to cash the check, which he did, and when it was presented at the bank Mr. Durward was informed by Cashier Day that there was no such parties on the books, and McKenzie was out a harness and $15 in cash.

— Parker & Lane Co., prominent coal dealers at Winchester, declined to advance the price of coal at the command of the Boston robbers, and continue to sell at the old prices. The people will appreciate this conduct on the part of the Co., and it will be money in their pockets in the end. It is said that Parker & Lane Co. have been supplying Woburn customers with coal. The Brighton Coal Company fell into the trap of the Boston combine, but quickly discovering their misstep, put prices back where they were before, and in justice ought to be, and were at once crowded with coal orders. That Company too will be remembered by a grateful public when buying their supplies of fuel in the future.

— Mr. A. Grant, tailor, has moved to Rooms 1 and 2 in Mechanics Building, formerly occupied by Lawyer G. W. Norris.

— Homer B. Grant's commission as Captain in the Artillery service, U. S. A., is dated March 3, 1906. The JOURNAL heartily congratulates him on his well deserved promotion. He is Aide to the Colonel commanding at Fort Banks in Boston Harbor, in the Ordinance Department, and has charge of the buildings and all U. S. property at that Military Post.

— More applications for liquor licenses have been presented to our License Board and advertised than there are licenses to grant. But Tom Meriam is sure of one. It is pleasing to believe that the Woburn Board of License Commissioners are not grafters, as they are reported to be in some places, Lawrence, for example. The practice of Boards compelling applicants for licenses to pay large sums of money over and above the excise fee is supposed to be altogether too general in this State. It is a great opportunity for graft where the petitions outnumber the licenses to be granted; but in this respect Woburn's official hands are immaculate. Our License Board are highly honorable men; they would spurn a bribe; they would not exact a penny in return for favors; only among the best citizens will they distribute the plums. The Boards of other cities may graft; but the Woburn Board never!

Easter Music.

Next Sunday the church edifices in this city will be decked out in flowers for the celebration. Properly the auditoriums are to be made attractive and pleasing to the eye of the worshippers and in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Flowers and plants will abound in all of them.

Music, especially chosen for the celebration of Easter, will constitute an important part of the services, both at the morning meetings and Sunday Schools. Music, flowers and Easter go together; indeed, each is essential to the full enjoyment of the day.

The following music will be heard on Easter morning at the

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH:

Organ Prelude	Guilmant
Where hast thou laid Him	Clough-Leighter
Hark, ten thousand voices sounding	Bullard
Awake thou that sleepest	Manney
Soprano Solo. Thy Redeemer liveth	Manney
Organ Postlude	Merkel

FIRST BAPTIST 4 P. M.

Processional. The Easter Army.	Chorus
Address.	Sarah Graham
Morning Joy.	Chorus
Prayer.	
Lift Your Happy Voices.	Chorus
Recitation. I find no Fault in Him.	Charlie Chase
Chorus of Children.	Solo, Muriel Northrup
The Dawn of Hope.	Chorus
Symbols of Easter.	Anna Gates
O'er the Winter Shadows.	Chorus
Primary Exercise. Easter Wishes. Edna Cole, Emily Bromley, Alice Hagan, Eleanor Stevens, Noble Gates, Malcolm Bulfinch, Gladys Gordon, Ariel Buckman.	
How the Flowers Grow. Elsie Haggett, Charlotte Burnes, Bessie Smith, Edith Eaton, Ethel McDonald.	
Recitation. The Risen King.	Alice Bulfinch
All Hail to Easter.	Chorus
Message.	By Six Children
Easter Chimes are Calling.	Children's Chorus
Easter Songs.	Annie Gage
Jesus is Risen.	Chorus
Recitation. I Wonder.	Margaret Coleman
Sing. Stars of Morning.	Chorus

UNITARIAN 10.30 A. M.

Prelude and Fugue in G.	J. S. Bach
Interlude from Op. 18.	Guilmant
Easter Song. Old Netherland melody for chorus in unison.	Arr. by Carl Pflueger
Soprano Solo. Hosanna.	Jules Granier
Song with violin obligato. O dry those tears.	J. del Riego
Violin Solo. Cavatina.	Raff
Song with violin obligato. O risen Lord.	Wm. Arms Fisher
Postlude. Grand Chœur in D.	Guilmant

The congregational hymns will be led by chorus. Soloists: Mrs Carolyn B. Reed, soprano; Mr. Gunnar Ekman, violinist; Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist.

SUNDAY SCHOOL 12 M.

The morning soloists and chorus will take part. Easter carols by the school. Recitations by Inez Carswell, Doris Carswell, Harland Smith, Norma Pierce, Mildred Linscott, Edith Place, Adele Simonds, Margaret Wade, Faustina Wade, Olive Gould, Fred Russell, Winn Russell, Roland Marshall, Lillian Hubbard, Howard Foster, Roland Dickson, Miss Bessie Leighton.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. Price only 50c.

City Council.

The Board held a meeting last Monday evening.

In spite of the opposition of Aylward, Feeney and Conway the order to appropriate $8,000 for a house for Hose 6, was passed.

A request for $375 to put up a flagstaff on the Common was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee reported a loan of $500 to prosecute work against the moths.

James A. West.

Woburn met with a great loss in the death of James West. He was one of our most useful citizens. Always courteous in manners, yet a great worker in every good cause. We always knew which side he was on without asking; always working for what he thought was the right side; in temperance, church and political work, a hustler. Always doing a kind deed for some one; finding employment for some one out of work; helping those in trouble; visiting the sick night or day. His good influence was felt throughout the city. He was an indulgent father, and a companion of his children. How we shall miss him!—C. M. S.

Boston Horse Show.

Anticipations of the Boston horse show which takes place in Mechanics Building on April 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 are perceptible at the leading dressmaking establishments and modistes are in such a flutter it is a sure sign that something is going to happen.

All of the indications certainly point to record breaking week of sport during the show. The list of entries is the largest ever made for an exhibition of this sort in Boston with over 1000 nominations guaranteeing the success of the enterprise from a purely horse point of view.

The auction sale of boxes for the show was a record breaker and over $15,000 was realized from the sale. All of the boxes were purchased by leading society people and it will be a great social function as well as a horse show.

Perhaps the most popular attraction at the show will be the cavalry drill and rough riding exhibition by K troop U. S. A. from Fort Ethan Allen. This famous troop numbering fifty men and officers rendered valiant service in the Philippines under command of Capt. Julian R. Lindsay.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Store, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Baker's Bread

as you know it will never stop you baking your own bread, but Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread will please you and convince you that home bread baking is a loss of time. Try it and stop baking.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

For the fourth time this season, lovers of Shakespeare will have an opportunity to witness a great production of one of the poet's dramas at the Castle Square Theatre. The play selected is "Romeo and Juliet," and it will bring to a triumphant close the present season of Shakespearian productions at the Castle Square. Following the same lines as the previous revivals of "Much Ado About Nothing", "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Cæsar", it will be staged with exceptional splendor, all the settings being built and painted from designs and models furnished by Frank Cheuteau Brown. The Verona of the time of the great tragedy will be presented in all its picturesqueness and beauty. The cast will be one of exceptional strength and ability. With John Craig as Romeo and Lillian Kemble as Juliet at its head, a performance of great excellence is assured.

A Lucky Postmistress

is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., druggists. Price 25c.

Base Ball.

The St. Charles team will play the strong Berkeley A. C. team of Boston Patriot's Day.

Other organized teams of this city are the South Borders, Knights of Columbus, St. Josephs, Winn A. A., and the North Woburns.

Baseball will start with a rush next Thursday, Patriot's Day, which is the opening time, and Woburn will be well represented by some promising teams.

Today the local High school boys will line up against the Melrose High team. The Woburn team will be made up by J. Fitzgerald, c.; H. McMahon, p.; W. McGowan, 1 b.; J. McKitrick, 2 b.; J. Murray, s. s.; Driscoll, 3 b.; James Doherty, l. f.; Charles Doherty, c. f.; W. Lewis, r. f.; William Lynch, sub. On April 19, they will play Winchester High at Winchester.

Basket Ball.

At the Armory last Friday night, the Independents defeated the All Woburn team in a spirited contest, in which there was considerable slugging.

The Basket Ball season will close here next Tuesday night with a game between the Methodist and Unitarian teams, of the Church League, to decide which is entitled to the handsome silver trophy which has been on exhibition at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. The season closed with these two teams tied for first place, and at a meeting of the directors it was decided that one game would be played to decide the championship.

Devil's Island Torture

is no worse than the terrible case of Piles that afflicted me 10 years. Then I was advised to apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and less than a box permanently cured me, writes L. S. Napier, of Rugles, Ky. Heals all wounds, Burns and Sores like magic. 25c. at Robbins Drug Co., druggists.

Automobiling.

McGrath will no doubt have an auto this season.

Fred Davis was on deck with his neat runabout this week.

Dr. Chalmers shook the old horse and is out with his machine again.

It is reported that Mr. William Beggs has purchased a new touring car.

The big Johnson Cadalac is always on the jump, the boys being able to run it.

Many small runabouts were in and about town this week which are the property of the Edison Co.

Cashier George Day of the Woburn National Bank was out this week with his cherry colored runabout.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN LYCEUM HALL BUILDING H & SON CO

EASTER

EVERY MAN likes to be Well Dressed on

EASTER SUNDAY

Now is a Splendid Time to select the

New Spring Suit, Top Coat

and other dress accessories. Come and let us show you the Stylish Suits we can sell at from

$10.00 to $25.00

If you come here for your Outfit you will be a

Well Dressed Man

while everything we offer is the best that is made, you will find our

PRICES VERY REASONABLE

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

Library Notes.

Parents and teachers who are interested in Reading for the young should not fail to visit the Children's department of the Public Library. During the last six months under the direction of the Children's Librarian this department has undergone a thorough reorganization; a large number of books have been withdrawn and in some cases their place has been filled by new editions of the same work; but besides these, there have been placed on the shelves several hundred new books of Miss Brown's selection well adapted to the young. Miss Brown has made a speciality of Children's books and believes in giving to the children the best material by the best writers; and under this impression she is carrying on her work. Books most desirable are duplicated and all the school children from the different grades can have assistance in selecting books, or if they choose, can go directly to the shelves. Connected with this branch of the library is a reference department supplementary to the one in the main collection, and the one in charge will always be found ready to answer any questions that may assist the student in research work. The Librarian has visited several of the public schools of the city in order to better understand how she can supplement the reading of the child to the studies in the different grades. The children's room knows no age limit, and welcomes the youngest children that are able to use books, or enjoy pictures; each important subject, as history, biography, travel, science, ethics and religion, is represented by books suitable for young readers.

Since October, the time that the new registration began, 632 names have been placed on the register; 657 volumes have been added; and the circulation for that time has reached 11,485, an average per month of 1,914. This shows an increased interest, and proves that children appreciate good literature when it is placed before them. This is as it should be, for we all believe that this time in a child's life is the most important in forming a taste for reading which will go with them in the later years; hence it becomes one of the most important in library science and one to which much attention is given.

A new card catalogue is being written for the use of this department which will give the new classification, by author, title and subject. There are also lists in preparation pertaining to Memorial Day, War of Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War 1861-5, Spanish American War, 1898; lists also of the best and most interesting books for boys and girls—Fairy tales and Indian stories.—E. F. P.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Bowling.

The Trolley League has ended with the Woburn and Medford teams tied for second place.

In the Knights of Columbus League Medford is in first place one game ahead of Woburn, who have a good chance of taking the lead before the season closes.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. An Easter Sermon.
12 M., Easter Concert by the Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Lewis S. Chafer. Subject: "The Message of Life."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service under the leadership of Mr. Chafer. Mr. and Mrs. Chafer will sing.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Easter Sunday.
10.30 A. M., Sermon and Holy Communion.
4 P. M., Sunday School Festival and Holy Baptism.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Special Easter Day Music morning and evening. Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 3, Mary J. Sliney, aged 27 years 11 months, 14 days.
In this city, April 6, Patrick Curran, aged 75 years, 11 months, 6 days.
In this city, April 10, Horace H. Tidd, aged 76 years, 2 months, 10 days.
In this city, April 10, Thomas Bailey, aged 53 years.
In Brockton, April 7, Alice Denef of Woburn, aged 65 years, 11 months.

DON'T WORRY

You get the girl
We furnish the rest.
Four rooms furnished
Complete $88.00

	REGULAR PRICE
1 Iron Bed	$3.00
1 Spring	2.50
1 Mattress	3.75
1 pair Blankets	2.00
1 pair Pillows	2.00
1 Oak Bureau	10.00
1 Oak Commode	4.50
1 Oak Table	1.50
1 Oak Chair	1.00
1 Oak Rocker	2.00
20 yards Matting	4.00
1 Sofa	12.00
1 Rocker	6.00
1 Arm Chair	5.00
1 Parlor Chair	4.00
1 Ladies' Chair	3.00
1 Mahogany Table	2.50
1 Rug Carpet	15.00
2 pr. Lace Curtains	4.00
1 Oak Dining Table	6.75
4 Oak Dining Chairs	5.00
1 Art Square	7.50
1 Range and Pipe	14.50
1 Kitchen Table	2.50
2 Kitchen Chairs	1.00
16 yards Oilcloth	4.00
6 Shades	2.40
	$131.40

SMILE AND DO IT NOW.

The Plimpton-Hervey Co.
21-25 Washington Street,
Near Haymarket Square.

CANNED GOODS

Standard Goods at Right Prices.

Corn, good quality,	8	cents
" Honey Drop,	13	"
Peas, Marrowfat,	8	"
" "	10	"
" Larson's,	13	"
" " Sifted,	17	"
String Beans,	9	"
" " Wax,	10	"
" " Best,	12	"
Shelled Beans,	12	"
Beets, small,	15	"
" sliced,	10	"
Sweet Potatoes,	10	"
Peaches, Flickinger's,	30	"
" Nestor,	20	"
" New York,	15	"
" Maryland,	13	"
Strawberries, Victor, 2 lb.	15	"
" " 1 lb.	10	"
" Oneida,	25	"
Raspberries,	12	"
Apricots, Flickinger's,	30	"
" Nestor,	20	"
" California,	15	"

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hous
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank

Incorporated A. D 1854.

Open Daily 9 A. M to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M., and Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

Deposits,	$2,000,000.00
Surplus,	190,000.00
Dividends credited to the depositors since Bank commenced busines	$1,334,575.00

A safe depository for the savings of the wage earner; where as high a rate of interest is paid on deposits as is consistent with the safe investment of principal.

BOARD OF INVESTMENT

Charlie A. Jones, *President*
John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, *Vice Presidents*. Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Julius F. Ramsdell.
A. Herbert Holland, *Treasurer*.

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.

C. Bor's Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

To Let.

A Tenement on Franklin street; 8 rooms, and all modern improvements.
Enquire of P. E. BANCROFT,
12 Franklin street

CHOCOLATES!

Two Years Test Prove

Our 29c. Sale

A Winner. Try a lb.

SATURDAY or SUNDAY.

You'll buy next week.

OUR HIGH GRADE

..Fuller-Greene..

60c. a pound Box.

Best made in Boston.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned petitioners, citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, that common convenience and necessity require a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musolino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larsen to some point near the residence of Andrew Larsen.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board will give due notice, view the premises, and lay out a highway as aforesaid.

Dated Wilmington, March 15, 1906.

FRANK E. DAY
and fifty-four others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on the twentieth day of March, A. D., 1906.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, on Friday, the fourth day of May, A. D., 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Buckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Patrick Charles Buckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Willard A. Dow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan A. Dow, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundredand six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Farrey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Bridget Farrey, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella M. Atwood, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALFRED S. HALL, Adm.
31 Milk street, Boston.

April 7, 1906.

WOBURN

Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining t gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,

314 Main St., . Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, address

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

EASTER EATING

gives you privileges you've been longing for, for many a day. Don't think of preparing that Easter meal without first visiting our meat market and laying in a stock of our

EASTER HAMS and BACON

They're well smoked, sweet and juicy. You'll relish them and buy more, as they can't be excelled. Price is shaded for Easter.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, April 6, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$341,643.97
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		4,400.00
Bonds, securities, etc.		19,587.50
Due from approved reserve agents		40,623 01
Checks and other cash items		4,135.90
Notes of other National Banks		1,980.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		561.95
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	19,298.05	
Legal tender notes	4,433.00	23,731.05
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Total		$541,663.38

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		7,150.87
National Bank notes outstanding		99,350.00
Due to other National Banks	2,383.96	
Due to State Banks and Bankers	6,630.75	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	22,486 84	
Dividends unpaid	828.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	261,405.65	
Demand certificates of deposit	20,252.10	
Certified Checks	1,175.21	315,162.51
Total		$541,663.38

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, G. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of April, 1906.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
JOHN M. HARLOW,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
Directors

"The Sweetest Flower That Blows"

is not sweeter than THELMA the new perfume. A delightful odor, delicate yet permanent, THELMA is becoming the favorite among people of refinement everywhere. Call and test it at our store. We are glad to show it because it makes friends for itself and us.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

To Let.

A STORE:

Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:

Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

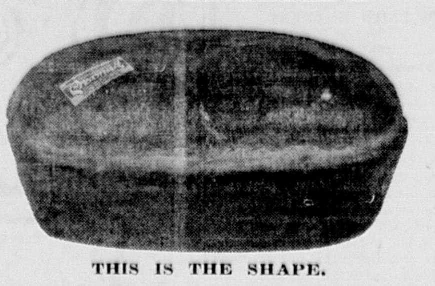
If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

CREAMALT



THIS IS THE SHAPE.

We cannot descaibe the taste, we can simply say that it is the most delicious, most healthful, and most nutritious bread ever produced. Pure rich milk and superior malt make this bread have the food value of any two loaves of any other bread. All we ask is one trial. Try it today. All grocers sell it.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.

CHARLESTOWN

WINCHESTER.

Easter comes April 15. A new hat, or the old one?

The Interscholastic Canoe Association are to race for the Lawson prize on Mystic Lake June 2.

The High School Baseball team go out for practice almost every day. They say it is a good one.

The anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in this country will be celebrated by Waterfield Lodge on April 23.

It looks as if the grade crossing question would be brought to a head pretty soon. The next meeting for considering it is to be held on May 5.

Mr. John W. Hemingway, an old and respected resident of this town, died at his home at noon last Monday. He had been in the milk business many years. He was a zealous temperance advocate, and a man well respected by everybody.

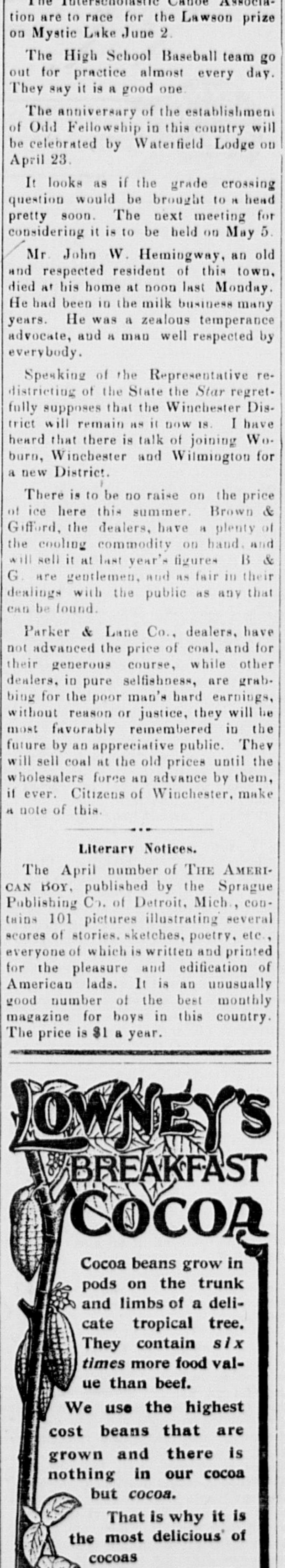
Speaking of the Representative redistricting of the State the *Star* regretfully supposes that the Winchester District will remain as it now is. I have heard that there is talk of joining Woburn, Winchester and Wilmington for a new District.

There is to be no raise on the price of ice here this summer. Brown & Gifford, the dealers, have a plenty of the cooling commodity on hand, and will sell it at last year's figures. B. & G. are gentlemen, and as fair in their dealings with the public as any that can be found.

Parker & Lane Co., dealers, have not advanced the price of coal, and for their generous course, while other dealers, in pure selfishness, are grabbing for the poor man's hard earnings, without reason or justice, they will be most favorably remembered in the future by an appreciative public. They will sell coal at the old prices until the wholesalers force an advance by them, if ever. Citizens of Winchester, make a note of this.

Literary Notices.

The April number of THE AMERICAN BOY, published by the Sprague Publishing Co. of Detroit, Mich., contains 101 pictures illustrating several scores of stories, sketches, poetry, etc., everyone of which is written and printed for the pleasure and edification of American lads. It is an unusually good number of the best monthly magazine for boys in this country. The price is $1 a year.



Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef. We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa*. That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lizzie A. Jaquith, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by George W. Buss, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Andirons.

In regard to andirons a writer in the Connoisseur points out the curious fact that the older specimens rarely come in pairs, but are of different heights and sizes. It was the custom in the middle ages, it seems, to make them uneven so as to facilitate the moving and raising of the huge blocks employed for firewood. He continues:

In the middle ages they were also planned to hold a spit, and it was not until the late sixteenth century that they were much ornamented. According to Viollet le Duc, since the most remote ages, from Etruscan times down to the Romans, such andirons were made of iron. Vasari speaks of andirons made with "meraviglioso magistero" for the captains of the Arte della Seta, but I have not found much ornamentation upon them as early as he says. I have a theory of my own, which is contrary to that of Viollet le Duc. In England andirons are called fire dogs, and in the Bargello there is a splendid specimen made in the form of crouching hounds. I hold that the andirons were in the first instance made in the shape of animals lying at rest, shaped of clay or stone, and it was much later that they were made of iron, when they often ended in animals' heads, most often in that of dogs.

Advertising a Novel.

In a New York literary club two novelists were discussing a novel of the eighties and of which 60,000 copies had been sold.

"It was," said the older man, "the best piece of advertising I ever heard of, for it was advertising, not merit, that made the book popular.

"The author has a millionaire bachelor friend—call him Millions—and he persuaded Millions to let him write for a newspaper a paragraph to the effect that the novel's heroine had made a hit with him, and if he could find anywhere a girl resembling her he would marry her.

"This paragraph duly appeared. It was copied all over the country. The young women of America, on fire with curiosity and hope, bought and read the book in order to see if they stood any chance with Millions."

The younger novelist took out his notebook.

"By Jove," he muttered. "It wouldn't hurt to resurrect that scheme."

To Tan Fur Skins.

A formula often used to tan skins with hair or fur on is this: Wash the skin and scrape off any flesh that may be sticking to it. Then wash the hair side with water and soap and rinse well. Take one pound each of salt and pulverized alum, two ounces of borax dissolved in hot water, add enough rye meal (cornmeal may answer as well) to make a thick paste and spread all over flesh side. Then fold lengthwise, with the hair side out. Let remain two weeks in an airy but shaded place; then unfold, shake well and wash flesh side with water and scrape with some sort of dull scraper. Pull and stretch and work till dry. The quantity of ingredients must be in the proportions given, but the size of the skin must determine the quantity used. The quantities named probably would be enough for two or three sheepskins.—St. Louis Republic.

Currants.

Currants are really little grapes, quite without seeds, having thin skins and very sweet. They have been known from very ancient times, for the name itself is a corruption of "Corinth," the Creek city where they were originally cultivated. Vines produce no fruit for three years after planting, but in the fourth year there is a small crop, which increases up to the twelfth. Those grown in the island of Zante are most esteemed. Currants are simply dried in the sun on the ground and then packed for shipment. In some parts of Greece they are also made into a sweet wine.

Begging.

A man on being accosted by a beggar said:

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

The beggar drew himself up.

"Did you ever beg?" he said.

"No, of course not," said the man.

"Then," said the beggar, "you don't know what work is."

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

They Have but Three Seasons—Spring, Summer and Autumn.

The climate of the Scilly islands is the most equable in Great Britain. It ranges on an average from 40 degrees to 60 degrees. On the coldest day it is warm and on the hottest it is cool. There are only three seasons in Scilly of four months each—spring, summer and autumn. When the autumn ends spring commences. There is no great height in the islands. The highest land in Bryher is only 133 feet above sea level, although the telegraph tower built on St. Mary's reaches a height of 158 feet, but the rock scenery of the entire group of these islands is remarkable. There are rocks fantastic, jagged, peaked, toothed, serrated; rocks resembling living creatures and others suggestive of primeval vastness and uncouthness; some grandly castleated, others

> Like a great lion's cheek teeth.

Those on the peninsula of Pennini̇s, especially if they are seen in mist, Menawar (pronounced man-of-war), the Maiden Bower, Mincarlo, Shipman's Head, the Haycocks at Annet and many others are strikingly grand. The curious resemblance to primeval animal forms has given rise to many of the names of these rocks and certainly many are

> Like a great sea beast, crawled forth to sun itself,

while there are "elephants' tusks," "monks' cowls," "pipers' holes," "giants' castles," "pulpit rocks," etc.—London Spectator.

HAIR AND COLOR.

Red Is Much Nearer Allied to Black Than to Blond.

The color of the hair, says the Grand Magazine, is usually transmitted from parents to child. This is especially true when both parents have the same complexion. Instances, however, are not uncommon where children have hair black as ebony, while the hair of both parents is a burning red. Instead of disproving the theory that a child takes after its parents, so far as the color of the hair is concerned, this fact, it has now been ascertained, is all in favor of the doctrine. Red hair, in fact, is by its structure and composition much nearer to black hair than to blond.

Very often if the hair of a very dark complexioned person be examined attentively a few quite red hairs will be detected in the mass. On the other hand, it would be time wasted to seek for black hairs in the locks of a fair person. Similarly it is not infrequent to notice children whose hair, red at birth, becomes as they grow older quite dark. When, too, after some serious illness, the production of the coloring pigment of the hair falls off, black hair becomes not blond, but red. Fair hair, which to a casual eye appears to have much more affinity to red hair than to black, is, on the contrary, quite distinct.

Valued Religious Relics.

The collection of religious relics to be seen in the church of the Corsican village of Sisco is undoubtedly unique. The inhabitants of this pretty little place are exceedingly devout and very simple, which probably accounts for the possession of such a remarkable collection. A writer in L'Independence Belge gives the following list of the principal items: The horn used by Moses to call together the children of Israel while in the desert, a tuft of that red hair which was the pride of Esau and the despair of Jacob, a piece of the nail of the little toe of the left foot—the statement is very precise—of Enoch, the patriarch; the bib worn by the infant Jesus, the curb and crupper of the ass that took the holy family into Egypt and several relics of various saints.

Two Laymen Have Been Popes.

The canon law does not prescribe that the pope must be a cardinal or even a cleric. Nevertheless since the election of Urban VI. in 1378 the successful candidates have belonged to the members of the sacred college, although as late as 1758 a noncardinal was voted for several times. At least two laymen—John XIX. (1024) and Adrian V. (1276)—have occupied the papal throne, and there is today nothing to prevent laymen from being created cardinals, although they are not entitled to vote in the conclave unless they can produce a special permit from the late pope.

Beef and Brawn.

It is said of Kean, the actor, that he ate mutton before playing the part of lover, beef before playing that of murderer and pork before assuming the character of a tyrant. That may be merely a story or a fact, but it is a well known truth that beef will enable more exhausting muscular work to be done than will mutton, so there may be something in the "roast beef of old England." In the eighteenth century this was one of the English "gods."

His Motive.

Critic—I have seen many a red cow on green grass, but this is the first time I ever saw a green cow on red grass. Is it an impressionistic departure? Irish Painter—Not at all; it's a patriotic impulse—I wanted to keep the green above the red.—Exchange.

Her Advice.

The Actor—What shall I do to fill the house at my benefit? Lady Friend—Invite your creditors.

It is just as well that some of our blessings come in disguise; otherwise they would never catch us.—Puck.

A Ground Hog Case.

"A ground hog case" is a case of absolute necessity—one in which the reward of perseverance is certain and the necessity for perseverance is imperative. Its origin is told in this story: A boy was seen digging vigorously with a grub hoe at the mouth of a hole in which a ground hog had taken refuge. He was asked if he thought he would get the ground hog, to which he replied with scorn: "Catch him? Why, yes; I'm bound to catch him; we're out of meat."—St. Louis Republic.

Johnny's Faith.

"But why do you think Johnny believes so thoroughly in the efficacy of prayer?"

"Because when I suggested that he pray for a little brother he refused to do it and prayed for a goat and a red wagon instead."—Houston Post.

Gospel of Clothes.

It is a fact nowadays that fine feathers do make fine birds and that people are judged more by their appearance than their character.—Lady Violet Greville in London Graphic.

Opponents think that they refute us when they repeat their own opinions and take no notice of ours.—Goethe.

THE CHAMPAGNE MAKER.

Why His Face Is Always Decorated With Scars.

The Frenchman's face was hacked and notched.

"Have you been a duelist?" one asked.

"No, no," the man replied. "I have been a champagne maker." He touched his face. "These honorable nicks," he said, "are champagne scars.

"Champagne scars," he went on, "decorate the visages of all the workers in the underground champagne mills of Rheims. They are caused by the bursting of the bottles. About one bottle of champagne in every ten bursts.

"There are miles and miles of champagne caves in Rheims, caves cut in the solid limestone rock, where, in a constant temperature of 45 degrees, millions of bottles of wine refine and ripen.

"The workers down there smell nothing but champagne all day long, champagne escaping from burst bottles, and as the turners move along the racks—each turns 35,000 bottles daily—they are continually saluted with explosions. Bang! And the glass splinters fly, and a little fountain of champagne perfumes the damp air.

"Day after day each bottle must be turned, turned fifty times altogether, till the sediment in it has all mounted up and concentrated itself around the cork. Then the corkers remove the corks, let the sediment thickened wine in the neck of the bottle blow off and skillfully replace the cork again.

"The corkers' and turners' work is dangerous. These men are nearly all scarred like me."—Kansas City Independent.

WAYS OF PENGUINS.

These Birds Lay Out Home Sites and Build Cities.

Penguins mostly spend their lives on the water, but when, during the breeding season, they are obliged to seek the shore they establish cities, many acres often being laid out in squares, composed of what might be called streets, running at right angles. The birds not only lay out their city after picking up all the loose stones till the whole place is as smooth as a board floor, but they take possession in couples, each pair selecting a home site, not to build a nest, but merely to secure a particular spot on the bare ground.

The hen lays one egg, and only one, and during the time of incubation the male bird brings her food from the sea or sits on the egg awhile himself if she wants to go out and take a swim. The lady penguins grow so fat and sleek under the good care of their faithful mates that they are eagerly hunted at the breeding season.

The old birds are tough and fishy, but the tender young matrons are in great demand, both for their oil and flesh. Even the eggs have an oily and fishy flavor and taste as hens' eggs might if cooked in paraffin. The penguin has wings, like other birds, but they are altogether too short to fly with, though they assist him somewhat in waddling over the ground.—Cornhill Magazine.

Nature's Perch Clamp.

"Chickens and other birds roosting on a perch no bigger than a lead pencil never fall off. Do you know why?" said a farmer.

"The tendon of a roosting bird's leg is so constructed that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws have to contract—can't open till the leg is straightened out again.

"Thus a chicken gets on its perch, bends its knee to be comfortable and with that bending locks itself, as with a key, to the wood. It can't fall off. Put a chicken on your finger and then make it sit down. Its claws will clamp your finger tight and be unable to let go until the bird stands up again. Nature, very kindly, has so constructed roosting birds that the act of settling down clamps them to their perch."

Shelley's Heart.

A well known and very prominent English family are the possessors of a remarkable relic in the shape of a human heart preserved in a jar of alcohol. It appears that Shelley, the poet, feared that there was a chance of being buried alive. To guard against any such a contingency he left directions that his heart should be removed immediately after death. The queer relic may still be seen by any one who visits Bascombe manor, Bournemouth, England.

Force of Perseverance.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.—Mme. Swetchine.

The Nautilus.

The idea of airtight compartments in ships was suggested by the peculiar construction of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float, as it pleases.

Absentminded.

One of the most brilliant of all Eaton's masters some years ago was a very absentminded man. He was reported to have been seen one day chasing a hen down Windsor hill in the fond belief that she was his hat!

Malicious.

Miss Longyears—You know I have been called good looking. Cynicus—I dare say. The standards of beauty change every ten years or so.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Easy English.

"Ah, your language! Eet ess so difficult."

"What's the matter, count?"

"First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed."

"Yes?"

"Zen it say he was cowed."

Marked.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price ticket off any of his presents."

Precisely.

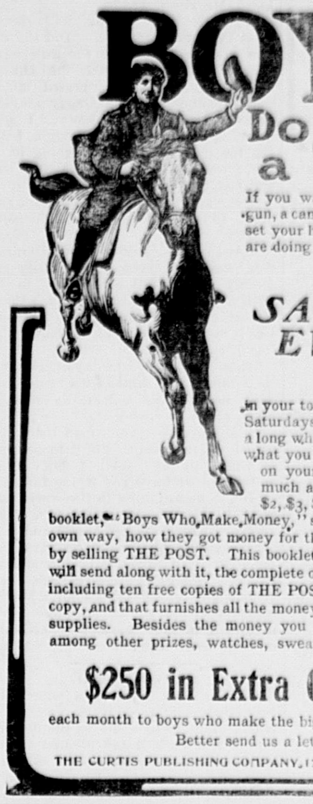
Izzy Innit—Did you ever hear an oyster bay?

Tommy Rott—Yes, it's sort of a Long Island sound.—New York Times.

Mean.

Molly—Have you seen Mabel's engagement ring? Dolly—Seen it? Why, I wore it all last summer.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other and scarcely at that.—Franklin.



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An Angel

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Margaret came from the orchard whistling cheerily, a heaped basket of jewel red apples poised carefully upon her bare brown head. Miss Prudence Heathcote, her aunt and guardian, frowned at the whistling, but had to smile a bit when Margaret broke out: "Now, Prudence, precious, come at me with the saying about whistling girls and crowing hens! I know you hate my sole musical accomplishment, but this day is enough to set a graven image whistling, even dancing, if it was of anything softer than granite. You ought to be out in it. The orchard is a place enchanted. I didn't know until now things so prosaic as apple gathering and cider making could set themselves to music."

"H-m!" Miss Prudence said. "H-m! May I ask if Jimmy Blair is out there, as he promised to be?"

"Of course! A gentleman keeps his promises, doesn't he?" Margaret answered, tossing her head, but flushing in spite of herself.

Again Miss Prudence said "H-m!" There appeared to be nothing else to say. But after two breaths she got up and moved toward the kitchen, sighing out: "And of course he'll be here to dinner. That means cooking things. Men do have such atrocious appetites."

"I'm glad they do," Margaret retorted shamelessly. "I've got one to match anybody. Oh, Aunty Prue, do make a potato pudding! Make it very rich and have lots of thick, sweet, real lemon sauce."

"Go 'way, you baggage!" Miss Prudence said over her shoulder. "Who told you what Jimmy likes best? I've the greatest mind to make dried apple pies, just to see if he would know the difference," smiling at Margaret as she spoke the last sentence.

Margaret blushed very red and began to pout. "You mean Jimmy is so gone on me he's not in his right mind," she said. "But you're all wrong, Aunty Prue. I—I don't believe he—he cares for me a bit—hardly. Not that way, at least. All this week he's been as kind as could be, but distant—as if he was afraid I wouldn't understand."

"Then there's mischief afoot, what sort I've got to find out," Miss Prudence said vigorously, her hand on the door knob, "for if ever any lad was clean out of his head, clean idiotic about a chit of a thing, it was Jimmy about you, all last week and all the weeks before it, since you came to stay with me."

"Mischief afoot, but where?" she kept mentally repeating to herself as she whisked about the trim kitchen, her brows puckered, her eyes introspective. On the surface she could see nothing. Nobody had openly any right or reason to be interfering between the pair. Jimmy was an orphan the same as her Peggy. Moreover, he had never had the least shadow of an entanglement. True, various and sundry young women had been setting their caps at him—pretty caps, modestly set—but he had overlooked them all—unless it were—Miss Prue gave a great start. There was the root of the trouble; its name, Videlia Bane. Jimmy had rather made up to her in the weeks just before Peggy came. Now that she thought of it, he had squired Della to church two Sundays running, besides buying many things for her at the strawberry supper and fair. And Della, it was well known, wanted to marry and settle herself. She had three younger sisters crowding her in the home nest. Naturally she would do what she could to hold Jimmy, the best chance in all Easton town.

But how she had done it Miss Prudence could not fathom, although she studied the problem almost to the detriment of her dinner. She sat down to it still puzzled. Jimmy greeted her and the dinner rapturously and talked a great deal of his appetite and of many other things, but somehow did not eat with his usual zest, although he made a fair meal. Nobody with a palate could help doing that with such things as Miss Prudence set before him. Jimmy assured Margaret more than once that if such cooking ran in the family her future husband was the luckiest fellow alive.

"I think so too. That's why it's so provoking not to have him come along," Margaret said at last. "Only think, Jimmy, I'm almost twenty-one and have never had a real business beau! Isn't it shameful when Aunty Prue is going to will me all her pretty dishes and the Heathcote silver? Fancy an heiress without a sweetheart!"

"Such destitution is painful—so painful I hardly believe it exists," Jimmy said, turning away his head, then breaking inconsequently into talk of something else.

Miss Prudence, watching him, saw that his teeth had set before he could speak. Of the seeing came enlightenment in part. She meant to make it whole before she was much older. So as soon as dinner was over she sent Margaret upon an errand and herself drew Jimmy on to the barn with a pretext of wanting his advice as to the new hayloft and stalls. She was a straight speaking person, womanly, withal courageous. So as soon as they were inside the stall space she wheeled upon Jimmy, asking plumply, "What cock and bull story has Della Bane told you?"

"Who said she had told me anything?" Jimmy retorted. "Besides, she didn't need to. My eyes are fairly trustworthy."

"Sure of it?" Miss Prudence asked. "If you are, please to tell me what they have told you about my Peggy. I know you think you've got a grievance—no, not exactly a grievance, but a hurt."

"It is a hurt, but I don't blame her for it. I can't—she—she must have met the other fellow first," Jimmy said, turning away his head. Miss Prudence stamped her foot. "What other fellow?" she demanded.

Jimmy answered miserably:

"The one I saw her kissing and hugging Saturday out under the chestnut trees. She was all dressed up, in white and low necked, and they were carrying on like mad, else I shouldn't have seen them. I—I started to go up when I heard her talking, but after I caught a word or two sneaked away, like a whipped hound."

"No doubt," Miss Prudence said angrily, "but tell me this—where did you sneak to? Went straight home, I reckon, and after supper over to the Baneses. That right?" Jimmy nodded. "Now tell me straight what Miss Della told you and how she came to do it."

"I won't!" Jimmy said stoutly. "I'm no telltale. I'd seen enough, and Della saw it had made me mighty miserable. All she did was to set me right—let me know Margaret was"—

"Playing, play acting with her?" Miss Prudence broke in. "Did she tell you that—tell you how the girls have been practicing against the church sociable? Della was dressed up in man's clothes and my Peggy playing sweetheart to her. I know. I was there, up on the big dead trunk, holding the play book and laughing fit to kill. Now, don't you wish you had sneaked the other way?"

"You—you don't mean there isn't any other fellow?" Jimmy cried incredulously.

Miss Prudence sniffed. "Of course I don't mean any such thing. There are twenty other fellows—bound to be with a girl like Margaret—but I don't believe she likes any of them best unless it is the very chucklehead I'm talking to right now."

"Miss Prudence!" Jimmy ejaculated, then caught her tight in his arms. He was shaking like a leaf, as near to laughing as to crying.

Thus Margaret came upon them and called out roguishly: "Is it to be really Uncle Jimmy? Well, I don't mind so long as we have you in the family."

"It's to be anything in the world you say," Jimmy said, darting to her. Then as he caught both her hands and laid them against his breast he turned a beaming face upon Miss Prudence, saying: "Peggy is sweet enough, pretty enough, for anything, but when it comes to looking like an angel to a man in trouble, why, she'll never be in it with our Aunty Prue."

The Cause of It.

"In a village which is a suburb of New Bedford," said Mark Twain, "a friend of mine took me to the dedication of a town hall and pointed out to me a bronzed, weather beaten old man over ninety years old. 'Do you see any passion in that old man?' said he to me. 'You don't? Well, but I can make him a perfect volcano to you. I'll just mention to him something very casually.' And he did. Well, that old man suddenly gave vent to an outburst such as I had never heard in my life before. I listened to him with that delight with which one listens to an artist. The cause of it was this: When that old man was a young sailor he came back from a three year cruise and found the whole town had taken the pledge. He hadn't, so he was ostracized. Finally he made up his mind he couldn't stand ostracism any longer, and he went to the secretary and said, 'Put my name down for that temperance society of yours.' Next day he left on another three year cruise. It was torture to him to watch his men drinking and he pledged not to. Finally he got home. He got a jug of liquor, ran to the society and said, 'Take my name right off.' 'It isn't necessary,' said the secretary. 'You never were a member; you were blackballed.'"

Concerning Oranges.

An eminent Japanese bacteriologist has shown that the acids of lemons, apples and other fruits—citric acid, malic acid—are capable of destroying all kinds of disease germs. Cholera germs are killed in fifteen minutes by lemon juice or apple juice, and typhoid fever germs are killed in half an hour by these acids, even when considerably diluted. If you squeeze a lemon into a glass of water containing cholera germs and let it stand fifteen of twenty minutes you may drink the water with impunity, as the germs will be dead. These juices will kill other disease germs. Instead of telling a man to have his stomach washed out we can now tell him to drink orange juice, which will cleanse the stomach as thoroughly as a stomach tube, provided it be not a case of gastric catarrh. If we have to deal with gastric catarrh, in which there is a large amount of tenacious mucus adhering to the walls of the stomach, a stomach tube to dislodge it is required, but in ordinary cases of biliousness, foul tongue, bad breath, sick headache and nervous headache a fruit diet is a wonderful purifier.

Lightning Conductors.

The efficiency of lightning conductors is fairly well attested by the freedom of the great cathedrals and tall spired churches from injury. St. Paul's and Westminster abbey, for example, are well protected and serve to safeguard a large area surrounding them. Experience in the navy is to the same effect. In former days, before conductors were employed, there was an annual charge for damage to his majesty's ships by lightning. Between 1810 and 1815, according to Sir W. Snow Harris, thirty-five sails of the line and thirty-five frigates and smaller vessels were completely disabled. That item has now vanished from the votes.—London Telegraph.

Wished It Was Saturday Night.

One of our best known manufacturers, whose business for years has been done by traveling salesmen, made up his mind to call personally upon his New York city trade as an excuse to get to New York, a place he had not visited in twenty years. The gorgeousness of the hotels made a great impression upon him. The best was none too good, as he has plenty of money, and he is not afraid to spend it when away from home, so he put up at one of the palatial hostelries and had a suit of rooms. When he returned he told his friends of the magnificence of the place, the fine furniture, the beautiful decorations and the finely appointed bathroom. "Why," he said, "the floor was tiled, the walls were tiled away up to the ceiling, the tub was porcelain, there were plenty of towels, hot and cold running water, and—and—by gosh, I only wished it was Saturday night!"—Boston Herald.

The Tinsel Maker of Delhi.

Here is an artist's pretty description of a tinsel maker in Delhi, India: "The silken thread from a ball under the worker's feet as he squats on the ground runs over the hook and is attached to the spindle. One rapid sweep of the latter along the worker's thigh sets it going and both the slender, supple hands are free, one for the thread, one for the reel of tinsel, which in a flash shoots upward to arm's length coiled like a snake about the spinning thread. The sunlight and the gold tinsel together flash up the yellow silken thread, seeming to set it on fire."

Coughing.

"There is nothing so irritable to a cough as a cough." Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body. So long as it is continued the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and benefit will soon be received from this process. The explanation simply is that the nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

ALPINE ROOT DIGGERS.

Their Work of Danger High Up In the Mountains.

Throughout the whole chain of the Alps there are men who make it their business to search for and root up the gentian, arnica, puffballs and other Alpine flowers.

High up in the mountains the root grubber, generally an old man, builds a little hut. He clambers precipices to the edges, where the blue flowers grow; or, if he cannot ascend, he lets himself down to their place of refuge by a rope fastened to a pine above.

He wanders to a long distance from his hut and does not always trouble to return to it at night, finding shelter under a rock. Next morning he spreads all the roots he has collected on a rock, where they may dry.

He collects herbs as well as roots, and the resin from the pine besides. When the summer is over and there are signs of snow, the root grubber collects all together in his little hut and finally transports the whole of his six months' collection to the valley.

The arnica and some other roots used in medicine are readily disposed of. From the gentian is made the favorite gentian brandy, which is considered the very elixir of life by the mountain folk. In other days, when gentians grew in great numbers, the root digger was able to realize a good income from his perilous occupation, but it is otherwise now.—Chambers' Journal.

THE TIMOROUS KUBUS.

They Live In Sumatra and Are the Shiest People Alive.

There is a very singular race of people in Sumatra, the Kubus, who are too timorous and shy to mix with the other races of the island and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger.

Their trade with the Malayans is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and he then retires. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear and consider the bargain.

And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They are skillful spearmen and throw stones with marvelous accuracy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Meals In Schools.

In Paris the city government gives every school child one full meal a day. This does not tend to pauperize the children or to lessen the responsibility of the parents, for all those who can afford to pay for the meal are expected to do so. On the other hand, no jealousy or contempt can be felt by the richer children for their starved comrades, for all are supplied with the same metal token, which has to be given up in exchange for the meal. The "cantine scolaire," as this municipal soup kitchen is called, is not confined to Paris. In the provinces the "soupe scolaire," its equivalent, has sent up the school attendance by leaps and bounds. Here, however, instead of paying for their midday meal all those who can possibly do so are encouraged to bring to school their handful of vegetables and the like, and the contributions are all put into the common soup.

Madrid's Throne Room.

The throne room of the royal palace at Madrid is one of the most magnificent in the world. Decorated in red and gold, it contains rock crystal chandeliers, colossal looking glasses of the finest quality, marble tables and priceless porphyry. The ceiling is painted by Tiepolo with the "Majesty of Spain," in illustration of the virtue of the kings and the manliness of the people, who are represented in the different costumes of the provinces. Here the sovereigns of Spain receive on grand occasions when alive and when dead are laid out in state.

Women Sailors.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland and are often found to be excellent mariners. In Denmark several women are employed as state officials at sea, and particularly in the pilot service. They go out to meet the incoming ships; they climb nimbly out of their boats; they show their official diploma, and they steer the newcomer safely into the harbor. It is the same in Finland.

And He Got Her.

Mr. Millyuns—Is it my daughter you want or is it her money? Jack Gingleton (amateur champion for 100 yards)—Sir! You surprise me. You know very well that I'm an amateur athlete. Mr. Millyuns—What's that got to do with it? Jack Gingleton—A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money.—London Telegraph.

How to Use Brains.

A head man in a manufactory was watching a drayman tugging at a heavy case one day. The drayman's face was red, and the muscles of his neck were bulging. The overseer, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, thought it was the right moment to offer practical assistance.

"Wait a minute there," he said. "Let me show you how easy it is when you use a little brain with your muscle." And he grabbed a hook, stuck it into the case, gave a yank and went sprawling into the gutter under the dray. He got up, looked at the hook and said, "Confound it, the handle comes off!"

"Yes, sir," said the drayman respectfully. "My brain told me that, and I didn't use it."

A Lucky Circumstance.

In the house of commons no incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member who, after an eloquent oration, plumps down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediately arose and gravely said, "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it!" This remark upset the dignity of the house, and the speaker called "Order, order," amid roars of laughter.

Keep clean, keep well and dress well. Cleanliness and health are attractive. The world is a great respecter of good clothes.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON III, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 15.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vii, 1-17. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, John xi, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In all these studies we are beholding true godliness, "God manifest in the flesh" (I Tim. iii, 16), for "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him (Acts x, 38). We are also seeing foreshadowings of the kingdom when sin and sickness and death shall have been forever banished from the earth, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the service of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance forever (Rev. xxi, 3, 4; Isa. xxxii, 17). While we wait for the kingdom and live to hasten it this may all be in some measure reproduced in our lives, for as the Father sent Him so He sends us in His name and filled with the same spirit (John xvii, 18; xx, 21; Acts i, 8).

The discourse in Luke vi, immediately preceding our lesson, is largely the teaching of the sermon on the mount (Matt. v-vii), but under different circumstances and on a different occasion. Then He went up into a mountain and sat down and taught, but now He came down from a mountain and stood in the plain (vi, 17). He thought it well to repeat the same truths again and again. He who said by the phophet, "Precept upon precept, line upon line" (Isa. xxviii, 13), practiced the same Himself, knowing the hardness of our hearts.

We learn from Heb. xi, 6, that without faith it is impossible to please God, and he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Frequently He reproved His disciples because of their little faith (Matt. vi, 30; viii, 26; xiv, 31; xvi, 8), but concerning this gentile He says, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (verse 9), and to another gentile He said, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (Matt. xv, 28). Why do we not trust Him implicitly?

This centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was very sick and it seemed as if he would die (verse 2), and hearing of Jesus, but not thinking himself worthy to come to Him, he sent the elders of the Jews to ask for the servant's restoration to health (verse 7). It looks from the account in Matthew as if the centurion came to Jesus himself, but Luke explains it, for what we do by another whom we have appointed to represent us is as if we had done it personally ourselves. When Jesus sent out His disciples He said, "He that receiveth you receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me" (Matt. x, 49).

The messengers said that the centurion was quite worthy to receive this favor, for he loved the Jews and had built them a synagogue. This is man's estimate of worthiness and goodness, and it is still a common saying, "Well, such a one will surely reach heaven, for he is always doing good," but it is a wrong thought, for no one can be worthy to receive anything from God by anything that he can do until he is saved. They that are in the flesh cannot please God (Rom. viii, 8).

The centurion was more enlightened than these elders of the Jews, for he said by other messengers, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee" (verses 6, 7). This is a right spirit, a truly humble spirit, like Paul, who had learned to say, "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. vii, 18). Poor in spirit is the only right attitude before God, for we are all utterly unworthy. This man knew how to obey and to be obeyed (verse 8) and felt sure that just a word from such a one as Jesus would do the work, and he was not disappointed. "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee, and his servant was healed in the selfsame hour" (Matt. viii, 13), or, as in our lesson (verse 10), "They that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick." Compare John iv, 50-53; Matt. xv, 28, and then consider John xiv, 13, 14.

The next incident is told only by Luke. The raising of the ruler's daughter was a much later incident and recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke; the raising of Lazarus, brother of Martha and Mary, a still later incident and recorded only by John. These three are the only recorded instances of His raising the dead. There are three also in connection with Elijah and Elisha, and two in the Acts of the Apostles, but we know that many bodies of the saints came out of their graves after His resurrection (Matt. xxvii, 52, 53), and the time draws ever nearer when all the bodies of the saints shall rise and all the living saints be changed and caught away to meet Him in the air (I Thess. iv, 16-18; I Cor. xv, 51). Having all power in heaven and on earth, it is as easy for Him to raise the dead as to heal the sick.

There is something very touching in the words "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow" (verse 12). None can tell the anguish and loneliness of that poor heart unless they have been in like sorrow, but He understood it all and felt for her and said, "Don't cry." How she must have looked at Him, if she could through her tears, but before she had time to consider He had given her boy back to her alive and well. What glad hearts and happy homes He did make when He was here, and He is the same yesterday, today and forever (Heb. xiii, 8).

Niagara Outdone.

A Scotchman was taken by an American friend to visit Niagara falls. Already his feelings as a patriot had been a little frosted by the persistent blowing of his conductor on the greatness of things American. "Did you ever behold anything so wonderful as that?" asked the guide. "Aye, man, at Peebles I saw a peacock wi' a wudden leg," was the unexpected reply.

An Improbable Story.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store.

"Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

Comforting.

"George, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?"

"Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."

With All My Heart

By EDITH M. DOANE

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

A lunge, a jolt, and the elevated train halted reluctantly beside the station platform. Through the softly whirling snowflakes outside the electric lights blinked fitfully. "Ninth street!" yelled the conductor, jerking open the door.

A young man sprang to the platform, closely followed by a girl muffled to her ears in soft, warm furs. Burying her face in her big, fluffy muff, she refused his guiding arm and walked briskly down the snow drifted steps out into the white, whirling world in the street below.

"Isn't it a lark?" she said gayly. Her eyes were dancing. She turned a lovely face, flushed with cold and excitement, toward the six feet of masculine appreciation beside her. "Isn't it glorious?"

"Beautiful!" His eyes were on her face.

"Don't you love it?"

"With all my heart!" hummed Gordon Huston fervently.

"The first snowstorm is alluring, fascinating. Words are so hopelessly inadequate"—

"They are," he agreed approvingly.

"I am speaking of the storm," icily.

"Of course"—his voice was that of injured innocence—"the storm. What else?"

She struggled for stern disapproval. Then their eyes met, and they both laughed.

"To think of Aunt Clara's headache at the last moment."

"Blessed headache!"

"And of her actually consenting to my coming alone."

"It's dreadful," he murmured, "but I find it in my heart to forgive her."

Then, being very young and exceedingly foolish, they laughed again.

The street lamps flared in ghostly succession and her furs were white with snow as they pushed through the soft, smothering storm.

"Tell me"—in spite of himself his voice was unsteady—"you really did care about coming."

"Oh, yes," lightly; "I have always wanted to see the Cafe Bellard."

"There was no other reason?"

She looked at him in apparent surprise, though her eyes danced with mischief. "Other reason?" she echoed. Suddenly her mood changed. With a quick little gesture she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, Gordon," she said beseechingly. "We have only a few hours together. Don't"—nervously—"say things to spoil our evening, Gordon."

"As you wish." His tone was courteous, but full of coldness. So his great love for her was but a thing that would "spoil" her evening.

They had reached the corner now, and in silence they crossed the street to the great cafe, whose lights flared out invitingly through the whirling snow.

Inside the strains of a Hungarian band floated dreamily through the crowded rooms, lights blazed, there was the hum of many voices, and the scent of tobacco smoke clung to the air. In a corner they found a table that commanded a view of the laughing, chattering cosmopolitan crowd.

"I am so glad you thought of bringing me here," said Molly shyly, abashed by his studied silence. "It is like the places on the continent. There is one in Paris, in the Rue de Rivoli, that I wish you could see."

"I will look it up next month."

She gave a perceptible start, which was balm to his wounded feelings.

"Next month!" she repeated, with a mournful attempt at unconcern. "I didn't know you were going abroad."

"The firm has offered me the management of a branch house it is opening in Paris."

"Of course you will go. It is natural. You will be very happy there."

The last strains of a dreamy waltz died softly away. The applause leaped from table to table, then subsided as the opening bars of a gay little French love song floated through the rooms.

"Is that what you think?" he said earnestly, dropping his voice and leaning across the table. "Then for once you are wrong. I shall never be happy anywhere without you"—determinedly—"as my wife."

The catchy little French song swung gayly on; a musician began to sing the words to the accompaniment of the violins; first one voice, then another caught up the refrain. "With all my heart, with all my heart," echoed through the crowded rooms.

"That is it," he said simply. "'With all my heart;' that is how I love you—'With all my heart.'"

"Don't say anything more," said the girl, almost passionately. "Don't. The more you say now the worse it will be for me by and by when I have to think. And—and—it is all quite impossible."

"But why, dear?" He had grown a little pale in his turn and regarded her ruefully.

"Why is it impossible?" His mind rushed backward with a lightning stroke to the rumors that had come from Bar Harbor in the summer time. In one quick flash he understood.

"It is Morton!" he said bitterly.

"I have promised to marry him," she returned in a low tone—so low that he had to bend to hear it. "Do not be angry with me. I thought—I did not know"—

A light broke over his dismay. "You mean—you could care—you do care—a little?" he questioned eagerly.

She picked up a spoon and twisted it nervously in her fingers. "That does not matter," she said gravely, "because—I have given my word."

"But you will break that wretched promise?"

He looked steadily at her, and she returned the gaze as steadily. "No," she said, very sweetly and gravely; "I cannot break my word. He depends on me utterly. He has no thought except for my happiness. He is so good. He has never cared for any other woman. If I should desert him it would break his heart."

Gordon leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his face between his hands, and regarded her with hurt, miserable eyes.

"And you prefer to break mine," he said gloomily.

"I have promised," repeated Molly quietly, with a little wan attempt at a smile.

"How does it happen that I am allowed to have you for even these few hours?" he went on moodily.

"He is away on business," Molly answered, her eyes intent upon the adjoining room. "I told him you were coming over from Philadelphia, and he said he was sorry not to see you—that he must be away."

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Gordon sat buried in unhappy reverie.

"Do look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the door!" exclaimed Molly suddenly. "Did you ever see such a hat? There must be a special kind of bird to grow such stupendous plumes."

Gordon turned. "She completely overshadows her companion," he said, with forced interest.

The newcomer settled herself in her chair and moved the amazing hat to one side.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Gordon, with a low whistle.

He glanced quickly at Molly. Two red spots like danger signals burned on either cheek; her wrathful eyes were fastened on the girl's companion. He looked up, their eyes met, and Molly stared at him with no hint of recognition. He half rose to his feet; then a hot wave of color suffused his face as he turned sullenly to his companion.

Amazement, indignation, relief, chased themselves in quick succession over Molly's face. She met Gordon's eyes, and her own fell before their message.

The strains of the violins died softly away; the crowd thrilled with enthusiasm. "Encore, encore!" they cried, and again the gay little French song echoed through the rooms. "With all my heart," swung the refrain.

Gordon leaned over the table. "Say it," he whispered.

The delicate color dyed her cheeks crimson; he bent nearer.

"With all my heart," she whispered.

Why Hair Turns Gray.

The color of hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was forty-five years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray. Others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man of the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease or some results of sorrow bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.—St. Nicholas.

Geographical Unity.

There are two tremendous moments in crossing the United States from east to west by way of Chicago, Omaha and Ogden. The first is when the bluffs of the Missouri suddenly dwindle away and the prairie rolls into sight with its ocean of tall corn, islanded with embowered homesteads, as if one swelling movement of the sea had been divinely caught and petrified and made fertile. And the second of these significant moments, more majestically pregnant with hidden meanings than the naked glories of Niagara or the arrogant cliffs of Yosemite, is when the ravines of the Sierra Nevada, with their ever green beauty of pine trees, broaden out on the valley of Sacramento and the hills recede beyond that magnificent plain. There and then you realize the perpetual and indissoluble relation of highland to lowland and perceive in the United States a more wonderful geographical unity than you might behold anywhere in Europe, where there is more variety and less majestic space.—Percy Vincent Donovan in Sunset Magazine.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and then when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

How It Was.

The Magnate—Do you mean to say, sir, that you will charge me $1,000 for this operation if I live and $2,000 if I die? How is that? Great Surgeon—If you die it will be so much easier to collect from the estate.—Life.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8.15, 9.15, 10 15, 11.15 A M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A M., then hourly until 1 15 P M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10.45, *11 15 P M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq at 8 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11 15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9.00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass, Feb. 15, 1906.

Burlington, March, 1906.

To the Middlesex County Commissioners:

Respectfully represent the undersigned inhabitants of the town of Wilmington, that Burlington Avenue in said town from the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge to the Burlington line is in need of alterations and relocation.

Wherefore we pray that you will after due proceedings relocate said street for the purpose of making alterations in its course and width and take such action as you deem necessary under the provisions of Chapter 48 Revised Laws.

JOHN A. TAYLOR,
WALTER E. BEDELL,
AURELIA B. BEDELL,
JOHN ALLEN,
FRED H. ROBERTS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on the fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1906.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of April, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at City of Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Marion, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Elijah P. Marion, administrator of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Pleasant All Around.

Mr. Facetious (having his portrait painted)—I suppose you want me to look pleasant? Artist—Yes, if you pay in advance. Mr. Facetious—What's that for? Artist—Oh, so that I can look pleasant too.

A man's department is a mirror in which each one shows his image.—Goethe.

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. Return at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.47, A. M., 2.51 P. M Sunday at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42 P. M Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M

WINCHESTER and WOBURN

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 [illegible] 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 10.53, 11.38 P. M Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.50 a. m. 2.66, 3.45, 6.3[illegible], 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.40 a. m., 5.40 p. m
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2 30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at [illegible].30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Wint street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private.
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. [illegible] Crane [illegible] (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 5.00 A. M. and 12.40 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

TELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director

241 Main St. Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,

Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator

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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 149 Main St., Woburn.

What the Green Box Contained

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

This is the letter that I wrote:

Dear Mrs. Hynes—After you had left my brother's office I went to the corner table (over which hangs a mirror) to get my hat. Near the hat I found a nickel, which was not there when I laid my hat down. Therefore I conclude it is your property and am inclosing its equivalent in stamps. Yours most faithfully,
WILLIAM BEATTY.

This is the letter that she wrote:

Dear Mr. Beatty—The nickel, as you surmised, belonged to me, and I thank you for your thoughtfulness. But, as its loss was the result of my own carelessness, I feel that no more than 3 cents is my due, and I return herewith one stamp. Again thanking you, I am yours sincerely,
L. M. HYNES.

I had several times from my studio observed Mrs. Hynes enter my brother's law office. The rather sad brown eyes, shining rolls of dark hair and an unusual grace of carriage attracted me. So, on the morning of the letters, I happened to be in the office when she came. I was presented and allowed to remain.

Back in my studio again, I was in possession of these facts concerning her: Left penniless by an invalid husband, Mrs. Hynes was about to seek some employment when her only relative, an uncle, died. There seemed to be no will, so she had come here from a distant town to reside in her uncle's handsome home and enjoy his ample fortune. Then she had discovered the will, which gave everything to one Harry Armstrong, whose father had been a friend of the deceased. She had laid the matter before my brother, bidding him search for Armstrong. My brother censured her for her exaggerated sense of honor, but to me there was something splendid about it. Then followed the answer to my letter, which showed that under her serious demeanor there ran a vein of fun.

Soon came a happy evening, when I was invited to call upon her with my brother, who had something to report concerning the unknown heir.

We found Mrs. Hynes looking rather frail in a delicate green gown—frail, but charming. I had been wondering what her name was, and I did not like to ask Jim.

"Her name is Lillian," I thought. "Was ever name so fitting?"

Then as she and my brother discussed their business affairs I took in the surroundings. We were in the library, furnished in green, with daring dashes of crimson. The mantel pleased me especially. It held but two articles—a vase of autumn leaves and a small green box. The latter seemed familiar to me somehow. As we were bidding her good night after a very pleasant evening I observed the box more closely. It bore a padlock about as big as the width of my knife blade.

"You would like to see the contents?" queried Mrs. Hynes. "Some time, perhaps. But if you would see them aright your eyes must be anointed with the salve of fancy."

There were other evenings after that when I visited Mrs. Hynes alone, and each time I went away determined that at the next visit I would disclose to her the state of my feelings. Each time I was deterred by circumstances. As with a breath, my heritage had been blown away, and at something more than thirty I was beginning life anew. I was prospering, but should no Harry Armstrong turn up Mrs. Hynes was a rich woman. On the other hand, if Armstrong did appear and took her wealth away from her her proud nature would refuse my advances, thinking that I tendered them through sympathy; consequently I was not entirely happy.

One evening as I waited in her library, turning the matter over again in my mind and gazing at the green box, I suddenly discovered of what it reminded me, and at the same time I knew whom Mrs. Hynes herself was like.

"I've found out about the green box," I observed, when she was seated near me.

Into her face flashed a startled expression. "You opened it!" she exclaimed.

I looked at her reproachfully. "Do you think I am without honor?" I asked. "Besides, I had no key."

There was a strange note in her soft laughter.

"When I was a boy," I began, "I went to school at Glenbrook, where my parents lived, not many miles from here. We moved away from the place when I was fourteen and my chosen playmate, Ludema Sears, was twelve. Your eyes are exactly as I remember hers to have been, except yours look the experiences of a none too happy maturity. She had the palest yellow hair I ever saw. One day she brought to school a little green box. This one looks like it, though if we had the other one to compare with this there would possibly be quite a difference. Well, she opened her box when the teacher's back was turned, and I saw inside two small but very red apples. Of course I supposed one was for me, but at recess she gave it to Willie Henderson. I feel quite angry and reckless now when I think of it."

The firelight was bringing a most becoming flush to Mrs. Hynes' rather pale cheeks.

"And what happened then?" she asked softly.

"Willie Henderson got licked, and the teacher settled with me quite abundantly later," I added.

"What became of Ludema?"

"She has been dead a good many years."

"Shall we try that new duet now?" she asked, springing up. "Do you know, I'm glad you licked Willie Henderson."

Next day was Sunday, and over a very late breakfast my brother imparted to me some news which sent me into the street, walking rapidly, but with no thought of my destination till I came to the power house. A car was just pulling out for Glenbrook, and a whim possessed me to get aboard and visit the scenes of my school days. I must get through an interminably long day somehow till I could see Mrs. Hynes again.

I sauntered through the once familiar streets till I came to the grove of pines where I had enticed Willie Henderson and drubbed him. I was smiling at the recollection when I noticed that some one was in the grove. As I hesitated, the figure turned, and I saw Mrs. Hynes!

"Why, Lillian!" I exclaimed, hastening forward. "How came you here?"

Over the whiteness of her face rolled a wave of cardinal; from the brown depths of her lovely eyes looked the sweetest expression I had ever seen there; then she clasped her little hands nervously.

"I am keeping tryst with a ghost," she said. "How dare you, a mortal, interrupt?"

"Grant me pardon," I begged, bowing low before her. "I bring news from the world."

Her manner changed. She was a practical woman again, with a possible poverty staring her in the face. Her lips lost color, but she said steadily:

"Harry Armstrong is found."

"Found—and a gentleman. You are neither a rich woman nor a poor one. He will take but half, and he is handsome, and he wants to meet you."

As I repeated my brother's words she burst into passionate sobbing, but in a moment had controlled herself and was smiling at me.

"You didn't suppose I was such a baby, did you?" she asked. "But you have no idea what a relief it is to know that—Harry Armstrong is a gentleman."

"Lillian," I said, sitting down by her, "will you marry me?"

I thought at first she was going to cry again, but instead she laughed and took from the cover of her cloak the green box. She fitted a key to the absurd little lock and took out the first article.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"A bead ring," I answered.

"A hoop of diamonds," she corrected. "Your eyes have not been anointed. And this?"

"A faded flower," I ventured.

"An Eden rose."

Then without comment she took out a red fringed Christmas card, a diminutive valentine and two candy mottoes.

"And what namest thou this?" she inquired, holding up the last article.

Why I should have forgotten the others and remembered this wooden heart marked with purple ink "To my love" I know not, but instantly I recognized it as the heart I had given to little Ludema Sears. Then I looked into the brown loveliness of this smiling woman's eyes—and understood.

"I thought 'L' was for Lillian. I never thought of Ludema," were my first words.

"And you didn't die after all?" was my next brilliancy.

"Ludema's hair was the palest yellow I ever saw," I was beginning, when she spared me further foolish speech.

"I've always thought it a pity that my hair grew dark," she said. "Had it escaped your inconstant memory that you promised to meet me here when you were twenty-one and marry me?" she asked severely.

"I remember—now," I answered meekly. "Did you keep the appointment?"

It was her turn to blush, while I laughed comfortably.

"So we're even on that score. But there is still the affair of the red apple."

"Perhaps we had better call it square," she suggested. Then impulsively she laid her head on my shoulder and whispered:

"Oh, Billie, dear!"

Wandering Needles.

In one of the medical journals a surgeon recorded some years ago a strange instance of the wanderings of a needle in a lady. The patient called upon him, stating that the greater portion of an ordinary sewing needle had broken in the first joint of her left thumb. The surgeon could plainly feel the needle point, but after ineffectual attempts at the extraction of the foreign body he recommended that nothing further should be done lest the attempts to remove it might result in greater injury to the joint. About a year afterward, however, the patient called upon him to inform him that a day or two previously she had felt a pricking sensation of the right forefinger, and, having broken the skin, she without difficulty extracted the portion of the lost needle from the point of the finger. Thus the needle traveled from the left thumb along the arm, across the chest to the right arm and down the latter to the finger, where it was extracted.—Chambers' Journal.

When Coffee Was Unpopular.

Coffee was introduced into England in 1652, and within the next ten years became the fashionable drink of London. A few years later, however, in 1663, there was a great uprising against the "oriental beverage of hades." It was satirized on every hand, the bitterest invectives coming from the pulpit. One leading minister characterized it as "the sirup of soot mixed with the essence of old shoes," and another declared that it was "a poison which God had made black that it might bear the devil's own color." This bitter crusade soon wore itself out, and by the time of Charles II. coffee houses were known in every village in the land.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity. If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.

THE PLANET URANUS.

Oddities a Voyage to This Gigantic World Would Disclose.

If Uranus, which is a star of about the sixth magnitude, were a planet like those little ones called asteroids, which are being discovered by the dozen every year, it could not have much claim upon popular attention, but Uranus is really a gigantic world, more than sixty times as large as ours. Its vast distance, about 1,700,000,000 miles from the earth, is what causes it to look so small. Uranus has four moons, which revolve backward in their orbits—that is to say, they revolve from east to west around Uranus, while Uranus goes, like all the other planets, from west to east around the sun. It is believed that Uranus rotates backward on its axis also. Moreover, the axis of that great, strange globe lies in such a direction that in the course of its year, which is equal to eighty-four of our years, the sun shines almost perpendicularly first upon one pole and then upon the other. Measured by our time standard, there are forty years of constant daylight, followed by forty years of unbroken night, around the poles of Uranus. And the sun rises in the west and sets in the east there. But the sun looks very small when viewed from Uranus—only one four-hundredth as large as it appears to us. Still it sheds upon that planet 1,500 times as much light as the full moon sends to the earth, so that daylight upon Uranus, while faint compared with the blaze of a terrestrial noonday, is nevertheless a very respectable kind of illumination.

CAKE AN OLD INSTITUTION.

The Ancients Made and Ate It, but It Was a Simple Affair.

The ancients made cake, but it was not the rich, highly seasoned and flavored confection which we indulge in nowadays. They had plain cakes made with flour and water, some of them without a suspicion of sweet or flavor. Some of them were not unlike our plainest crackers and were often eaten as we eat bread.

Wedding cake was an institution among them, as with us, but the cake was a plain one and was broken above the head of the bride as she went to her new home. This was a special feature of Roman marriages 2,000 years ago. The breaking of the cake was part of a solemn ceremony. All of the cakes of ancient history are plain and simple. It is only as we come down to more modern times that we hear of spices and fruits and all of the rich and luxurious ingredients in which present day cakemakers delight. In Queen Elizabeth's time spice cakes and buns were eaten at weddings. From these the fashion and fancy grew for all sorts of elaborate and deliciously unwholesome combinations until there seems to be a perpetual struggle for something new and more unusual to stir into the cake of the period.

Measuring Medicine.

Use a medicine glass with the amount of each spoonful and drop marked upon it. Teaspoonfuls and tablespoonfuls are always mentioned, but as these vary in size it is not safe to rely upon them. Drops, too, cannot be properly measured without a glass. Keep the medicine glass perfectly clean. It should be washed out after each dose, in readiness for the next time. It is desirable that if the patient is to have medicine with a strong smell, oils, etc., to keep a glass specially for them, letting it soak in hot water for half an hour after use to remove all disagreeable odor. It is impossible to cleanse such a glass in a few moments. When the medicine is being poured out hold the label uppermost in order that it may not become stained with any drops escaping down the side of the bottle.

Mozart and Bretzner.

When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music for Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From the Seraglio") at the request of the Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipziger Zeitung: "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedures. (Signed), Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, author of 'Rauschchen.'"

Had Him Beat.

The head day porter and the head night porter of a hotel, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, became involved in a discussion on ages. The head night porter confessed to thirty-eight.

"H'm! Say, I've got you beat ten years," declared the head day.

"You mean to tell me you're only twenty-eight?" demanded the head night.

"I should say not. I's just forty-eight," explained the head day, with an expression of withering disdain.

"Then you ain't got me beat no ten years. I's got you beat just ten years. Say, I got ten years comin' that you won't see again."

"Look here, man," declared the head day, "you ain't got no sense. I's sure of them ten years, 'cause I's seem 'em an' been through 'em. You ain't sure of yours. You might die tomorrow."

A Source of Contagion.

It has been proved by abundant investigation that one prolific source of epidemic diseases is found in the liability of the germs of such diseases to lodge in the mouth around the teeth and gums. A physician examined the teeth of the children of a certain school. He found disease germs present in almost every case. By careful watching he discovered that those children whose teeth were kept cleanest suffered less from epidemic diseases. The neglected condition of the teeth is, therefore, a common cause of illness. Indeed, if one takes the trouble to observe with what rapidity the tartar and cheesy matter accumulate around the teeth of people who are out of health they will not be long in making up their minds that a thorough and judicious use of the toothbrush is not very far from a means of grace.

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On Allhallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazelnuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed
That in a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow.

Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.

Language of Lawrence Jail.

Lieutenant John P. Bradstreet of the Fiftieth Massachusetts was for many years a deputy sheriff and turnkey under High Sheriff Herrick at the Lawrence house of correction. All the newcomers were by him assigned to their proper quarters.

One day upon the arrival of a new squad of inmates there was one who seemed somewhat more "tony" than the rest, and, calling the lieutenant aside, he claimed a little more consideration than the others owing to his previous standing in society.

"I never was in such a situation before," said he, "and I trust you will give me a little different quarters from those other fellows. I am highly educated and can speak seven different languages."

"Seven?" remarked the lieutenant. "That's altogether too many. We don't have but one language here and mighty little o' that."—Boston Herald.

The Ottoman Turks.

The Ottoman Turks lived originally in central Asia, where they were members of a race related to the Mongols, a branch of the Ural-Altai family. Under their first sultan, Othman, who ruled from 1288 to 1326, they founded a realm in Asia Minor, but soon extended it into Europe, entering Armenia. With the capture of Constantinople in 1453 they succeeded to the Byzantine empire, and their rule at its zenith during the sixteenth century extended over the greater part of southeastern Europe and much of western Asia and northern Africa, but they lost Hungary, Roumania, Servia, Greece and practically Bulgaria and Egypt, etc. The Ottoman Turks are Sunnite Mohammedans and regard the sultan, who is the supreme head of the church and recognized as such by all Mohammedans, as representative of former caliphs.

Entertaining Lions.

Concerning lions, we all like to entertain them. Most of them like to be entertained. Birds of a feather may flock together, but lions rarely enjoy the company of their kind (two of a kind never can agree). The solitary thrush sings alone. A lion is like that sort of bird. I have seen more than one dinner party spoiled by the multiplicity of lions at the table. The lion likes to have the floor to himself. He is always in better humor when there is no other to dispute it with him. When you have the luck to snare a lion remember that he is a kingly creature and select your guests with a view to his comfort and pleasure. It is better to invite lambs to meet a lion than to ask another lion. Every circle has its lambs.—Maud Howe in Harper's Bazar.

A Ghastly Ceremony.

Mohammedans of the Caucasus have a religious ceremony called "Chucksee Wucksee." It is a ceremony in which the fanatics cut and wound themselves in the following ghastly fashion, according to a traveler: "Each man, grasping a kinjal in his hand, brought it up in front and down on the crown of his head. Almost at every stroke the blood gushed forth, and soon one man after another became a staggering, blood soaked figure."

Making It Easy For Him.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nuritch, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed."

"Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise.

"Yes; Mr. Nuritch is so high strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."—Exchange.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad. appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc."

The Widow's Wish.

First Chauffeur—The judge fined me $50 for running over that man and killing him, and now his widow has come around— Second Chauffeur—For damages? First Chauffeur—No. She says she wants to pay the fine!—New York Press.

He Won.

Crimsonbeak—How did you come out on your bet? Yeast—What bet? Crimsonbeak—Why, last night when you went home late you said you'd bet you'd get rats from your wife. Yeast—Oh, yes, I won!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Remedy.

"I am greatly troubled with kleptomania," exclaimed the fashionably dressed woman as she bustled into the drug department. "Now, what would you advise me to take for it?"

"Your departure, madam, by all means," replied the floorwalker, and bowed her to the elevator.—Puck.

All the Fault of the Magpies.

I was one day returning from a drive when I came upon a solitary magpie sitting on a tree. It preceded me to settle on two trees in succession along the drive, and then flew away. Shortly afterward three coincidences happened—first, a picture fell down; second, about half a ton of thick plaster fell from a ceiling in a room close to the dining room while dinner was in progress; third, the hot water boiler burst and a new one had to be put in. I make no remarks upon these curious coincidences, but it is a fact that they happened.

Three years ago I was on a motor car tour in Cornwall. One day I saw a magpie and had a bad puncture within an hour. Two days afterward, seeing another single magpie, I had a broken exhaust spring. The next day, I think, I saw another single magpie. I said to my cousin who was with me, "I wonder what is going to happen this time." The words were hardly out of my mouth before one of my driving chains broke and flew off the sprocket, fortunately without harm.—Country Life.

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored and little cultivated. Yet, like most other good things in the world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are doubtless to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right things at the right time and place, but they are few in number. Then, again, some people are by nature cooler headed than their neighbors and do not shout or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consist not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self control and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter.

Too Late.

"Madam," said the grateful census enumerator, "you have replied courteously and kindly to all my questions. Unlike nearly every person I have met since I began this work, you have not treated me as if I were an enemy and an intruder. You have answered satisfactorily all the questions as to age, physical condition and ownership of property. Your conduct meets my hearty approval not only as a government officer, but as a citizen, and, with your permission, I will ask you a question not down in my list. Are you engaged to be married to anybody?"

"I am, sir," replied the handsome widow, blushing and smiling.

"I feared so," said the census taker, with a sigh. And he put on his hat and went out into the cold world again, his faith in human nature restored, but his heart broken.

Japanese Swords.

"Japanese swords are the finest," said a swordmaker. "They are finer than the blades of Ferrara, of Toledo or of Damascus. The blades of Ferrara, of Toledo and of Damascus must bend into a perfect circle without breaking, and, a pillow of down being thrown in the air, they must cut it in two with one clean stroke, but the Japanese blade must do all that and more. The final test of a Japanese blade is its suspension, edge upward, beneath a tree. It must hang beneath the tree for twenty-four hours, and every lightest leaf that falls upon its edge must be severed neatly. One failure and back to the forge goes the Japanese blade again."

Envious Canada.

There is a great deal of gush about the charming and all conquering American girl. What is the truth about this much lauded damsel? The most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the Englishwoman and the dress of the Frenchwoman and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old world graces of speech and attire.—Canadian Magazine.

A Japanese Proverb.

A Japanese proverb worth remembering:

"He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool. Shun him.

"He who knows not and knows that he knows not is humble. Teach him.

"He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep. Wake him.

"He who knows and knows that he knows is a wise man. Follow him."

Two of a Kind.

"You say that Faro Jim came to his end through contributory negligence?"

"Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "He showed down four aces in a poker game, an' two of 'em was the ace of diamonds."—Washington Star.

Great Provocation.

"You say, madam, that you were under great excitement when you struck this woman."

"Yes. She had just found the family Bible with my age in it."

The poorest people on earth are those who make the most of what they have and the least of what they are.

Not Worrying.

Young Wife—I want you to promise me one thing. If we would avoid trouble we must live within our means, and to help me in doing this I want your promise that you will never run in debt. Young Husband—I will promise, my love. If I ever get in debt I'll let the other fellows do the running.

The Supply Held Out.

Tommy (at the supper table)—Now, ma, may I have a piece of chocolate cake? You said I might after the minister had taken three pieces, 'cos that was enough for any man, saint or sinner.

His One Error.

Benham—I can't let you have any money. I paid a bill today. Mrs. Benham—I thought you said you never made mistakes.

A Bret Harte Joke.

Sam Davis of Nevada once made a wager that he could successfully imitate the style of any living or dead poet and do it so thoroughly that the difference was not discernible and that the public, the press and the critics would not detect the fraud. As a result he wrote "Binley and 46," to which he signed F. Bret Harte's name. The fake was put out in a publication known as the Open Letter. It described an engineer who took his train through a snowstorm in the Sierras, dying at his post. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the poem was copied. "Binley and 46" was given a full page in Leslie's Weekly, with a portrait of Bret Harte, and described as "the best short poem of the decade." It was many years before Mr. Harte denied its authorship. The poem has since been incorporated in several books of popular recitations, notwithstanding Binley freezes to death beside a roaring locomotive furnace, with 150 pounds of steam up and two cords of wood within reach.—Success Magazine.

No Surprises In Dreams.

No one is ever surprised in a dream. A man dreaming is at one moment bathing in the sea and at the next moment soaring in a balloon, but the sudden and inexplicable change does not surprise him, nor is he surprised to meet in the flesh friends long dead, nor is he surprised to find himself doing deeds that really are beyond him. The reason is that dreamers have no memory. In real life to be pursued through the streets by a lion would be astonishing, but this accident would be accepted in a dream as horrible, but quite commonplace, the memory not being there to say that it is unheard of for lions to pursue one in cities. In the same way, in dreams, men are not surprised to find themselves ballooning because they don't remember that they were never up in a balloon before, and they are not surprised to find themselves conversing with dead people because they don't remember that these people are dead.—New York Press.

How He Remembered It.

When they met on Chestnut street after some months in which they hadn't seen each other the one chap told the other he had taken a little house in Germantown and was there with his lares, penates and coal bill. "Come up and see me some evening—any evening. We're rarely out, you know, and, then, we have a telephone, so you can let us know when you're coming."

"I suppose your name is in the telephone directory?" queried the other.

"Well, no, not yet, as we've just got the telephone, but our number is—is—really it's funny, but just this minute I can't—it's something like— Ding it all, it's strange I forget that number, for just on purpose I multiplied it by two and divided the result by four, so as to enable me to remember it, and I can't recall the first thing about it. Ever know the like? I'll write you the number."—Philadelphia Record.

Clothes and Conduct.

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct. You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always put on evening dress for dinner so that he might remember he was a gentleman. Addison could not write his best unless he was well dressed. Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely; put a blackguard into khaki, and he will be a hero; put an omnibus conductor into uniform, and he will live up to his clothes. Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archangels.—London Chronicle.

Diagnosis of Headache.

"There are more than fifty kinds of headache," said a physician, "and sufferers from the more common forms may cure themselves by locating the cause and treating themselves accordingly. The more frequent forms are a dull pain across the forehead, due to dyspepsia; a pain in the back of the head, due to the liver; a bursting pain in both temples, due to malnutrition; an ache on the top of the head, as though a weight pressed on the skull, due to overwork; an ache between the brows just above the base of the nose, due to eye strain."

Stale Brains.

Of course there is no future for stale brains or for a man who stands still and ceases to grow. He is old who thinks he is old and useless who thinks he is useless. When a man has ceased to grow he begins to die, and many people are half dead at fifty, not because of their age, but because of their mental attitude, because of the way they face life.—Success Magazine.

Culinary Art Aids Health.

The Russian physiologist Pavlav clearly demonstrated, in his researches on digestion, that the ingestion of substances with a purely nutrient value does not sufficiently satisfy the demands of the body. Taste and appetite must also be taken into consideration. These are satisfied only by the addition to the food of spices and salt, and it is largely due to the influence of these condiments that the proper amount of gastric juice is liberated by the mucous membrane of the stomach. The action upon the stomach of reflex stimuli is shown by the favorable effect on the flow of the gastric secretions made by mental impressions induced by the mere sight and odor of a well prepared dish.

In this manner Epplen leads up to the broad claim that the proper preparation of all food, as demanded by the essential requirements of the culinary art, is not a luxury, but a physiological necessity, and to develop and disseminate this knowledge is an act beneficial to the public welfare.—New York Medical Record.

Disorder in a drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not. The black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.—Ruskin.

Defined.

Tommy—Papa, what is a diplomat? Papa—A diplomat, my son, is a man who gives everybody the impression that he is thankful for their advice and then does just as he pleases.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1906.

DID THE RIGHT THING.

Last Monday afternoon the Suburban Press Association held a meeting at the United States Hotel in Boston at which two important and much needed resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The first resolution declared that House bill 1143 which, if enacted, would compel Court trial lists to be published exclusively in the Boston *Daily Law Journal*, ought to be defeated, and gave sound reasons for it.

The second resolution created a committee to interview Governor Guild and induce him to veto the bill in case it should reach the Executive table.

There is but small likelihood that the Governor will be called upon to act in the matter, for the opinion prevails at the Capitol that the Senate will give the bill a fatal blow when it comes before that body.

It is an iniquitous piece of special lawmaking; but since the Suburban Press Association has taken hold of it there is but slight danger of its getting on to the statute books. It should be watched, though.

SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED

The latest news from San Fancisco is to the effect that two-thirds of the city is destroyed, and there is no possible hope of saving the other third. By Saturday night it will be swept from the face of the earth.

PATRIOTS DAY.

The weather was delightful. The day was celebrated here by the ringing of bells, flying of flags, suspension of business, parties, routs and balls.

☞ And now comes a protest from the Massachusetts Constitutional League against the enactment of House bill No. 1161, known as the "Public Opinion Bill," now in process of incubation before the Great and General Court We know nothing concerning the measure, never having seen it, but unless stronger arguments can be adduced against it than those contained in a circular issued by the League a few days ago, we have no hesitation in saying that the bill ought to pass. Boiled down, the meat of their argument is, that the people don't know what sort of laws they want nearly so well as do their agents sent to the Capital to make them, and ought, therefore, to have and voice no "public opinion" respecting legislation on Beacon Hill. It is a queer state of things when it becomes necessary, or thought to be so, to organize a League to prohibit the masses of the people from expressing their sentiments at the ballotbox respecting the doings of their own representatives at the State House. Very!

☞ In a good sensible speech delivered in the Massachusetts House last Friday Representative H. S. Riley of Woburn opposed the engrossment of a bill providing for the publication of certain Court trial lists in the *Daily Law Journal* of Boston exclusively. It was a wicked bill, a barefaced piece of Legislative favoritism, and, yet, it was ordered engrossed by a considerable majority of the House. As it is simply an entering wedge to further legislation compelling all legal notices to be published in the *Law Journal*, it will surprise us if the press of the State do not take the matter in hand and air it.

☞ Ex-Representative Charles H. Nowell of this District, Paymaster of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, sails tomorrow, April 21, from New York on the Republic for a Mediterranean pleasure trip. He expects to be away about two months, during which period many of the European showplaces and things will be visited by him.

☞ Senator Taft, Chairman of the State Redistricting Committee, has appointed the sub-committees for the work. That for Essex county consists of: Senators Grosvenor and Schofield, and Representatives Fogg, Riley and Knowlton. Senator Daniel W. Lane is Chairman of the Suffolk county sub-committee.

☞ At the call of Mayor Linscott a meeting was held last evening to take measures towards sending aid to the San Francisco sufferers.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Ayer & Son—Curtis.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Clan MacKinnon—Concert.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Miss Emma Fosdick—Concert.
May Party—Floating Hospital.

— Large gangs of mechanics are at work on the new schoohouse.

— Last Monday was the first real spring day we have had this season.

— The town of Burlington got a good price for the town farm—$3600

— Misses Bertha and Mary Frost expect to spend the coming summer in Europe.

— Mr. Henry Taylor is to be the soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, April 22.

— Thomas J. Feeney of the Boston *Herald* has been looking after New Hampshire politics for that paper this week.

— Furnace fires in dwellings, stores and offices are on their last legs for this spring. No tears are in evidence over their demise.

— A May Party in aid of the Boston Floating Hospital is to be held in Lyceum Hall on May 4. Tickets for it are selling rapidly.

— The graduating class of the High School gave a dance at Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening to earn money to defray graduating expenses.

— Our own talented entertainer, Helen Sylvester, favors us with a beautiful solo dance, at the Floating Hospital May Dance on May 4.

— At the Floating Hospital Dance on May 4, after the entertainment, the floor will be reserved during the first three dances, for children only. Then will follow general dancing till 1 o'clock

— Planting time is near at hand and the farmers, it is said, are getting ready for it. With market gardeners it is planting time pretty much all the year round.

— Last Thursday week a young boy named Robert Bonin, was kicked by a horse owned by James Hogan of Buck street, by whom he is employed, breaking his wrist.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Rev. and Mrs. Chafer, who closed a series of religious meetings at the First Congregational church in this city last Sunday, are to open a similar series at Belchertown this week.

— Work on razing the old Munroe & Newton rink building on Main street near St. Charles church began last Monday morning. The site is to be occupied by a parochial school.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney of the Law firm of J. P. & J. E. Feeney of Woburn and Boston, has been engaged this week in trying an important lawsuit in the Court at Worcester.

— Pictures and print in the Monday Boston papers led one to the conclusion that they had a real deluge at the Hub last Sunday. They are so addicted to making mountains of molehills, dontcherno!

— Mr. Samuel Leeds has returned from a visit to Washington, D. C., which he greatly enjoyed. It had been 40 years since he last saw the National Capital. He returns well pleased with the trip.

— It should be borne in mind that Gov. Guild has designated April 28 as Arbor Day, and recommended a general planting of trees on that date. It comes on Saturday, one week from tomorrow.

— Crawford's Easter trade was a record breaker. His business was larger than ever before, at the same season, since he opened up for himself in this city. A high quality of goods is the secret of Crawford's success.

— Word from Water Commissioner Hayward and wife, who are now "doing" Mexico, indicates that they may be turning their faces towards home before a great while. They have been having a good time since leaving here several weeks ago.

— Lawyer W. Fred Davis has served formal notice on the JOURNAL that he is a bonafide candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative to the Legislature this year. Not only so, but he declares that the prize is safely within his grasp.

— Benjamin S. Hinckley, son of the late Benjamin Hinckley, a Boston merchant, resident of this city, has been visiting his mother and sisters here this week. He has been professionally engaged in business in Montana for several years past.

— Present indications point to a large crop of June weddings in this city, and the clergy are hoping that, unlike many weather prognostications, the signs may prove true. June is the mating month all over the lot, and Woburn is no exception to the rule.

— Wilford D. Gray, the gentlemanly Clerk of City Council Committees, is a member of the Boston University debating team that tried titles with the Georgetown team at the College of Liberal Arts in Boston last Monday over the "Rate Bill" for discussion.

— Rev. Frank P. Johnson has been breaking the bread of life to the people of old Marblehead for a couple of months past as supply Rector of St. Michael's Episcopal church. On leaving the church presented him with a fine pocket communion set for the sick

— The George E. Brown Building Co. have the contract for erecting the large Foucar patent leather factory at N. W. The Woburn Machine Co are supplying the factory with a sprinkling service. This Company are doing a large business. Patent leather making is on the top wave just now.

— Commodore William W. Crosby of Innitou Canoe Club, a resident and business man of Passaic, N. J., came back last Sunday to pay his mother, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby of Court street, an Easter visit, and incidentally, no doubt, to see if Horn Pond is likely to be ripe for canoeing at the opening of the season.

— The Dorothy Dix Hall Association provides a home for the orphan children of Actors and Actresses They are trained to give these entertainments, the proceeds of which help in the maintenance of the Home. So we are helping two charities, when we attend the Floating Hospital May Dance on May 4.

— On Wednesday evening, April 25, Clan MacKinnon, No. 15, are to give their 18th annual concert in Lyceum Hall. In years past the Clan have given the star entertainments of the season, and the coming one promises the best. Firstclass talent has been engaged for it, and every preparation made for a fine concert.

— Crawford, the widely known and popular confectioner, contributed generously to the pleasures of Easter Sunday at the home of the JOURNAL family in the shape of a big bucket of the finest icecream mortal man ever laid tooth to. It came at just the right time and hit the right spot. Mr. Crawford will please accept our thanks for it.

— At the present time Hammond & Son Co. are exhibiting spring suits for gentlemen, light overcoats, fine underwear, hats of the reigning style, neckwear a la mode, and all other goods in their line, each and all of which are worthy of particular consideration by wouldbe purchasers. Manager Deland tells us that the prices are extremely low.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson paid a first visit to his store, after an absence of 9 or 10 weeks, several days ago, and people along the street were glad to see him outdoors and circulating among them once more. The trouble that confined him at home so long was a severe case of pneumonia, the effects of which he still feels, but is getting back his strength in good shape. Mr. Thompson is a busy merchant, and a lengthy compulsory retirement from his business is not relished by him.

— Read the Clan MacKinnon ad in this paper and don't fail to go and hear the bagpipes.

— Dust has been quite nearly intolerable in the streets of late. It ought not to be so.

— The Telephone Operators Ball a Lyceum Hall last Monday night was a grand success in every way.

— The alarm from box 62 at 11 35 Wednesday forenoon was for a fire that did quite a little damage to the Dr. Conway house on Winn street.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell was at the Linnell market last Wednesday for the first time since last November. He has not been very well during the winter and spring.

— The spring session of the Woburn Conference is to be held in the Maplewood church in Malden on April 24 Mrs. W. A. Prior and Mr. F. P. Brooks are the delegates from the Woburn First Congregational church.

— The ladies of the Military Club of this city did well in their drill at the Colonial Club Ball at Rougan's Hall, Charlestown, last Tuesday night. It was their first appearance in public, and they certainly made a hit in their red and white military suits. A large crowd from this city attended.

— The first strawberries of the present season made their appearance in Woburn on Good Friday, and notwithstanding the long journey made by them before reaching this city, they were fine and luscious. It goes without saying that Angelo Crovo was the enterprising fruiterer who brought them here, for he is always first on the docket.

— Miss Emma Fosdick and her pupils are to give a recital on Monday evening, May 14. They will be assisted by the best of talent from Woburn and Boston, and the concert is expected to be a fine one. Miss Fosdick gives the entertainment in aid of some contemplated work on the First Baptist meetinghouse. Additional particulars will appear in these columns next week.

— Chief Engineer Littlefield and Captain Newcomb, on invitation from Commissioner Kennedy of the Board of Public Works, examined plans for the new house for Hose 5 a few evenings ago and found them just about right. Nothing of importance was discovered in them that called for criticism, and the house will probably be built on the plans submitted, or very close to them.

— At a meeting held by the First Baptist Society last week the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Miss Etta Cook, Clerk; Arthur E. Gage, Collector; William E. Blodgett, Treasurer; Miss Susan Russell, Auditor; Thomas A. McLean, four years; Howard M. Chase, three years; Johnson B. Gray, five years, Standing Committee. All financial measures were referred to the latter.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, photographic artist, has recently turned out an excellent portrait and bust of Paul Revere to supply a demand for it. It is a reproduction of a likeness of established authenticity, and much more valuable on account of its genuineness. They are not numerous, and it was not until after considerable search that Mr. Taylor was able to obtain a copy of the real thing. Samples of the portrait may be seen at his studio, 23 Pleasant street.

— Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark, the new pastor, preached his first sermon at the Methodist church last Sunday, and addressed the Sunday School in the evening. He came from St. James M. E. church at Springfield after 5 years of successful service there, and follows Rev. N. E. Richardson, who has been transferred to a church in Newton. Rev. Mr. Vandermark is a graduate from the Divinity Department of the Boston University, and is said to be an able preacher.

— A difference of opinion on the part of Gateman Callahan and his neighbor, express agent Lamprey, as to the coming of the first robin to Woburn this season has caused some little friction between those gentlemen. The dates they cling to differ widely. However, the JOURNAL heard a redbreast merrily singing from the tiptop of a stately elm near the Court House, for the first time this spring, last Monday morning, the next day after Easter, a highly appropriate date for his opening concert here. It was a pleasant song he warbled, too, for it clearly betokened the advent of real spring.

— Unfortunately for the young ladies who had lotted on exhibiting a fine assortment of millinery at the churches on Easter morning a smart rain prevailed all day and the exhibitions had to be postponed to a more convenient season. Last year was "bright and beautiful" according to the testimony of the JOURNAL of that date, but last Sunday the weather was different. The churches, however, were filled with devout worshipers, and the Sunday School concerts were well attended. Flowers and music were abundant in all of them, and, on the whole, the day was well and properly spent.

— The Easter decorations of our city store windows were neat and modest, and the colors generally selected appropriate. In nearly every instance the windows presented long slender strings, often in graceful twists, of blue and white, with stellar imitations pinned on at regular intervals; and Easter and calla lillies, in some cases, increased the beauty of the decorations. Saturday was a good time to pass along the streets and view the window embellishments, but the bright store lights showed them off in still finer style in the evening. On Sunday the churches took their turn at showing decorations, and made a complete success of it.

— Mr. D Hammond Richards, who has kept an exact daily record of the weather for many years at his home 25 Fairmount street, furnishes a report of the comparative temperature here during the months of January and March last past. It shows that the average morning temperature for January was 26; and the noon, 38. For March it was 23 in the morning, and 35 at noon, showing that the average range of the thermometer in March was 3 degrees lower than during the previous January Six and one-quarter inches of snow fell in January, and 25 inches in March Mr. Richards's record is carefully kept, and the above figures of his will be found of value for future reference.

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

Scott's Emulsion

combines the best oil with the valuable hypophosphites so that it is easy to digest and does far more good than the oil alone could. That makes Scott's Emulsion the most strengthening, nourishing food-medicine in the world.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

— Meeting of Maternal Association in parlor of First Church at 3 p. m. Friday, April 27. All mothers invited.

— At the hose coupling contest held at Chelsea Wednesday evening, William Rupp and Daniel Kerrigan of Woburn, won first prize.

— Maud Littlefield, the star violinist of this city, is to play at Miss Fosdick's concert on May 14. That bare announcement will draw a crowd.

— The First Unitarian Society of this city has received the legacy of $25,000 left it by the Charles Choate will, and is duly happy over the receipt of it.

— Licenses have been granted to the number of applicants entitled by law to receive them. But few changes are observed in the names of the licensees for 1906-7.

— The entertainment by the Dorothy Dix Home children at the Floating Hospital May Party consists of songs, recitations, solo dances, and a bright little Farce.

— Agreements have been signed through the office of C. E Smith for the transfer of the A. J. Wade farm, New Boston street. Purchaser is L. R. Curtis, Gloucester, Mass.

— Rev. Dr. D Everett Burr of Newton Centre, spoke at the First Baptist Church Tuesday evening on the Congo and the existing state of affairs there. He urged his hearers to do all in their power to help on the work of the Congo Reform Association.

— Postmaster Wyer decorated the postoffice yesterday in fine style. With Charlie Taylor's portrait of Paul Revere; his picture of the original Paul Revere house in Boston; the "Battle of Lexington," flags, etc, the office presented a highly patriotic appearance.

— A funny thing happened to one of the Hook & Ladder horses last Tuesday morning while Patrick Flaherty was exercising them, opposite Church avenue. The horse which was tied to the rear of the wagon in some way got caught with his forward feet over the axle, and as a result one of the rear wheels had to be removed to get him out.

— The grocery trade over in the Highlands is at concert pitch. Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the veteran and popular merchant, is doing a larger business there than he did on Main street, where for years he was a leader, and is well satisfied with it and the location. He keeps excellent stocks of goods, and makes fair prices to his customers.

— Trinity Parish, Episcopalian, held their annual meeting last Monday evening and elected the following officers: Loammi F. Baldwin, Senior Warden; J. Foster Deland, Junior Warden; William R. Emery, Clerk; William G Stretton, Treasurer; Robert Scott, James R. Graham, Alexander Bustead, Charles A. Dearborn, John C. Andrews, W. E. Rawson, Vestrymen; Charles A. Dearborn, John C. Andrews, Delegates to Diocesan Convention; Charles A. Sweetser, L. F. Baldwin, William G. Stretton, to the Archdeaconry Convention.

— On account of repairs being made in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall, W. R. C. 84 are to hold their 4th assembly in Mechanics Hall on April 23, or next Monday night. The committee who have it in charge are: Mrs. George Langdon, Chairman; Miss Edith Douglas, Mrs. M. Carney, Mrs. Hemingway. The Matron is to be Mrs Sarah A Woodside. John J. Hern's Orchestra will furnish music for the dancing. The price of tickets is 25 cents. It is expected that a large number of people will avail themselves of this fine opportunity to have a good time.

— A beautiful bronze memorial tablet, the gift of Hon. Edward D. Hayden, has recently been unveiled at the First Unitarian church in this city, to perpetuate in appreciative recollection one of its most prominent members and generous benefactors, Jonathan Bowers Winn, whose daughter was Mr Hayden's wife. The inscription on the tablet reads:

"In grateful memory of Jonathan Bowers Winn, 1811 1873 A Unitarian and a munificent giver to the cause; a leader, sturdy supporter and generous benefactor of this Parish. An eminent and public spirited citizen of Woburn. Rich in good ~~deeds~~ works."

— A social call that we appreciated more highly than almost any other with which this office has been honored of late was that of Mr. Louis R Wallis of Winchester, a Division Superintendent of the Edison Electric Light Co. of Boston. He was formerly Treasurer and General Manager of the Woburn Electric Light Co., and a respected resident of this city. Mr Wallis is a fine conversationalist, a fluent and entertaining talker, and the hour we passed with him listening to his portrayal of the beauties and advantages of electricity for light and power purposes, was, indeed, a pleasant one. The Edison Co. made no mistake in securing his services as promoter of their interests.

— Mr. George C. Conn of Minneapolis, Minnesota, a native and resident of Woburn in his younger days, now and for some years past General Freight Agent of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie Railroad Company, and wife arrived in this city last Friday for a brief Easter visit, and left for home on Monday. Mr. Conn has been an office railroader for nearly a couple of decades, and is one of the best in the occupation. He and Mrs. Conn met many warm friends and former acquaintances here who were glad to greet them, for both were popular when residents of this city. They are prospering. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Conn called at the JOURNAL office, and while chatting with the old Editor Representative Riley dropped in, so that the Veteran Editor had the pleasure of a visit from the present and past Chairman of the Woburn Republican City Committee. The latter used to be a political hustler here, but is no longer in the business. We were pleased to see him.

A Complimentary Banquet to a Native of Woburn.

A few evenings since, at the close of Sousa's Band Concert in Toronto, Canada, the musicians of that city tendered Mr. Herbert L. Clarke an honorary banquet, at which a very interesting program of music and reminiscent speeches were made by oldtime friends.

It was one of the pleasantest reunions ever held in that city, the Rose, Nile and Turkish rooms at McConkey's being at the disposal of the guests. Among the guests were John Philip Sousa and F. H. Torrington, Mus. Doc., the most noted musician in Canada. In Mr. Sousa's remarks, he declared that Mr. Clarke was the greatest cornetist living.

The speeches all related to the early days of Mr. Clarke when his father was organist of one of the wealthy churches.

The Woburn Co-operative Bank.

The annual meeting of this prosperous financial institution was held on the evening of April 12, at which $5,900 was sold, and officers for the ensuing year elected.

The Bank is ably manned, solid citizens composing its management, and its affairs are conducted on strictly business principles. It is entitled to be considered a public benefit by reason of the aid it has rendered innumerable parties in building homes; and as a means of investment it long since demonstrated its value. Mr. Skinner, the President, has the reputation of being a firstclass financier, and Mr. Buck, the Clerk and Treasurer, is familiar with the workings of the institution, and fills the offices with satisfaction to those who do business with it.

The following officers were elected at the meeting: James Skinner, President; William F. Davis, Vice-President; Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John C. Buck, Edward Caldwell, George A. Day, Herbert B. Dow, Frank W. Greydon, Arthur H. Linscott, Charles G. Lund, John Maloney, Thomas Moore, J. Henry Parker, William A. Prior, Lawrence Reade, Winthrop Hammond, Directors. For Auditors, Arthur E. Gage, Marcellus Littlefield, Walter L. Poole.

Subsequently the Directors met and the following were appointed and confirmed: John C. Buck, Secretary and Treasurer; George A. Day, Herbert B. Dow, Finance Committee; Frank W. Greydon, Lawrence Reade, J. Henry Parker, Fred J. Brown, Edward Caldwell, Security Committee; John G. Maguire, Attorney.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. Price only 50c.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The return of Howell Hansel to his old position as leading man of the Castle Square Stock Company has been anxiously awaited, and each performance next week will be in the nature of a personal reception to this favorite actor. The advance sale of seats indicates crowded houses every afternoon and evening. The play will be "Soldiers of Fortune," Augustus Thomas's clever dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's stirring story, and in the leading character of Robert Clay, Mr. Hansel will have a part for which he is especially fitted. "Soldiers of Fortune" is a drama of love and adventure. The scene is a South American republic where Robert Clay, an Amhrican mining engineer representing a New York capitalist is exploiting some iron mines. The capitalist and two of his daughters are also there. Clay falls in love with the one daughter, and a comrade of his with the other. A South American revolution arises, the Americans become entangled in it, and there is much excitement before everything is straightened out, and peace and happiness reigns. The scenic setting will be beautiful and picturesque. After "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," Anthony Hope's romantic comedy will be staged at the Castle Square.

TRADE MARK REG'D
LOWNEY'S

"Name on every piece."

Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons

are the most delicious and the most perfect confections made. Every sealed package is warranted to be in prime condition or money refunded.

One thing peculiar to Lowney's candies is that they can be eaten freely; they are pure and wholesome.

Another is that the Lowney packages are full weight.

Send for the Lowney Receipt Book.

The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

HATHAWAY'S

Celebrated Breads.

1 Celebrated Cream Bread
A rich, nutritious bread, containing a large amount of pure milk.

2 Log Cabin Malted Bread
A lighter bread with a flavor all its own—contains malt and pure milk.

3 Winner Bread
There is more food value to this fine grain bread than any other 5c. loaf on the market.

Surely you can get suited from this selection, but insist on getting Hathaway's. That's important.

Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

CONCERT!

GIVEN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
AND MANDOLIN PUPILS
FOR BENEFIT OF
First Baptist Church, Woburn
— ASSISTED BY —
Mrs. C. G. Robbins, Soprano
Miss Maude H Littlefield, Violin
Mr. Lou's Schalk, Baritone
Mr. La Rue Vredenburgh, Reader
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN
Monday Evening, May 14, 1906
At 8 o'clock
All Seats Reserved.
Tickets 35 Cents
For sale at A. W. Whitcher's

Base Ball.

The North Woburn's will soon be heard from.

It is about time for the South Borders to fall into line.

Up to date nothing has been heard from the Zeno A. C. team.

The St. Charles Altar Boys defeated the Border A. A. last Saturday.

The Winn A. A. started their season with a victory over the Elm Hills, a crack little team from Dorchester, last Saturday at the Park.

Quite a few candidates who thought that they had made good on the St. Charles team were handed the hook by Manager O'Brien just before the Berkley A. C. game.

The Temperance League will start and it is hoped that the St. Charles boys will make a good showing. Robert Corry, James Meehan and Joseph Devlin of this order are Directors of the League.

The South Ends and the St. Charles are scheduled to play the first Saturday in May at the Park. There has always been great rivalry between these two clubs on the diamond, but good-nature always prevails.

The local High School boys were defeated in their opening game at Melrose last Friday afternoon; but it was through no fault of Capt. McMahon, who pitched a splendid game, and also scored the only run made by our boys.

A Lucky Postmistress

is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., druggists. Price 25c.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Odd English Customs.

England can boast of more quaint customs and ceremonies that have been handed down from century to century than any other civilized nation. The sounding of the mayor's horn at Ripon is one of the most ancient customs in the kingdom. It formerly announced the setting of the watch, but it has now lapsed into the formality of three blasts given at 9 o'clock every evening at the mayor's residence by his official horn blower and three more at the market cross.

Energy of Will.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character. Where it is there is resolute character; where it is not there is faintness, with effeminacy, despondency, neglect of duty and failure. "The strong man and the waterfall," says a proverb, "channel their own path."

His Retirement.

Friend—I haven't seen you for some time. Poet—No. Fact is I have become a good deal of a recluse lately. Friend—I feared so. How much do you owe?

One Redeeming Feature.

"What an idiot Stevens is, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he has one redeeming quality—he's always telling you how well you look."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Belated Apology.

Mrs. Talkwords—Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night. Henry—Pardon me for interrupting you.—Smart Set.

Simplicity.

Only small souls assume exclusive airs. The more truly a man the more simple do we find him. Rarely do we come in contact with a person from whom we may not receive something if we meet him on the plane of a kindly human sympathy. It all lies in our innate feeling.

Practiced What He Preached.

Hills—Gruet says that he believes in keeping in touch with his fellow men. Mills—Well, there aren't many of them that he hasn't touched.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

18th ANNUAL
CONCERT
— OF —
Clan MacKinnon, 45, O. S. C.
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,
Wednesday Ev'g, April 25, 1906
ARTISTS:
Miss Jennie Trecartin, Soprano.
Madame Barutio, Soprano
Mr. James Singer, Tenor.
Mr. Fred Kendall, Baritone
and Impersonator.
SUTCLIFFE SISTERS, Scotch Dancers
Mr. WILLIAM S. SMITH, Piper.
Miss Marion L'African, Pianist.

Admission 35 Cents
Reserved Seats 50 Cents

WINCHESTER.

Our boat club are getting ready for some stalwart and good work this season.

Our real estate men say the prospect is good for a large amount of house building here this summer.

The Visiting Nurse Association are doing a highly beneficial work in this town. It deserves to be liberally supported.

The destruction of fine old ornamental trees and beautiful shrubbery to head off the moth is a sore and deeply regretted necessity.

There is a fair prospect that the new crossing that has made so much trouble will soon become an accomplished fact. There is need enough of it.

Easter church services and Sunday School concerts were well attended last Sabbath Day Most of the meetinghouses were handsomely decorated with flowers and plants, and excellent Easter music was heard at all of them.

Calumet Club held their Ladies Night on Tuesday evening, April 17 A great number of people attended it The main amusement of the evening was dancing, in which old fashioned figures and steps were prominent. It was a fine party.

The *Star* had an appreciative notice of the late John W Hemingway in its issue of April 13. No man did more to make Winchester a clean, temperate and respectable town than he, or who sacrificed more to accomplish that work. He will long be remembered as a public benefactor.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for Weak Lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Sermon by the pastor. "My Own Business."
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Choral Service and Sermon. Combined choirs of St. John's Cambridge and Trinity, Woburn.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, April 11, by Rev. H. B Williams, Aubrey W. Ervin and Donaldetta MacDonald of Woburn.

In this city, April 15, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Philip Martin and Katherine McGrath, both of Woburn.

In Boston, April 12, by Rev. Charles A. Crane Walter Durand Stevens of Dorchester and Mary Elizabeth Connery of Woburn.

In Boston, April 15, by Rev. Charles J. King, Dennis Francis Blake of Woburn and Celia Wall of Roxbury.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 17, John Doherty, aged 26 years.

In this city, April 17, Daniel Doherty, aged 35 years, 10 months, 3 days.

DON'T WORRY

You get the girl
We furnish the rest.
Four rooms furnished
Complete $88.00

	REGULAR PRICE
1 Iron Bed	$3.00
1 Spring	2.50
1 Mattress	3.75
1 pair Blankets	2.00
1 pair Pillows	2.00
1 Oak Bureau	10.00
1 Oak Commode	4.50
1 Oak Table	1.50
1 Oak Chair	1.00
1 Oak Rocker	2.00
20 yards Matting	4.00
1 Sofa	12.00
1 Rocker	6.00
1 Arm Chair	5.00
1 Parlor Chair	4.00
1 Ladies' Chair	3.00
1 Mahogany Table	2.50
1 Rug Carpet	15.00
2 pr. Lace Curtains	4.00
1 Oak Dining Table	6.75
4 Oak Dining Chairs	5.00
1 Art Square	7.50
1 Range and Pipe	14.50
1 Kitchen Table	2.50
2 Kitchen Chairs	1.00
16 yards Oilcloth	4.00
6 Shades	2.40
	$131.40

SMILE AND DO IT NOW.

The Plimpton-Hervey Co.
21-25 Washington Street,
Near Haymarket Square.

CANNED GOODS

Standard Goods at Right Prices.

Corn, good quality,	8 cents
" Honey Drop,	13 "
Peas, Marrowfat,	8 "
" "	10 "
" Larson's,	13 "
" " Sifted,	17 "
String Beans,	9 "
" " Wax,	10 "
" " Best,	12 "
Shelled Beans,	12 "
Beets, small,	15 "
" sliced,	10 "
Sweet Potatoes,	10 "
Peaches, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" New York,	15 "
" Maryland,	13 "
Strawberries, Victor, 2 lb.	15 "
" " 1 lb.	10 "
" Oneida,	25 "
Raspberries,	12 "
Apricots, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" California,	15 "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hous
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

A Tenement on Franklin street; 8 rooms, and all modern improvements.
Enquire of P. E. BANCROFT,
12 Franklin street

CHOCOLATES!
Two Years Test Prove
Our 29c. Sale
A Winner. Try a lb.
SATURDAY or SUNDAY.
You'll buy next week.

OUR HIGH GRADE
..Fuller-Greene..
60c. a pound Box.
Best made in Boston.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Buckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Patrick Charles Buckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Willard A. Dow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to the be last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan A. Dow, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundredand six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Farrey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Bridget Farrey, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lizzie A. Jaquith, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by George W. Buss, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Alexander White, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Maunday J. White the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered, of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Dennef otherwise known as Allice Denef, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ann J. Hoban, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Addie F. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. Locke of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary J. Wyman, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn, of Burlington, in said County, dated March 23, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2261, Page 429, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises

On TUESDAY, May 15, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely: Southwesterly by Winn street, about ninety-two (92) feet; northwesterly by land of Timothy Calnan, about one hundred and thirty-one (131) feet; northeasterly by land of Hattie E. Dodge, and by land of James O'Connor, about eighty (80) feet; southeasterly by land of George W. Duren, about one hundred and forty (140) feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles, and to other municipal liens, if any. Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of the sale.

JOHN WINN, Mortgagee.

John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, April 17, 1906.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella M. Atwood, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALFRED S. HALL, Adm.
31 Milk street, Boston.

April 7, 1906.

Hard-to-please People

are the kind of people to whom we like to show THELMA, our new perfume. THELMA pleases everyone, but the supreme test of its excellence is the taste of the fastidious. Confidentially, we sell more THELMA to such people than all other odors combined. If you wonder why, a call at our store will convince you.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.
Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

WOBURN
Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining to gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,
314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,
situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Mortgages.

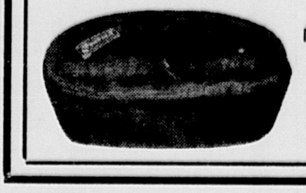
MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

THE SHAPE IS OVAL

The taste—ah! that's the point. You must judge that yourself. It is the delicious flavor of this bread that makes you go back for more.
Better bread never happened. Insist that your grocer supply you with CREAMALT.
At grocers everywhere.



The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
CHARLESTOWN

Fourth Annual May Party
— IN AID OF THE —
Floating Hospital
SPECIAL FEATURES:
Solo Dance, HELEN SYVESTER.
Songs, Recitations, Solo Dances, and a Farce by children from the Dorothy Dix Hall Association.
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN, MASS.
Friday Evening, May 4,1906 at 8 o'clock
Tickets 35 and 50 Cents

1906 SPRING STYLES
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

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The Natural Way.

A philanthropic person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and, calling at their domicile, he found the report true. The family consisted of the mother, a son nearing manhood's estate and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman after hearing the mother's story gave her eldest son $1 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner and took his departure. No sooner was he gone than the negress said to her son, "Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchral way!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Odd Graveyard Inscriptions.

At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed autioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Piling It On.

"Our minister does have the hardest luck. Just think, the baby's down with the croup, Albert broke his collar bone last week, their horse died yesterday, and now Mrs. Rector has pneumonia."

"I suppose that by and by, on top of all that, some fool will get them up a donation party."—Woman's Home Companion.

Two Ways to Prosper.

Two kinds of business men are bound to succeed. We refer to the man who knows how to advertise and to the one who knows that he does not know, but knows enough to get one who does know to write and place his advertisements for him.—Troy Press.

War to the Knife.

Gladys—Shall you marry Jack if I refuse him? Maud—Yes, and if you accept him!

Freaks of the Avalanche.

One still January night a number of people in a tiny Swiss hamlet of the Canton Valais quietly abandoned their homes, and shortly before midnight the avalanche broke loose with plunging roars. It started many others in its downward roll, left the usual track, broke through and destroyed an old straggling larch forest and completely buried a big chalet in which twenty-six persons had taken refuge. Of these nineteen were killed and seven saved. This avalanche found a final resting place in a lake which its broken masses struck with terrific impact, causing thousands of fish to rise to the surface, quite dead. This reminds me that yearly tens of thousands of chamois, foxes, marmots and all kinds of birds, including even the lordly eagle himself, are destroyed by avalanches and their attendant hurricanes. Last season at Andermatt a superb mountain eagle was dug out of an avalanche alive, together with the sheep upon which it had been preying. —Woman's Home Companion.

The Romantic Air of Frisco.

San Francisco is permeated with an air of romance and adventure. Nowhere may one turn without being reminded of the legends that have been woven around the forty-niners and their immediate followers. The names of the streets and of the business blocks, such as Kearney, Sutter, Montgomery, Dupont, Flood, Crocker and Sharon, bring to the mind of the visitor long forgotten stories of riot or adventure and of fortunes whose vastness once excited his wonder or made him incredulous. To read the words that are painted upon the street cars of San Francisco is to be carried back in fancy to the time when the city was peopled only by those who, having turned from all else that men hold dear, had gone in search of fortune and found it, always just as they were about to give up in despair and die of starvation or succumb to the hardships with which human endurance could no longer cope. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Lincoln's Bar Record.

In his twenty-three years at the bar Lincoln had no less than 169 cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries. He appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency, he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar, he was attorney for the Illinois Central railroad, the greatest corporation in the state and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island railroad and other corporations and individuals with important legal interests at stake, he was sought as legal arbitrator in the great corporation litigations of Illinois, and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that state.—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Mental Poise and Health.

People who reach extreme old age are, as a rule, pretty well balanced physically and mentally. A poised life is serene, and serenity and harmony tend to longevity. The mind that is not well balanced is constantly jangled and out of tune. There is a constant jarring which racks the whole human machinery. There is discord in an unbalanced life, and discord is always destructive—deadly. The well poised, dignified life is not thrown off its center quickly. The man who goes all to pieces over trifles is one sided. There is a momentum in a poised, balanced nature which steadies its progress and helps hold it on its chosen track.

Hot temper, constant mental confusion and disorder are vitality sappers—life shorteners.—Success Magazine.

A Prod.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

BOSTON LETTER.

The Graft Regime at City Hall Has Started In Early.

BOSTON POLICE BILL PASSED.

Governor Guild Will Make Appointments Ere Long.

Within the last few weeks the citizens of the commonwealth, if they have been normally alert, have had, in a small way, a complete object lesson illustrating the difference between a Republican administration of affairs on a business basis at the state house and the administration of public affairs on a graft basis at Boston city hall. It is a comparatively small matter, but it is typical of the difference which exists between Republican and Democratic administrations generally.

Some weeks ago six rooms in city hall were painted and decorated. The bills for this work aggregated $3572.05. As itemized, the cost of material was put down as $780.95, and the cost of labor at $2761. According to the bill, the city was charged for 3029 hours of labor, equal to 378 days, or 13 days more than one full year.

It cost $1159.30 to paint the mayor's private office and $540.62 to paint his public office.

Here is a little matter of comparison. For painting Governor Guild's private office, nearly as large as the mayor's private office, the bill was $197.25. In other words, it cost almost five times as much to paint the office of Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, Boston's Democratic mayor, as it did to paint the office of Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Republican.

Gold Leaf Would Cost Less

There is a room at city hall set apart for the use of the city hall reporters of Boston newspapers. This is a comparatively small room, but the bills for painting it were $340.64, or as much as it would cost to paint a large and stately mansion. There is also a reporters' room at the state house, a much larger apartment than the one at city hall, and the cost for painting it was only $197.25.

The office of the city messenger in Boston city hall has also been painted since the inauguration of Mayor Fitzgerald, and the cost of this work was $467.06. To paint the office of the surveyor of the city of Boston cost $578.57, while the painting of the street commissioner's office entailed an expense of $485.86.

To paint four rooms in the department of state minor wards at the state house cost $120.71, while the painting of three large rooms in the department of state adult poor entailed an expense of $174.96 The painting of two large rooms, a private office and a library, in the office of the attorney general, cost $196.59.

These comparisons are instructive. All the departments of the city of Boston appear to be reeking with graft. The departments of the commonwealth at the state house are conducted carefully, economically and satisfactorily. There are not many citizens of the commonwealth in their right senses who would care to see the city hall Democracy enthroned at the state house. If such a result were to be realized the state taxes would have to be at least doubled in order to meet the enormous demands of the grafters who live upon the tax payers.

Lomasney's Measure Is Defeated

The legislature has done some very strenuous work in the last week. For one thing it has sat down very hard upon Martin M. Lomasney of ward 8, in Boston. Mr. Lomasney endeavored to secure the enactment of a bill providing in cases of discharge of city officials for an appeal to the state board of arbitration and conciliation. Mr. Lomasney has a great many followers at present employed by the city of Boston and desired to protect them from the hand of Mayor Fitzgerald. He feared that the mayor would dump them all out and put in his own henchmen in order to punish Lomasney for supporting another man for the mayoralty nomination.

The bill went along swimmingly until it reached the senate, where it was killed summarily. The measure was regarded pretty generally as representing a fight between two violent Democrats, both of whom are spoilsmen, and both of whom have no love for Republicans except as they can use them for their own selfish purposes. Some Republicans thought there was a good deal of merit in the measure and that out of the conflict between these two partisans a measure might be evolved which would materially strengthen the civil service and put an effective curb upon intense partisanship in city affairs.

The legislature has now passed to enactment the bill for a police board of one member for the city of Boston and an excise board of three members. The measure has gone to Governor Guild and been signed. It takes effect June 1, and it is now the duty of the governor to appoint these officials.

Better Control of Liquor Traffic

It is generally recognized that this legislation is most desirable and it is believed that a better administration of the police and wiser regulation of the liquor traffic will result.

Ever since the original police board was established it has been seen that the control of the police and the control of the liquor business were two incongruous functions, and that a single board was not as desirable as two boards, each having one function.

A single head for a police department, like a single head for an army, is more in line with modern police ideas than the old three-headed system, but the case of the excise board is different. Here the members sit in a sort of judicial capacity, and three heads are better than one in deciding questions which will come before that board for adjudication.

Under the present system a single police commissioner will administer the affairs of the police department of Boston, while an excise board of three members will control the liquor traffic.

These officials are appointed for long terms of office, and consequently will have plenty of time to carry out the policies which they may inaugurate.

It is well known that a very large proportion of the liquor licenses in the city of Boston are held by Democratic politicians and that a majority of the saloons are not run as business ventures solely, but as annexes to the Democratic machine. In fact, very many of the saloons might be termed Democratic ward headquarters without doing any violence to the truth.

While this was not generally realized when this measure was first presented and while it had its origin in the purpose of separating the policing of the city from the licensing of liquor dealers, yet there is a reform in this direction in the conduct of the saloons which certainly ought to be brought about.

Saloons Political Headquarters Now

It was alleged during the discussion of this measure that much of the political chicanery and a great deal of the illegal naturalization which has been going on in the city of Boston for several years was originated and carried out in these saloons.

The old board of police will have the granting of the liquor licenses for the coming year, for the new officials do not assume office until the first of June. It is now for Governor Guild to appoint men who will see that the policing of the city is properly done and that the control of the liquor traffic hereafter shall be more carefully looked after.

It is quite likely that several weeks may elapse before these appointments are made. The governor is a good judge of men, and the appointments he has already made to other positions are of such a high character that there is no reason to doubt his ability to select the best men to fill these prominent offices.

The Largest Newspaper.

The largest newspaper ever published in this or any other country was the Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, which was issued in New York city on July 4, 1859. It was a 28,000 edition and was sold at 50 cents per copy. The size of the page of this sheet was 70 by 100 inches, or almost forty-nine square feet. It was an eight page paper, thirteen columns to the page, or a total of 104 columns, each forty-eight inches in length. It was illustrated with good portraits of President Buchanan, Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, N. P. Banks, E. H. Chapin, Horace Greeley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Alexander von Humboldt, James G. Bennett and several others. The paper contained thirty-six different poems entire, one of them having as many as sixty-four eight line verses. Among other articles of special note was the celebrated "Moon Hoax," published in 1835. It required the work of forty persons ten hours per day for eight weeks to "get out" this mammoth paper.

Singing For Nothing a Year.

Writing of the trials and tribulations of American singers who go to Europe to gain recognition, Mildred Aldrich in the Theater Magazine says:

"To most singers who have sought recognition abroad there is but one drawback to the European career. It is not love of home that lures them back to the United States. It is money. It looks fine to put 'de l'opera' or 'de l'Opera Comique' on one's visiting card, as is the habit in Europe, but there is another side to it. Many a debutante has sung at the Opera Comique for nothing, some have paid, and some have had the magnificent salary of 200 francs a month (just shy of $40). One of the most prominent debutantes at the opera saw 5,000 francs paid over for her debut, and one woman who was there two years as a regular member of the troupe earned 6,000 francs a year ($25 a week), and she was considered favored. Cities like Bordeaux often get debutantes at 300 francs ($60) a month, and in theaters of that sort singers provide their own costumes, so it is small wonder that, having got one's education, one wants to earn money in the United States."

He Was In Such a Hurry.

A man who has resided in Cairo told this tale as an illustration of the dilatory ways of Arabian trades people:

"A certain gentleman ordered a swing to be erected in his garden for the use of his little boy, aged six. He waited and waited, but the swing never arrived. In due course of time that boy grew up to man's estate and became himself the father of a little boy. When his son was six years old he remembered how his own father had ordered a swing to be made for him. So he called on the tradesman, who lived at his gate, and asked him to send up the swing that had been ordered twenty years before. The man agreed to do so. The little boy becoming impatient after three weeks, his father called again and remonstrated with the Arabian as to his dilatoriness. The indignant tradesman replied that he could not really undertake to serve any one who was in such a fearful hurry."

The Throne of Thunder.

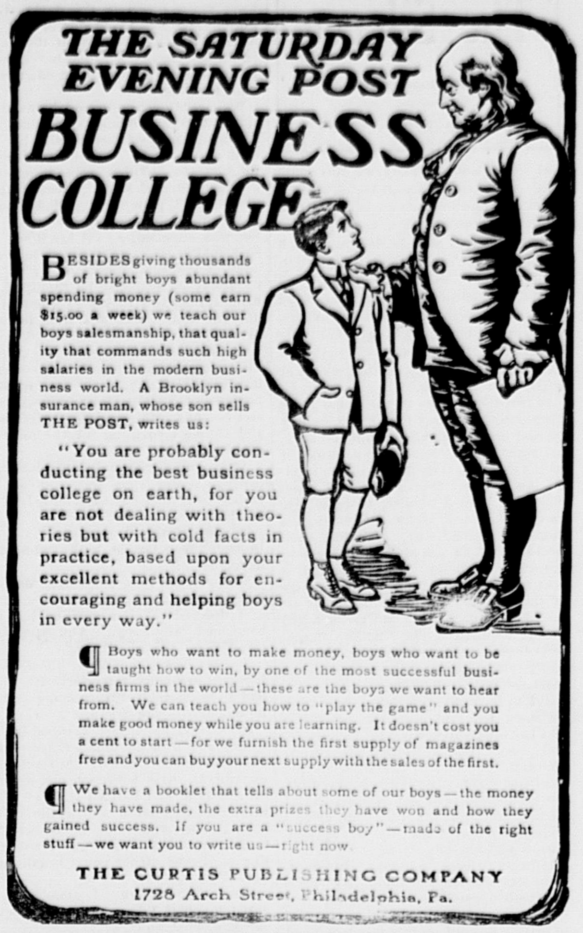
Mungo Mam Lobeh, the throne, or place of thunder, as the natives call it, the peak of Kameruns, as the whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African continent. The first view the voyager gets of it who, coming from the northward, has been coasting for weeks along low shores and up the stagnant rivers, fringed with mangrove swamp, is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountain rises to its 13,760 feet, while close at hand, to westward, towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet, and great as is its first charm every time you see it it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with indigo black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear, as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset.—London Mail.

A Trying Reform.

A Presbyterian clergyman of New York with two popular daughters has discovered a new way to end the visits of their beaus at a seemly hour—a plan which might appeal to lay families as well. For a number of years it has been a custom of this good man to hold evening worship after supper, always concluding the prayers with a short discourse. Things went very well until the daughters began to receive the attentions of young men and begged off or stole away to make their evening toilets. Then the minister changed the devotional hour until 10 in the evening. This reform created an upheaval, but the father insisted, and at the stroke of 10 the visiting young men are now left one alternative—either to leave or join with the family in prayer—and it has proved a severe test of their devotion for the daughters when those not prayerfully inclined stick it out, sermon and all.—New York World.

Childhood.

Man begins life helpless. The babe is in paroxysms of fear the moment its nurse leaves it alone, and it comes so slowly to any power of self protection that mothers say the salvation of life and health of a young child is a perpetual miracle.—Emerson.



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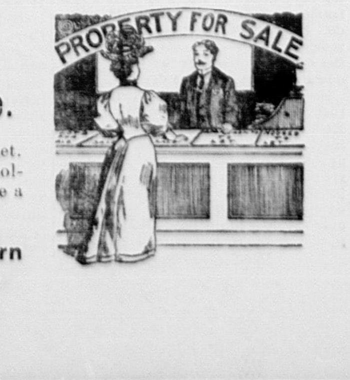

The Silence

By John Barton Oxford

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It hung conspicuously on the south wall—the only picture in the little bedroom. In the foreground, between two walls of water which reared themselves on either side in defiance of all natural laws, fat, bearded, complacent, stalked a herculean Moses. Behind him trailed the children of Israel, looking very like a mob of German peasants, while on the horizon the Egyptian hosts—sadly out of perspective—were threatened on every side by curling waves of gigantic proportions.

It had hung there in the same place for years, but it was only since the day he had been brought in from the barn, his right side useless from a stroke of paralysis, that Daniel Crosby had given the ancient, smoke streaked wood cut more than a passing thought. He had been aware of its existence in a vaguely familiar way. If it had been taken down he would have missed it. He knew from the title underneath it was supposed to represent the passage of the Red sea by the children of Israel, but heretofore he had never taken the trouble to notice further detail, save that it was yellowed by age and badly smirched in places by smoke from the adjacent kitchen.

But now it was different. As he lay there on the bed practically helpless and the June days went by in monotonous succession, he found himself examining the picture minutely during the long, wakeful daylight hours when the breeze fluttered the chintz curtains at the windows and the bees droned among the blossoms of the syringa bushes just outside.

It came in time to have an unwholesome fascination for him. He began to wonder just how many children of Israel were represented in that cut, and to satisfy himself on this point he tried time and again to count them, beginning with the two patriarchial gentlemen just behind Moses, but always at the thirty-fourth the heads resolved themselves into a blurred mass that defied further enumeration. Day after day, hour after hour, he counted patiently, and steadily his anger at his own helplessness in the matter and his resentment of the blurred heads grew stronger. Try as he would to divert his mind to other things it always returned pertinaciously to the picture and the all absorbing question of how many children of Israel there would be if he could once succeed in counting them all. He grew by slow degrees to hate that picture, yet with this hate the fascination was no whit lessened. Indeed, the stronger grew his hate the more frequent became his countings until at last he realized he could know no peace of mind until the picture was taken from the room.

It seemed the simplest of matters to have a picture removed from the walls of a bedroom, but in Daniel Crosby's case there were complications, and these complications lay in the fact that the only person to whom he could suggest that the picture be taken down was his wife, and between Crosby and his wife there had existed fourteen years of stubborn, unyielding silence.

It had come as the climax of numerous petty differences. They had wrangled long and fiercely. At the end of it Abby Crosby had burst into a flood of bitter, rebellious tears.

"You can rest assured of one thing, Dan'l Crosby," she had sobbed wretchedly. "I won't never, never open my mouth to you again 's long's I live!"

He had smiled in superior fashion. "So be it," he had acquiesced. "It'll suit me perfec'ly. An' I'll see to it you ain't troubled with any remarks from me."

And from that bitter day, fourteen years before, they had lived together in silence with never so much as a word passing between them. Not even this paralysis which had stricken him in his advancing years could shake the stubborn pride of either of them. He had wondered vaguely that day the neighbors had borne him into the house and laid him on the bed if perchance in the excitement of the moment she would forget herself and speak to him, and he was rather proud of her self restraint when she had not.

Silently she prepared his meals and brought them in to him; silently she massaged him and used the battery as the doctor had directed. He watched her narrowly day by day, all his longing for companionship in these hours of his helplessness carefully concealed beneath a cold exterior.

"If any one speaks first, it'll be her," he told himself over and over.

So day after day as his wife came silently into the room and went silently out Daniel lay feebly fingering the sheets with his left hand, striving to conjure up some scheme which might rid him of the troublesome Israelites who refused to be counted above the thirty-fourth. At last in desperation—he had been counting, counting all day long—he decided to take the matter into his own hands. In the early dusk when he heard Abby go out the back door to shut up the barn and the henhouses for the night he managed, by the use of his sound left arm, to slide himself out of the bed onto the floor.

Slowly, painfully he contrived to reach the corner where an old cane with a crook handle leaned in the angle of the walls. Then with indomitable patience he wormed his way along the floor until he was beneath the picture. After several unsuccessful attempts he managed to hook the handle of the cane securely onto the frame, and, throwing his whole weight upon it, he dragged the picture crashing to the floor.

He listened for a moment, half expecting to hear his wife's footsteps on the back steps, but no one came. He dragged himself into the kitchen, pushing the picture before him. The cellar door was ajar. Thither he made his painful way and pulled it wide open. The mingled smells of damp earth and last season's vegetables greeted his nostrils. Without a pause he thrust the picture through the doorway and listened with many delightful chuckles as the children of Israel went bumping downward. Halfway down the frame stuck fast. That would never do. He pulled himself back to the bedroom to get the cane. With the aid of the cane he was sure he could reach down and complete the descent.

He had scarcely regained the bedroom when he heard his wife come in. He lay on the floor, spent and breathing hard. Perhaps she was going out again. He would lay low and wait. He heard her moving briskly about the kitchen for a time; then a door squeaked raucously on its hinges. There was only one door in the house that creaked in that fashion. It was the cellar door.

He heard her descending the cellar stairs cautiously, step by step, as if she were going down in the dark. Good Lord! She was going down, and that picture was lying there on the stairs. In the darkness she would never see it. It would send her headlong down more than half the flight.

Well, whatever happened, he wouldn't speak before she spoke to him. He thumped the floor lustily with his fist. Undoubtedly she would come back, thinking he wanted something. He listened breathlessly. Creak, creak! She was still going down. She must be close upon that cursed picture. His fist was clinched; he bit his lips. But he wouldn't speak first, not if she went down a thousand flights of stairs. In an agony of suspense he thumped the floor again, and in his excitement he did not notice that this time he used his right hand.

"Abby, Abby! Come here, quick!" The words broke from his lips almost involuntarily. He heard her coming, floundering up the stairs in her haste, and he sank into a huddled heap, relief and shame struggling for the mastery of him.

Abby came running into the little bedroom. Her eyes fell first on the empty bed, then on the huddled figure on the floor.

"Father, father," she cried, sinking to her knees beside him, "what has happened?"

"Abby," he said severely, "do you know you're a-talkin' to me?"

"I don't care. I'm glad of it," she confessed recklessly. "You spoke to me, father. You called me."

She sat down and lifted his head to her lap, stroking it tenderly as if he had been a child. "How came you to be out here?" she asked.

He smiled up at her sheepishly. "I took a notion to git that picture of the children of Isra'l out of the room," he explained. "It's bothered me a good deal of late, so I yanked it down with the cane an' slid it down the cellar stairs. Then you come in an' started to go down them stairs, an' I hollered to you. I was afraid you'd break your neck over it."

"Ten minutes ago I shouldn't 'a' cared much if I had broke my neck," she said, "but now"—

She drew him to her hungrily. Something warm and wet splashed on his forehead. Daniel coughed huskily.

"I guess you'd better git the children of Isra'l off the cellar stairs an' hang 'em on the south wall again," he said. "Somehow I feel 's if I could stan' 'em now."

The Word "Dollar."

According to one authority, the word "dollar" is a corruption of the German word "thaler," the form in Dutch being "daalder." All these different forms were derived from Joachim's Thal, a Bohemian town, where the Count of Schlick, A. D. 1518, coined some excellent pieces in silver of an ounce in weight. "From the name of the town came Joachim's thaler, applied to the above named coins as well as that of Schlicken thaler; hence Joachim's thaler pieces were first contracted into Joachim's thalers and then into thalers. These coins gained such a reputation that they became a pattern, so that others of the same kind, though made in other places, took the name, the word assuming different spelling through the Low Countries, reaching Spain as dollars and through its provinces transmitted to the western hemisphere, where it was applied to coins prior to the adoption of the federal currency. In coinage, the word 'dollar' is a favorite, being found under various spellings in almost every part of the globe."

Surgery In the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the twelfth century priests were the only doctors. By an edict of the council of Tours surgery was separated from medicine and the practice of the former forbidden to the clergy. The latter then employed their barbers to perform surgical operations. This arose from the fact of the monks having their heads shaved frequently and observing the dexterity acquired by the barbers in the use of edge tools. The knights of the razor from cupping and bleeding passed on to tooth drawing and finally to other operations requiring skill and deftness, if not much knowledge. They knew practically nothing of anatomy. It is said surgery was denied to the clergy by a canon of the church which forbade them to shed blood. This was considered the dark age of medicine, and somber, indeed, it must have been to the worthy citoyen who, perhaps, placing himself in the hands of his barber for relief might at the same time that he was getting rid of a tumor also part company with his head.

One of Fox's Puns.

"I hear you can make a pun on any subject," said a woman to the irresistible Fox. "Make one on king."

"King is no subject," promptly replied the joker.

Taking No Chances.

A Glasgow steamer was laboring in a heavy sea, the waves sometimes sweeping her decks, but the officers had assured the passengers that there was no danger, and all seemed reasonably calm with the exception of one meek appearing little man, who every few minutes would approach an officer and anxiously inquire if he thought the ship would founder.

"No, I tell you!" one of them finally exclaimed, with impatience. "What is the matter with you? Look at those other people—they are not scared to death."

"Oh, I'm not scared," the man replied. "But, if the ship was going to founder, I wanted to know a little ahead of time."

"Oh! Wanted to tell your friends goodby and all that?"

"Well, not exactly," the man said hesitatingly. "The fact is, my mother-in-law is along with me, and if the ship was quite sure to sink I wanted to say a few things to her."—Harper's Weekly.

The Ancients and Medicine.

A roll of papyrus acquired by Dr. Ebers in the vicinity of Thebes, Egypt, in the winter of 1872, from an Arab who made ancient grave robbing a business, after investigation and translation was deposited in the library of the University of Leipsic. The script of this papyrus is hieratic. The date of it is said to be over 7,000 years ago. It is a comprehensive treatise on medicine. Diseases of the abdomen, the chest, the heart, the eyes, the ears, and so on, are carefully arranged and described in a manner that would command respect at the present day. For instance, of the heart the papyrus classifies the troubles as fatty degeneration, dilation, carditis, angina, or spasm; hypertrophy (enlargement), thrombosis (plugging) and dropsy. Of medicines over 700 different substances are enumerated, and they are prescribed in pills, in tablets, in capsules, in decoctions, powders, inhalations, lotions, ointments and plasters.

Resting a Model.

Many artists have the reputation of being inexorable in their demands upon the model's strength. A characteristic example appears in an anecdote of the late Adolphe Manzel, the German painter, who at one time was engaged on a work of mural decoration and kept a man posed in an exceedingly fatiguing position on a scaffold for two hours. The great painter worked away, heedless of his model's discomfort. Finally the victim called down. "Herr Professor, how about the recess?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. Come down right away, and you shall have your recess."

As the model was descending from the scaffolding his limbs assumed a position which was one for which the artist had long been looking.

"Stop!" Menzel thundered. "Hold! Ah, fine! Keep that while I make a little sketch of it!"

The artist drew vigorously for half an hour, at the end of which he called out imperatively: "There, that will do for now. Get up on the scaffold again. We have had our recess."

The Town's Crooked Dividing Line.

"There is a reason for most everything," said a Cumberland county man when he was asked how in the world they came to have such a crooked line between two towns in his county. "There's a reason for this crooked line. You see, some of our towns established in pioneer times, when land was abundant and people were few, had a big territory, which was afterward sliced off to make new towns. It was so in the case you mention, and when the cut off was made people along the line of division were of different minds as to which town they wanted to be in. So the legislature drew a straight line between the two parts and then provided that persons dwelling on lands adjoining either side of this line might be in one town or the other, as they should decide within ninety days after passing the act. Some went one way and some the other, and the line was all skewed up to accommodate them."—Lewiston Journal.

Boarding Houses, Take Note.

In view of the part that electricity plays in our modern life it is amusing to recall that when Benjamin Franklin evolved the lightning conductor he was called to account by certain individuals for sacrilege in "attempting to divert the Almighty's lightning."

Restaurant proprietors and boarding house keepers have apparently overlooked a valuable hint which Dr. Franklin afforded them, as follows: He took an ancient rooster and killed it by a powerful shock from one of his Leyden jars. When subsequently the bird was served at his table "its flesh was found to be as tender as that of a young partridge," or so he declares. This is one of the discoveries which should make the name of Franklin forever honored.—Success Magazine.

When Lowell Was Suspended.

A biography of James Russell Lowell says of a famous incident of the poet's college life: "Throughout his senior year his unexcused absences from recitations and chapel exercises increased in number until they reached a total that even now is startling to an academically trained reader. Finally, so the story runs, there came a characteristic ebullition during one of his infrequent appearances at evening prayers that brought matters to a head. Having been elected in the morning poet of his class, Lowell had spent the day in ambrosial jubilation. At prayers that evening, being still jubilant, he arose in his seat and bowed low to the right and to the left. Coming at the end of a long career of consistent negligence, this breach of decorum was not to be passed in silence." Lowell was as a consequence suspended.

Fat and Lean Men.

Modern scientific investigation in a medical way declares that the plump man is not necessarily the "healthiest" or the best able to resist disease. The lean man not only enjoys greater resistance to weakness and debility, but he is stronger in the performance of a given task. In other words, a large fat deposit in the general tissue is no evidence of good general nutrition. The rich and girlish beauty of the plump man, sometimes called "Fatty," may delight the eye, but when it comes to walking downtown in the morning or running four blocks to a fire "Fatty" blows out a fuse and is sent to the repair shop, while his lean brother is merely put in condition for the day by this little burst of exercise.—Minneapolis Journal.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

The Perfect Exercise.

The game of golf fulfills the axioms laid down for a perfect exercise—a walk with an object. When it is considered that the limbs and the trunk are exercised golf may be classified as one of the few games, if not the only game, which affords a complete exercise in itself.—Professor Cautlie's "Physical Efficiency."

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man.—Emerson.

The Honeymoon Over.

"No one comes to see me," said she wearily, "like they did before I was married."

"Speaking of that fact," said he, "I used to call on you seven evenings in the week at that time. But I am as bad off as you—I now have nowhere to go."

Too Much Levity.

Kilduff—For a bill collector young Dunn displays considerable ill timed levity. Skidmore—In what way? Kilduff—When he comes after an account he says cheerfully, "Did you want to see me today?"

A Rule For the Day.

Give us to awake with smiles; give us to labor smiling. As the sun brightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Only as a Last Resource.

Luck is a good enough thing to trust to after you've done everything else to invite success.—Kansas City Times.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IV, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 22.

Text of the Lesson, Luke vii, 36-50. Memory Verse, 47—Golden Text, Luke vii, 50—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The incident of this lesson, like the story of the widow's son in last lesson, is recorded only by Luke, who seems to have the correct sequence of events. The messengers from John the Baptist in prison and our Lord's reply to him and His testimony to the people concerning John, with His rebuke because of their treatment of John and Himself, seem to cover that which is recorded between the last lesson and this one. We should not be surprised if the most unkind and untrue things are said of us as we follow Jesus (John xiii, 16 xv, 18-20; xvi, 33), for as His redeemed ones fitted for His presence by His precious blood there is no other way to be fitted for our place in His kingdom than by suffering with Him. We must not be offended with Him, no matter what He sends us or permits to come to us or even if He seems to neglect us as He did John (verse 23; John xvi, 1-3). Jesus frequently went to dine with the Pharisees when they invited Him (xi, 37; xiv, 1), but while He accepted their hospitality He never allowed their favors to blind His eyes or close His mouth to what He ought to see or say.

This woman's name is not given, and that is kind. Let us be kind also, for "love is kind." She may have wandered farther from the paths of virtue than others, but she was one of those whom Jesus came to save, and, being somehow convicted of her sinfulness and filled with a spirit of true penitence, she seeks Him who has been revealed to her soul as a Saviour of sinners, even though she must enter the house of one whom she knew would despise her, and she brings the best she has, and that very costly, with which to worship Him.

Reclining as they did when eating, she could easily stand at His feet behind Him, and there her tears flowed fast on those blessed feet and copious enough to wash them, an act of hospitality which Simon had omitted (verse 44). Her long hair wiped them, she lavished kisses upon them, and in her love and gratitude to Him she anointed His feet with the ointment. Mary of Bethany's anointing for His burial (John xii, 3) was similar in some respects, but hers was the intelligent service of one who had long sat as a disciple at His feet, while here we see the love arising from a sense of the love that forgives sin.

Simon was probably thinking along this line: "This man seems to be a prophet. He talks like one, He works miracles, and they say He has raised the dead, but He seems to be known by this noted sinner whom I would not allow to come near me. He surely cannot know what kind of a woman she is." Thus this whited sepulcher (Matt. xxiii, 27) in his heart condemns the Holy One of God, the greatest of prophets.

How hard it must have been for Jesus to move among those who despised and misjudged and hated Him and see, as He always could, their thoughts of Him! It might be a help to us if we would remember that we are always in the presence of Him who reads our thoughts (Ezek. xi, 5; Ps. cxxxix, 2), and it might give us a greater longing to have every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ (II Cor. x, 5). By the word of God we may fill our minds with the thoughts of God, which are as far above our thoughts as heaven is above the earth (Isa. lv, 8, 9). As Simon listened to what the Master had to say he would not probably have the remotest thought of seeing himself and this poor outcast in the story of the two debtors who could not pay a cent on the dollar. It may have been that he owed no man anything, and as to God he probably thought that He was pretty well paid up in that direction, for did he not fast and pray and give alms, like all good Pharisees?

Simon having replied that the debtor who had been forgiven most would, he supposed, love most, our Lord then plainly applied the story. What condemnation for Simon, but what glory for the poor penitent! To be allowed to anoint His feet was a great joy, but to have Him turn His face to her and notice her and commend her, mentioning every loving act before all the people, and place her in His estimation above Simon himself, surely now her heart was full. It was Simon's house. He provided the feast and invited the guests. She had slipped in uninvited and done a servant's act. It is all a little like His commendation of the widows' mites above the gifts of the rich. What a foreshadowing of a coming day when many a self righteous one shall be confounded before Him and many a poor contrite one gloriously rewarded! How the cups of cold water will then be changed into the wine of the kingdom at the marriage of the Lamb! We said that this woman's name was not given, but a name was given to her which fits us all—"sinner," for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii, 23; v, 12). But now listen to our Lord's word to Simon, "I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven." She heard Him say it. How her heart must have thrilled! But, see, He turns to her. "Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace" (48, 50). Oh, what a taste of heaven upon earth—forgiveness, salvation, peace! He said it and looked upon her as He said it.

I never can forget the summer of 1873, when He said to me I John ii, 12; John i, 12; Isa. xliii, 25, and many such words after I had been many years a member of a church.

The Stinging Tree.

The stinging tree of Australia somewhat resembles a gigantic nettle. It has an unpleasant odor, and the natives and native animals are careful to avoid it. When a man is stung by the tree—or, to put it more prosaically, pricked by the tree's thorn—the little wound gives him at first no pain whatever. But in a few minutes a maddening pain is set up; the victim shrieks and rolls upon the ground. For months afterward when water touches the stung part great agony ensues. Dogs when stung rush about with piteous whines, biting pieces of flesh from the place that has been stung.

"Gent."

An early use of this slang expression is to be found in some verses—probably by Elkanah Settle—quoted by Walter Thornbury in his "Old and New London," from a poem on the "Lord Mayor's Banquet of Sir Samuel Fludyer," 1761, and apparently published at the time:

Where are your eyes and ears?
See there what honorable gent appears!

—London Notes and Queries.

Aunt Sally's Conscience

By CLAUDE PAMARES

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

Never was there a better natured, more conscientious woman than Aunt Sally Warner, relict of Joab Warner, who departed this life after a fall from the roof of his barn. Aunt Sally had no children of her own, but did have half a dozen nieces and nephews, and among the latter was the rollicking, frolicking Joe Henderson, who was twenty years old at the time the great calamity fell upon the house of Warner. Reference is not made to the fall from the roof of the barn, but to a calamity that overtook Aunt Sally's conscience.

One day nephew Joe, whose parents lived five or six miles away, arrived at Aunt Sally's on an errand. She was about to set out for the village of Rawsonville to do some "trading," and Joe volunteered to go along as driver of old Robbin. Aunt Sally had not been over that road for a month, and she was surprised to see circus pictures pasted up on every barn on the route. Since childhood she had had a fondness for circus pictures, but had been brought up to believe that eternal punishment awaited every one who passed the doors of the circus itself. During his lifetime Joab had discharged various hired men for staying a day off to go to the circus, and he had refused to deal with certain men who had accepted free tickets for the privilege of posting pictures on their barns.

As the good aunt and her nephew jogged along the dusty highway and came to barn after barn decked out in gayest colors of printer's ink Joe heard her sighing. He didn't stop to ask himself whether she was sighing over the death of Uncle Joab or the fact that she couldn't attend a circus promising so much entertainment, but he forthwith proceeded to concoct a plan.

If a single person could conspire it would have been called a conspiracy as well as a plan. He made no comment on the barebacked riders, on the women jumping through hoops, on the rhinoceros grazing along the banks of the African river and the hyena sneaking about in the Indian thicket. He just sat still and chuckled, and when he wasn't chuckling he was talking about going to Alaska to dig for gold.

When they reached town and found things in a bustle he had to make some explanations. He explained that an exhibition was to be given that afternoon for the benefit of widows and orphans, but he didn't say too much. While Aunt Sally was making her purchases the merchant might have referred to the "exhibition" and called it by some other name if nephew Joe hadn't given him the wink.

When ten yards of calico, fifteen of sheeting, three towels, one table cloth and thread, pins and needles had been bought Aunt Sally suddenly remembered something and turned to Joe and said.

"If there is anything going on for the benefit of widows and orphans I ought to be interested, being as I am a widow myself. Is it a spelling bee or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no. They have got a tent and a collection of wild animals. It's what you might call a natural history exhibition. Did you ever see a live lion or tiger, Aunt Sally?"

"No, I never did."

"Ever see an elephant or a zebra or giraffe?"

"No."

"Well, you can see them now and help the widows and orphans the same time. It's 50 cents apiece, but I've got the money for my ticket."

"But I shall pay for both of us," replied Aunt Sally as she handed over a dollar. "When I set out to do anything for the benefit of charity I'm not one to scrimp at it. There won't be any gambling or horse racing, will there?"

"Mercy, no. The bills say there will be nothing to offend the most fastidious. Come on."

They had a quarter of a mile to go to reach the tent, and during the walk Aunt Sally was puzzled that so many people should have turned out in the cause of charity. If she had had her glasses on she might have read signs on the gayly painted wagons to arouse suspicion, but she passed into the tent with the innocence of a child of five.

It was the menagerie, and Nephew Joe guided her around and saw that she missed nothing. It was a real treat to the woman, and she felt herself growing a bit reckless under the wave of enthusiasm. She ate peanuts and drank lemonade, and after taking another look at the Bengal tiger which had killed seven men and was anxious to finish off seven more as soon as possible she said:

"Joe, this is real nice, and I'm glad we came. What are the folks going into that other tent for?"

"Oh, that's part of the show, you know. There are folks who don't care to look at wild animals, and so they have some riding and tumbling in there for them."

"But why can't we see it?"

"We can, and it won't cost a cent more."

They went in and found seats, and the circus performance opened. How was the guileless Aunt Sally to tell that it was a circus? It was her first attendance, and she had never even had a performance described to her. She grinned from the time the clown first appeared, and the hurdle jumping and bareback riding brought "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from her until everybody around her was delighted. She bought lemonade and peanuts every time the boy came along, and when the performance was over at last she said to her nephew:

"Joe, I could go to such a show every day in the week and not see enough. I don't know who got it up for the benefit of the widows and orphans, but I'm telling you he was a mighty sensible feller. If it had been a husking bee he wouldn't have taken in half the money. If you hear of any more shows like it this summer you let me know, and we'll go."

Something really new had come into Aunt Sally's life, and she talked of it all the way home. Joe let her do most of the talking. He was preparing for the impending calamity.

It came within fifteen minutes of their arrival home. Mrs. Bronson, a neighbor, was at the house on an errand, and as soon as Aunt Sally began to describe the show given for the benefit of the widows and orphans the cat was out of the bag.

"Do you know what you've done, Aunt Sally Warner?" asked the caller in serious tones.

"Why, I've had a good time."

"Yes, you've had a good time, and you are going to pay an awful price for it. I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money this side of Jericho."

"But what do you mean? Isn't it everybody's duty to help the widows and orphans?"

"Not if it's going to send your soul to the bad place. Aunt Sally, you've been to a circus!"

"No, I haven't! I wouldn't go to a circus for a thousand dollars, and you know it."

"You've been to a circus—a regular circus—with all its wickedness, and how on earth you are ever going to get forgiveness for it is more'n I can say."

Nephew Joe was called in from the barn and the matter put to him, and he had to acknowledge that he had worked a plot.

"I never would have believed it of you—never!" wailed Aunt Sally. "To think that one of my own kith and kin would take me to a circus and make me lose my chance of going to heaven!"

"But the animals interested you."

"Yes, they did."

"And you liked the peanuts and lemonade."

"Alas, but I did!"

"And you thought the clown was funny and the riding good."

"Heaven forgive me, but I did!"

"Well, I don't see where the kick comes in. I don't believe you are any wickeder than before."

But Aunt Sally could not be comforted. Her conscience was roused and she could eat no supper. She thought of the sacred bull of India and wept hot tears. She thought of the two horned rhinoceros and the girl who jumped through hoops, and hid her face. She had an accusing night of it and never shut her eyes, and early the next morning she walked over to the house of the village minister and told him all. He asked many questions in a kind way, and when he had got to the root of the matter he said:

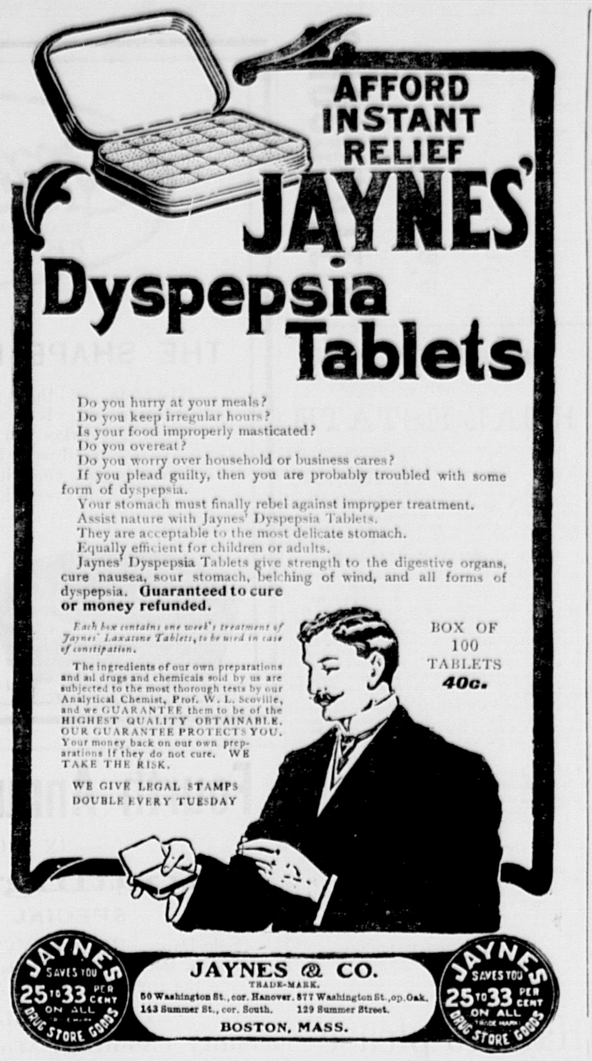
"Well, Sister Warner, being as your nephew deceived you and being as there were animals and peanuts and lemonade, and being as there might not be another circus along here for five years, I think the Lord will let you off this time, but if your hired man plays dancing tunes on his fiddle you watch your feet and don't let them get to shuffling!"

A Famous Duel.

One day the famous duelist Pierrot d'Isaac went to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," said D'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?" "It precisely does," said the marquis. "My choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." As if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from the trees, the seconds standing on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way, and D'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.

Origin of "Stationer."

According to Pierre de Blois, the title "stationer" was applied to one class of bookseller long before the seventeenth century, though that may have been the period when it came to refer to any seller of books. He distinguishes between the librarii and the stationarii, who had both become so numerous in Paris in 1259 that certain regulations had to be made for their control. The former were agents for the sale and loan of manuscripts, a large sum of money being deposited when a manuscript was lent, while the latter, allowed to have stations or stalls in the markets, were sellers and copiers of manuscripts. At the time he wrote there were twenty-nine brokers and stationers in Paris, not a very dangerous number, one would think, considering that Paris from the twelfth to the fifteenth century was considered the chief seat of learning.—London Standard.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A M, 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11-15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00. 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned petitioners, citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, that common convenience and necessity require a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musolino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larsen to some point near the residence of Andrew Larsen.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board will give due notice, view the premises, and lay out a highway as aforesaid.

Dated Wilmington, March 15, 1906.

FRANK E. DAY
and fifty-four others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on the twentieth day of March, A. D., 1906.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, on Friday, the fourth day of May, A. D., 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles E. Marion, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Elijah P. Marion, administrator of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Dispelling a Hallucination.

The Widow—Now, gettin' right down teh cold, hahd facts, Mose, what am yo' prospec's? The Suitor—Mah dear, I's got a good job as manageh ob a laundry in sight. The Widow—Well, yo' want teh git dat out ob sight an' fo'git it! Mah last husband had dat same hallucinashun, but de lady who promised teh lub, honeh an' obey him pos'tively refused teh be de laundry!—Puck.

Obstinacy.

There is something in obstinacy which differs from every other passion. Whenever it fails it never recovers, but either breaks like iron or crumbles sulkily away like a fractured arch. Most other passions have their period of fatigue and rest, their sufferings and their cure, but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.—Johnson.

Moving.

He read the letter twice and then said, "This is one of the most moving pieces of literature I ever saw."

"Is it an appeal for aid?" asked his wife.

"No. It's a note from the landlord saying he has raised the rent."

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 [illegible] 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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BOX	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Three blows call out entire department.
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AUCTIONEER.

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Office 149 Main St., Woburn.

That Ten Acre Lot

By Donald Allen

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Jed Wheeler, aged forty and a bachelor, was as well liked as any person in the village of Flint. He was neighborly, kind hearted and always willing to do for others.

Jed's good qualities were in a way his enemies. He was lazy, and, added to his laziness, he had a mania for trading. He would trade horses, dogs, guns, watches, overcoat or anything else, and it so happened that the other fellow always got the best of the bargain.

He had been left quite a little fortune by his grandmother, but in the course of five years he had sold at a loss or traded with sharpers until all that was left to him was a ten acre lot lying just outside the village limits. It was as fine a meadow as could be found in the county, and Jed was hanging on to that until some lightning rod man should come along and trade him a farm on top the Rocky mountains when he fell in love.

Jim Thomas, the carpenter, had died three years before and left a level headed, economical widow behind him. She was an old schoolmate of Jed's, and he had seen her almost every day for twenty-five years, and until the spirit of love bubbled up he had simply regarded her as he looked upon all other women.

He was sitting on the grocery steps one day whittling when his knife slipped and cut his finger. The Widow Thomas was just entering the store for half a dozen eggs when the accident occurred, and she pulled out her handkerchief and bound up the bleeding finger. It was only a trifle, but somehow it touched the heart of the old bachelor, and three days later he called on the widow.

"Martha," he began, "I've got tired of sloshing around alone and am going to get married."

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed.

"That is, if the woman I want will have me."

"Who is it?"

"You."

"Now, Jed, don't come around here with any of your nonsense," she said. "You are a good natured man, but you are lazy. You think you've got brains, but everybody beats you. It would drive me crazy to have such a husband."

"I could and would reform. If I had any one to peck at me I'd go to work."

"I haven't time to be poking up a husband. It's hard to teach old dogs new tricks. Thank ye for the honor, Jed, but I guess we won't do any marrying."

Jed was crushed for three days, during which time a windmill man came along and offered to trade him 5,000 acres of desert land in Arizona for his meadow and explained that he could raise 10,000 rattlesnakes to the acre on the sandy soil and sell the oil for $5 a gallon to grease the feet of babies with.

If Jed had been in his normal condition he would have closed with the offer at once, but as he was in the throes of hopeless love he astonished the town by turning the windmill man down. Two days later he went back to the widow and said:

"Martha, I had a dream about Jim last night. I dreamed that I met him in front of the blacksmith shop and that we shook hands and he said he hoped I'd marry you."

"Oh, you've come about that, have you?" she asked.

"I have. I'm a miserable man."

"Have you tried catnip tea?"

"Catnip tea? Great heavens! What ails me is love, and if the Mississippi river was composed of catnip tea it couldn't cure me. Martha, if you won't promise to have me I can't live a week longer."

"Nonsense. I'm busy with my ironing, and you run along."

Jed was now so broken up that everybody began to notice and comment on it, but when questioned he simply shook his head and intimated that he was not long for this sinful world. He got up energy enough, however, to contract to get out a thousand ties for a suburban electric line, and, hoping this might work in his favor, he paid another visit to the widow and told her of it.

"Now that you see I am going to work, can't you say yes?" he asked in conclusion.

"Jed, what do you come bothering for?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

"Don't be silly. I'm making mince pies today and haven't time to argue."

Jed went away, determined to throw himself into the mill pond, but when he reached the bank he met a stranger who had been poking around the village for a couple of days without telling any one his business. He introduced himself and said that he thought some of establishing an orphan asylum if he could find a site to suit. In this way he brought the talk around to Jed's meadow. The value of the land as it lay was $100 an acre, though Jed had never had a cash offer for it.

The stranger didn't exhibit too great interest in the matter. He said he'd think the matter over and perhaps make an offer. He had no mountains in Idaho and no lakes in Europe to trade, but would be prepared to pay cash. A day later, while still sauntering around, he met Jed and said that he could have $1,000 for the land as soon as the deed was made out. The lovelorn bachelor had started for the office of the village lawyer to have the deed made out when he met the Widow Thomas. She noticed his excitement and asked the cause, and when he had told her she said:

"Look here, Jed, don't you take too much stock in the orphan business."

"How do you mean?"

"You're an orphan yourself, and you don't want to let any other orphan get the better of you. Can you get a horse and buggy anywhere for an hour?"

"Of course."

"Then let's drive out to your land and see what kind of a place it would make for the poor orphans."

On the way out Jed recurred to the old subject, saying that he was on his way to drown himself when he met the stranger.

"Come, now," interrupted the widow, "this is straight business and you keep quiet."

When the meadow, which lay along the highway, was reached the widow insisted on walking across it from north to south. The ground looked as level as a floor, but near the center was a sort of sink hole. In rainy weather considerable water stood there, but the earth was now dry.

"Um!" said the widow as she halted and sniffed.

"Do you mean that smell?"

"Yes. Ever notice it before?"

"Once or twice. Smells as if somebody had been breaking rotten eggs around here."

"Get a pole and thrust it into the ground as far as you can."

"Here's one right here, and somebody's been poking. What do you make of it, Martha?"

"Jed, you've asked me to marry you," she said in reply.

"I have, but you don't seem to care whether you drive me to a suicide's grave or not."

"I don't know but I'd be willing to take chances."

"As how?"

"If you'll deed me this land today I'll promise to marry you within a month. I shan't answer any questions. It's yes or no right off."

"Then it's yes, by thunder!" exclaimed Jed as he reached the roadside fence.

The deed was made out before sundown and sent away to the county seat to be recorded. Next day the man who was looking for an asylum site called upon the Widow Thomas. He had scarcely mentioned the poor orphans when she laughed and said:

"Don't let your philanthropy cause you to lose a good thing. The ground up there is full of natural gas, and you know it. It's only twenty miles to pipe it to Chicago. If it's under the meadow, then it's under hundreds of acres around here. Go ahead and make any test you will and then come back with your offer."

A week later he was willing to hand over $10,000 in cash, and when Jed Wheeler had seen the money counted out and the deed passed he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Martha, but that was the only piece of land I had, and when a piano feller comes along and wants to trade me a goose farm for the raising of speckled geese, what am I going to say to him?"

"Refer him to your wife," she answered as she kissed him for the first time.

A Tragedy In Rice.

Here is a story of Scotch sailormen told by the Dundee Advertiser: "The ship's crew had been made up in a hurry, and when they had passed the bar and were beginning to feel a trifle hungry it was discovered that they had no cook. So the old man asked Geordie to try his hand at the job, and Geordie scratched his head and rubbed his chin and said he would do his best. Next morning he consulted Jack about breakfast. 'Oh,' said Jack, 'rice will do!' 'Will it, d'ye think?' said Geordie. 'Noo, about how much shall I cook?' 'Let's see,' replied Jack. 'There's fourteen of us with the old man. I should say a bucketful would be plenty.' 'I doot but it will,' said Geordie and went off to the galley. He got a bucketful of rice and put it in a large pot, and when it began to boil it likewise began to swell. So he baled out a portion into another pot, and that also did likewise. Then he baled out of both pots into other pots until all his pots were full. Still it swelled, and Geordie became alarmed. So he put on all the lids and lashed them tightly down. Then he went forth and locked the door and stood against the bulwarks watching it. Soon the skipper came along and made inquiries regarding breakfast. 'Whist, man!' replied Geordie softly. 'I'm cooking rice, and I don't know the minit it will burst the door.'"

Origin of "Feather In His Cap."

"A feather in his cap," signifying honor and distinction, arose from a custom which was common among the Syrians and perpetuated to this day among the various semicivilized people of adding a new feather to the headgear for every enemy slain. In the days of chivalry the embryo knight received his cocque in a featherless condition, and then won his plumes as he had won his spurs. In a manuscript written by Richard Hansard in 1588 and carefully preserved in the British museum is mentioned an ancient Hungarian custom, that of allowing no man to wear a feather in his cap who had not killed a Turk. The Hungarians had a law, which was in vogue as late as 1612, which allowed warriors to add a feather to their headdress collection "every time the claimant could prove that he had succored a starving Hungarian or had killed an ablebodied Turk or other Moslem." These old customs are now obsolete, but it is interesting to know that there were once such laws upon the statute books of nations thought to be civilized.

Derivation of Phrases.

Next to Shakespeare we draw most profusely from the Bible for terse expressions, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes furnishing the larger proportion from the Old Testament and St. Paul's epistles from the New. Milton, though far behind these two great sources of English speech, gives us more familiar expressions than any other writer after them. From him we have learned to speak of "a dim religious light," of "grim death," "a heaven on earth" and "sanctity of reason," of "adding fuel to the flames," of "tempering justice with mercy," of the "busy hum of men," "the light fantastic toe" (that boon to provincial reporters) and the "neat handed Phyllis." Chaucer, though rich in material for quotation, has given us no pithy phrases, but from Spenser, who sang of him as the "well of English undefyled," we get "nor rhyme nor reason," "by hook or crook," "sweet attractive grace" and "through thick and thin."—Chambers' Journal.

THE MASAI OF AFRICA.

A Queer Race Where the Men Become Old at Thirty.

The young men of that African race, the Masai, are all warriors, theoretically, between the ages approximately of seventeen and twenty-seven. When in this stage they are known in their own language as el moran. They pull the head hair out to its greatest length, even sometimes twisting and plaiting fiber and string into their wool. The hair is then thickly coated with mutton fat and red clay and tied into perukes. All hair on the face and body is plucked out by iron tweezers. The skin is kept constantly lubricated with mutton fat mixed with red clay, but as a rule the body is not disagreeably oily, and this lubrication only has the result of giving a beautiful polish to their statuelike forms.

As regards the body there is probably no more beautifully formed type of man than the young Masai warrior. The face is sometimes in keeping with the body, but more often has a rather brutal aspect. The Masai are not pure negroes, but obviously received a very long while ago a slight infusion of Hamitic blood from races dwelling to the east of the White Nile. While they are in the young-man-warrior stage the Masai live principally on milk and on blood drawn from the veins of living cattle. They also occasionally eat the meat of oxen, goats or sheep.

When a Masai decides that he has had enough knocking about and has accumulated sufficient property on which to retire he decides to marry. This is usually about the age of twenty-seven to thirty. After marriage he shaves his head, or at any rate keeps the hair of his head very close cropped. He ceases to anoint himself with mutton fat and definitely ranges himself with the old men.

DOCTORS' FEES.

A Medical View of the Charges and Work of Physicians.

The law of supply and demand regulates medical compensation to a very great extent. It is a natural phenomenon, over which neither the professor nor the laity have much control. Where there are many physicians of equal ability competition grinds down the fees. If the income drops below living expenses the least successful leave the community or take up other means of getting bread and butter. The fittest survive, and in every locality the composition of the profession is in a state of constant flux—never the same from year to year and constantly regulating itself to the work to be done. When a man develops exceptional skill his services are demanded more and more. They are bid up by competitors on the other side. He is, indeed, compelled to raise his fees to prevent overwork, strange as that may seem. He would not be doing his duty by his patients if he tried to treat a hundred a day, and that many would crowd his offices if his fees were 25 cents. It is also a fact that a surgeon can do more now than ever before—a few can do wonders as compared with the surgeons of a century ago—and they receive more in proportion by the operation of natural law. How they gained this ability is immaterial to the question. Indeed, not all have ability to profit by fortuitous opportunities to learn surgery.—American Medicine.

Curious Belgian Competitions.

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very novel manner. He breeds a special cock for crowing and that which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The modus operandi is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that propinquity creates the spirit of emulation, without which the proceedings would fall flat. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time.

Cooly.

"Is "cooly" the name of a people? It is believed to be. The word belongs to all the Indian vernaculars. Etymologists have been tempted to find its origin in the Tamil "kuli," which means hire, payment for menial odd jobs or the hireling odd job man himself, but it is pointed out in Dr. Murray's dictionary that when the word appears early in the seventeenth century it refers to a tribe of Guzerat, in the west of India, far from the Tamil speaking south—the Kuli, or Koli, who seem to have been often employed by Europeans as bearers and carriers.

Caustic Carlyle.

One day Thomas Carlyle went with Millais to look at the latter's house, and after gazing with wonder at all its splendors he turned to Millais and asked in his brusque manner, "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" The painter laughed and replied, "It has." "Then," rejoined the dweller of the modest house at Chelsea, "all I have to say is that there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."

It Wouldn't Be Right.

"Now, Susie," said the teacher, "if your father should agree to work for $2.50 a day and at the end of six days should bring home $13, would that be right?"

"No, ma'am," replied Susie, "an' it wouldn't take ma long to tell him so, you bet you!"

Let not mirth be thy profession lest thou become a make sport. He that hath but gained the title of a jester let him assure himself the fool is not far off.—Quarles.

Norway In Scotland.

Few people are aware of the fact that the Orkney and Shetland islands, strictly speaking, belong to the kingdom of Norway. Toward the close of the fifteenth century King Christian of Norway pledged the Orkneys and the Shetlands, over which his rule was undisputed, to King James III. of Scotland for the payment of the dowry of his daughter Margaret, who became queen of Scotland. The pledge has not yet been redeemed.

THE DESERT MIRAGE.

An Explanation of This Peculiar Freak of Nature.

One of nature's true wonders—one upon which much has been written, but which is yet not understood when its varied phenomena are considered—is the desert mirage. Travelers in the arid regions of the western and southwestern United States tell wondrous tales concerning the spectral pictures which the desert mirage has presented for their inspection. Cool sheets of water and waving trees and grassy swards appear where all is known to be parched earth and burning sands. Occasionally a mountain range will appear on what is known to be a boundless stretch of level plain, or a herd of deer, cattle or other animals will be seen apparently contentedly grazing on the glassy surface of the atmosphere. Cities are occasionally seen hundreds of miles from civilization, and phantom ships have been known to loom up against the sky and appear as real vessels to persons who lived so far away from the waters that they had never taken the trouble to visit the seacoast and who had never seen a real ship.

The explanation of the mirage, as usually given, is as follows:

The sand, being intensely hot, causes the layers of air which rest upon it to become greatly rarefied, and under certain circumstances this layer is quite distinct from the denser stratum a few inches or feet above it—just as if it were a sheet of water upon which oil rested. It is this rarefied stratum of air which acts as a reflector and pictures to the eye those curious inverted images.

A WILDERNESS OF TREES.

Inaccessible Forests That Abound In Guatemala.

Nearly all of the northern and eastern part of Guatemala is covered with a dense tropical forest, consisting of mahogany, different kinds of cedar, chicle and other hard woods. Along streams down which logs can be floated much of the mahogany has been cut, but as yet very little of the other woods have been marketed. This is especially true of the departments of Peten, Alta Verapaz and Izabal.

Most of the forests still belong to the government, and the usual method of securing the timber is by concession, by which a certain number of trees are cut at a given price per tree, or a stipulated sum is paid for the timber on a given tract. It is not an easy matter to get titles to large tracts of land in Guatemala, as it is discouraged by the government. These concessions are not usually granted for a longer period than five years. Sometimes it is stipulated that if a certain number of trees are cut during that time they must be renewed.

The pine forests are limited, being in the mountainous country principally and inaccessible. Most of the lumber used comes from the United States, principally from California. The forests of this country are generally so inaccessible that the railroad companies import nearly all their ties and even import coal, because it is difficult for them to get enough firewood.—New York Herald.

Marriage and Health.

Marriage is an institution highly conducive to the health of both husband and wife, says American Medicine. Statistics prove that among married men over twenty years of age and women over forty the mortality rate is far less than among those who remain single. Among the widowed and divorced the mortality is exceptionally great. Suicides among the unmarried are much more numerous than among the married. The matrimonial state promotes temperance in every form. Furthermore, the probable duration of life of a married man of thirty exceeds that of his unmarried brother by five years, and the wife may expect to live one year longer than a single woman of the same age.

She Snubbed Napoleon.

Mme. de Chevreuse, a representative of one of the noblest families in France, declined the honor which Napoleon wished to confer on her, that of being maid of honor to his sister-in-law, the queen of Spain. She afterward became Josephine's dame du palais, but always affected to look down on the imperial court. One day she went to a reception at the Tuileries blazing with diamonds. "What splendid jewels," remarked Napoleon. "Are they all real?" "Mon Dieu, sire, I really don't know, but at any rate they are quite good enough to wear here!"

Two Views of It.

Parson—Do you take this woman for better or for worse? Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say. Her people think it's for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Life.

The stone sharpens knives, but is dull itself.—Plutarch.

For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
HAIR VIGOR.
AGUE CURE.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

THE BACK WAY.

Balzac's Avenue of Escape From His Creditors.

In the year 1848 or thereabout, being worried by duns in Paris, Balzac took lodgings in Passy, then a village in the environs, at a house in the Rue Basse. There is little remarkable about the front of the house. It is just a plain, white, two storied French dwelling of a hundred years ago or of today for that matter.

But at the back is a garden and at the bottom of the garden is a doorway leading into one of the oldest lanes in the world, from the look of it. Truly this ruelle, with its crumbling walls of stone and plaster, its ivy and its shade of overhanging trees, is as happily devoid of suggestions of modern "improvements" as anything to be found within the girdle of the fortifications.

By means of this byway Balzac, when insistent voices from within the house reached his ears as he worked in his little pavilion at the end of the garden, could avoid the unpleasantness of an interview with any holder of the overdue bills which throughout his life were the only tangible results of his experiments as a printer and typefounder.

It needs but little imagination to see him hurry off down the lane, hatless and in slippers, to await events, while he dreams of exploiting the jewels of the Golconda or the silver mines of the new world.—W. H. Helm in Critic.

LAND OF THE PARIS CABMAN

Place to Which He Returns With His Savings to End His Days.

It is a peculiarity of Paris, which every visitor who knows enough French to tell one dialect from another must have noticed, that nearly all Paris cabmen come from the same part of the country. The same thing is true of coal merchants and of dealers in roasted chestnuts, who come from Auvergne; of the goatherds, who hawk their milk about the streets, who are Breton peasants, and of many other trades.

The cab drivers' land is probably little known to Englishmen. It is down in the Aveyron, and Rodez is its capital, a tiny village, where the worst language and the best hearts in all France are to be found. The eldest of each family in Rodez takes the land and the paternal cottage. The old folks live with him until their death, and the younger sons go to Paris and drive cabs.

For years they drive about in all weathers, scraping together sou by sou until they have garnered enough to go home and pay for their board and lodging for the remainder of their days. They go with the elder brother to a notary on the first day of their return home and sign a deed by which he is bound to keep them for the remainder of their days in idleness in return for their savings.—London Standard.

SELF CONTROL.

It is One of the Perfections of the Gentleman.

A gentleman is gentle, slow to surmise evil, slow to take offense and slower still to give it. A gentleman subdues his feelings and controls his speech. It is sometimes said of a man that "he can be a gentleman if he wants to be," but a man who can be a gentleman when he wants never wants to be anything else, says the Pittsburg Press.

In the cultivation of courtesy self respect must play a prominent part. We must never pass for more than the value we place upon ourselves. To respect others we must first respect ourselves. Whittier said, "I felt that I was in the world to do something, and I thought I must."

One of the perfections of the gallant man lies in the supremacy of self control. Herbert Spencer, speaking of this important attitude of man as a moral being, said, "Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self contained, self balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before which every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce."

Can You Count a Billion?

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take a person to count 1,000,000,000 appeared in the English Mathematician: What is a billion? The reply is simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced, but no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute, but let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so and was counting still. Had such a thing been possible he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion. To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years 542 days 5 hours 20 minutes, provided that he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years 319 days 10 hours 45 minutes in which to complete the task.

A Venomous Snake.

The only sure way to tell a venomous snake is to kill the reptile, open its mouth with a stick and look for the hollow, curved fangs. When not in use they are compressed against the roof of the mouth, beneath the reptile's eyes. They are hinged, as you can see if you pull them forward with a pencil. The venom is contained in a sack hidden beneath the skin at the base of each fang.—Field and Stream.

A Will on Ice.

The strangest will on record is that of a Connecticut clergyman who broke through the ice of a certain pond. Finding that he was unable to get out upon the ice and realizing that he had but a short time to live because of the bitter cold, he took his knife and wrote his will on the smooth surface of the ice. It was found, duly sworn to and recorded as his last will and testament.

VALUE OF SEAWEEDS.

The Use of Irish Moss as a Food and a Medicine.

Irish moss is used as a foundation for many desserts in the dietary kitchens where especial dishes are prepared for invalids. An authority on the question of seaweeds states that scurvy, the dread of sailors, caused by the absence of potash in the salt meat which forms a part of every ship's provisions, would be ameliorated by the liberal use of sea moss jelly, which is rich in potash. Irish moss has always a place in the medicine chest of the old fashioned housewife, who pins her faith to its healing properties for colds, sore throats, etc. On the coast where the moss is gathered and also in the majority of Irish families the moss is boiled, strained, boiled again with lemon juice and sugar, until it is of the consistency of sirup. It is taken hot, a teaspoonful at a time, and is said to be a very good remedy for the maladies referred to. The Indians use the ashes of seaweed for granular swellings. It is also used by the Chinese, and so highly is it prized by them both as a medicine and a food that it is gathered in some parts of the Pacific coast, principally at Monterey, and sent back to China.

The supply of seaweed of every description seems inexhaustible, as that pulled or reaped from the rocks is replaced by another and a more luxuriant growth the following year. On the Atlantic coast it is harvested only during the months from June to August, but at Monterey it is gathered every day all the year around.—Leslie's Weekly.

SLOT MACHINES.

They Were Used During the Time and Reign of Rameses.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes: "It is true there are few things new under the sun. 'Air beds,' or what we call pneumatic beds, were used by the Romans before the Christian era. The most remarkable duplication of an old invention is the nickel-in-the-slot machine. This was first used during the time and reign of Rameses, in the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, for the purpose of supplying holy water, that which had been blessed by the priests, to the people who desired it. The machine was urn shaped, with a small cylinder inside, through which ran a rod connecting a valve at the bottom of the cylinder with one at the top. These were operated by a lever, which closed the bottom valve while opening that at the top, when the cylinder would fill with a fixed amount of water. To obtain the water a cup was placed at the outlet; a coin of three drachmae, equal to about 75 cents of our money, was dropped into the 'slot' on to a scale pan in the end of the lever. This opened the cylinder at the top and closed the lower valve, allowing the coin to slide off, the weight of water closing the top valve, opening the lower one and allowing the water to run into the cup. This is the basis of all patented slot machines of the present time and dates back to nearly 3,000 B. C."

Limited Bathing.

Dr. Somerville Hastings, lecturing at the London Institute of Hygiene on "Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness," said that people were much cleaner now than in the reigns of Queen Mary and Elizabeth, when the washing of clothes was unknown. Cotton was hardly in use, and linen was expensive. The poor wore rough woolen garments, which were never washed, and the better classes adorned themselves with silks and velvets, which were dyed when they would no longer pass muster in regard to cleanliness. It is recorded, continued Dr. Hastings, that James I. never washed either hands or face during the period he posed as the wisest fool in Christendom, but confined his cleanliness within the narrow limits of wiping his finger tips upon a damp napkin.—London Telegraph.

Fishing For Sheep.

When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch to which even pilchards were as nothing.

The Servian Swineherd.

In any Servian village there is only one swineherd, and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.

Puzzled.

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodgings against me?"

Did His Share.

"Every human being should do his share toward uplifting the masses of his fellow men."

"Well, I did my share. I ran an elevator seven years."

It is easy to make acquaintances, but difficult to shake them off.—Washington.

The Waiter.

Diner—Is it customary to tip the waiter in this restaurant? Waiter—Why—ah—yes, sir. Diner—Then hand me a tip. I've waited three-quarters of an hour for that steak I ordered.

The Man Who Has Failed.

Even the man who has failed is entitled to consideration. He serves a noble purpose as an object lesson.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1906.

PROMPT AND LIBERAL.

At noon on Wednesday, April 18, news reached here of a great calamity that had fallen to the lot of San Francisco and other towns on the California Coast that morning by the most destructive earthquake ever experienced there, and a terrible conflagration still raging. As the hours advanced the news was confirmed, and early the next day it was known that the Golden Gate City was doomed to destruction.

As soon as this became a certainty Mayor Linscott called a conference of citizens, to be held Thursday evening, for consultation, and to devise ways and means for sending relief to the stricken people. The meeting was attended by numerous prominent men of the city, by whom a committee was chosen to canvas the business streets for funds for immediate use, and a vote taken to hold a massmeeting in Lyceum Hall on the following Sunday evening, April 22, for further and organized action.

The committee to solicit cash subscriptions met with gratifying success at every place they visited, and had a good report to make to Treasurer Buck. Deep sympathy was expressed on every hand for California's unfortunate people, and the feeling found prompt expression in generous donations for their relief.

The massmeeting Sunday evening was largely attended and the spirit of benevolence ran high. Mayor Linscott presided, read the Governor's call for aid, and invited discussion of the question of alms for suffering California. In response short spirited addresses were made by Rev. Daniel March, D D , Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Rev. H. C Parker, Rev. H. B Williams, Rev. S. A. Norton, Hon. John P. Feeney, and others. The remarks of these gentlemen aroused great enthusiasm, and when Mr. John C. Buck, the Treasurer, called for money and pledges the response was so earnest and liberal that more than $1700 was raised.

The prompt and hearty response of citizens to the Mayor's timely and earnest call for organization and aid of the California sufferers was no more than could have been expected from a community like ours whose hearts are found beating true and purses open when distress appeals and help is needed; and, yet, the amount of money subscribed and the alacrity with which it was given, was highly gratifying to the Mayor, and everyone interested in the good cause of relief. Rich and poor alike attended the massmeeting Sunday night, and they all contributed as generously as their means would allow. The "widow's mite" was just as acceptable as the large sums of the well to do, and evidenced as sincere and benevolent promptings and humane spirit in one case as the other.

Massachusetts has good reason to feel proud of the position she has won by her leadership in the noble work of alleviating the pressing needs of San Francisco and the Coast, for she was the first to forward food supplies to that stricken section of our country, and her generous donations are still on the way. They will be wanted for weeks to come. All over the State municipalities, societies, clubs, civic associations, churches, and individuals, have been and are gathering up and sending supplies by fast trains, and the people out there have been saved by prompt action from the pangs of hunger, and many from starvation.

Woburn, too, may well feel proud that it was among the very first to move in the matter of collecting funds for the homeless victims of earthquake and fire, and the openhanded way in which the people answered the Mayor's call for help. All did nobly—one as well as the other; and not one of the numerous liberal givers will ever be the poorer for having drawn their pocketbooks and turned the contents into the local California Relief Fund.

Treasurer Buck's latest report showed contributions amounting to $2,907.26 at 2 p. m. yesterday.

☞ Especial attention is asked for the advertisement of The Massachusetts Association for the Relief of California in this paper. The Association are doing a splendid work for the relief of sufferers on the Pacific Coast, and their call for help should be promptly and generously responded to. As usual, Massachusetts leads in this great charity, having been first in the East to land provisions at San Francisco, and one of the largest cash contributors. In such emergencies Boston is always in the van. The work of ministering to the pressing needs of the houseless and homeless has only fairly begun, and weeks must elapse before the sufferers can be made fairly comfortable from outside donations of money, food and clothing. So, heed the call of the above named Association and contribute to the aid fund for the unfortunate California people as liberally as possible.

☞ In the failure of Commissioner James H. Kelley to obtain a liquor license the other night the fine Italian hand of ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade was plainly visible. It was something like this: Kelley worked hard to defeat Reade's reelection last fall; Lyons, one of the License Commissioners, was equally strenuous in Reade's support; Kelley's application for license came before Lyons; it was not granted; hitch these facts together and one needn't have the sharpest eyes in the world to discover Reade's hand. How true it is that chickens will come home to roost.

☞ Clan MacKinnon, No. 45, O. S. C., did the handsome and generous thing when they turned over the proceeds of their annual concert last Wednesday evening, to the California Relief Fund. "Sandy" may be just a little "near" in some things, but when it comes to helping the needy and giving succor to the hungry and naked he can be depended on every time to open his pocketbook wide and distribute its contents with a liberal hand.

☞ St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society gave $50 to the California sufferers, which everyone will admit was a liberal donation.

☞ A week ago today Senator Chester W. Clark of Wilmington, Senate Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, delivered a strong argument in that body of Massachusetts lawmakers against capital punishment. It came up on a report of leave to withdraw by the Joint Judiciary Committee on a petition for legislation relative to the punishment of crime in this State, from which Senator Clark dissented His speech in favor of the abolition of capital punishment was an able one, and may appear in these columns in due season.

☞ Mrs. Mary M. Foucar, an esteemed lady of North Woburn, contributed the generous sum of $150 to the California Relief Fund; Dr. J. M Harlow and the Elks $100 each; and Rev. James J. Keegan, Julius F. Ramsdell, William Beggs and James Skinner $50 apiece.

☞ The first Boston Relief train reached San Francisco last Wednesday with $25,000 worth of food. Last Wednesday night the Boston and Massachusetts Relief Fund had reached $550,000.

☞ No disaster has ever appealed to the sympathies of our people so keenly, or opened their hearts and purses to a more generous tune, than that in California last week.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. C. Ayer & Co.—Restorer.
J. C. Ayer & Co.—Sarsaparilla.
Trinity Church—Entertainment.
Mass. Calf. R. Fund—Donations.

— This has been a cold backward week. No planting yet.

— Miss Helen Wetmore, soprano, soloist at Unitarian church Sunday, April 29.

— Do not forget that you help two charities by going to the Floating Hospital dance.

— Please bear in mind that tomorrow is Arbor Day, and that Governor Guild says plant trees.

— W. R. C. 161 are to hold one of their popular assemblies in 161 G. A. R. Hall this evening.

— Work on the razing of the old rink is progressing rapidly, and as yet there has been no mishaps.

— Baseball is coming to the fore in great shape. Our boys are prominent in local and other contests.

— It will be necessary to continue the forwarding of money and goods to San Francisco for some weeks yet.

— Do not forget that Baby Helena, who has been before the Woburn public is one of Dorothea Dix children.

— Capt. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., stationed at Ft. Banks in Boston Harbor, sent $10 to the Relief Fund.

— Just think of it! A foot of snow fell in Maine last Tuesday, April 24! How's that for an early spring?

— The high wind of last Tuesday, blew down the chimney on the ell of the home of Mr. W. E. Rawson on Clinton street.

— "By the way, what has become of Tom Lawson?"—*Western Ex* Tom is not bubbling as violently this spring as usual.

— Buds on pear, peach trees and lilac bushes are showing forth in fine shape, the gypsy moth to the contrary, notwithstanding.

— Mayor Linscott is getting praised to the skies for his prompt, thoughtful and sympathetic move to raise money for San Francisco.

— The old Central Square Rod and Gun Club are having extraordinary luck in catching trout this Spring in the nearby streams.

— Whitcher has for sale a supply of San Francisco fire postcards which are in great demand just at present. He has a variety of them.

— Orphan children of actors and actresses from Dorothea Dix Hall Association take part in the Floating Hospital entertainment.

— Winchester raised $2019.90 for the California Relief Fund at a mass meeting last Sunday. They expect to swell that sum to $5,000.

— The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the usual place Monday afternoon, April 30, at 3 o'clock.—C. M. Warren.

— The public were not called on to pay a cent for Lyceum Hall for the mass meeting last Sunday evening; the L. H. Ass'n donated it.

— St. Charles church is to make its contribution to the California Relief Fund next Sunday. Its Ministers are wideawake in the good cause.

— The tailoring establishment of A. Grant is Rooms 1, 2 in Mechanics Building, 415 Main street. It is a fine handy quarters for his business.

— Miss Helen Sylvester who needs no introduction to the Woburn public, will give a solo dance, as part of the Floating Hospital entertainment.

— Mr. George E. Fowle's men have installed big front plateglass windows in Crawford's prosperous confectionery and icecream store 412 Main street.

— Commissioner Kelley of the Highway Department failed in his application for liquor license this year. His brother, too, was one of the unfortunates.

— Edgar Williams writes from San Jose, California, that he escaped and came out of the earthquake unhurt. He used to be in the Buckman shoe store here.

— Lexington has had the Dorothea Dix children the second time and assure the public that they give a fine entertainment. Don't fail to attend the May Party.

— It was as fine a sight as one ever laid his eyes on, that liberal assortment of ex-Mayors at the California Fund rallies. They loomed up in remarkably fine form.

— A great many varieties of weather have been on tap here this week. A person who could not select a sample to suit him or her must be over particular and fussy.

— The presence of Clara Ryder Collins in the postoffice a few days ago seemed as natural as eating custard pie. She was formerly a popular clerk in that establishment.

— The hour is not far distant when the Burlington electric road will be in full and successful operation. "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day."

— Lend a-Hand Club are to give an entertainment in the Unitarian church vestry Wednesday evening, May 9, to aid a worthy charity. It is to be given by the Wakefield Dramatic Club.

— James R. Wood, the Union scout in the Civil War, entertained the Sons of Veterans with some of his experiences while in that service at their campfire last Wednesday evening.

— Our Boston letter this week is brimful of facts and figures of deep interest to the people of this State. "Calamity howlers" won't like it, but what are they going to do about it?

— Mr. Thomas Moore was one of the first persons on the street last Friday morning to solicit alms for the suffering people of San Francisco. He met with success everywhere he went.

— Edward F. McSweeney, Secretary of the Massachusetts Association for the Relief of California, formerly U. S. Emigrant Commissioner, is a nephew of Mr. Bryan McSweeney of this city.

— Judge E. F. Johnson and wife were far away from San Francisco when the destructive earthquake struck that city on Wednesday morning, April 18. They were then headed for Los Angeles.

— The citizens of Burlington are entitled to especial credit for the $128 raised by them for the California victims of earthquake and fire. Burlington is not a populous town, but its people are all right.

— Hard times or soft times, the Boston Branch, Fitz & Stanley, proprietors, goes right on supplying the public with the very best of all manner of groceries at prices that defy successful competition.

— Some who saw the name of "Battling" Nelson beside a $1,000 mark in the San Francisco contributions list in the Boston papers are wondering if it is the one that pulled into Frisco recently with 80 cents.

— One of the most enjoyable parties of the season was that given by W. R C. 84 last Monday evening. There was a handsome attendance, and everything passed off as smooth as oil. It was a social and financial success.

— Up to its last annual meeting, held last week, Mr. Charles A. Sweetser had served Trinity church, as an officer, 28 consecutive years, and, thinking he had done his part, declined an election to any office at that meeting.

— Last Monday, in response to a call by the President, Mrs. Caroline M. DeLoriea, the Directors of the Woburn Woman's Club met and voted $100 to the local California Relief Fund. Which was generous and noble.

— The fact is, but little reliable information concerning the extent of the San Francisco disaster has yet been received, nor will there be any for some time to come. As an example, the deaths are estimated from 250 to 2,000.

— It will be well to keep fresh in mind the concert of Emma Fosdick and her pupils in the First Baptist church vestry on Monday evening, May 14. It goes without saying that the entertainment will be worth attending. See ad.

— Druggist Whitcher received a P C. yesterday from Dr. Irving Bancroft in San Francisco in which he announces his safety and good health. But the Doctor had to take his grub from the hands of charity, like all the rest of the sufferers.

— Credit is due to the clergy of this city for their active interest and influence in behalf of the popular movement to raise money for the California sufferers. They took right hold of the business and did much to help the good work along.

— Grace L. Norris, junior member of the Law firm of Norris & Norris of this city, was honored by an election to the office of Treasurer of the Massachusetts Association of Women Lawyers at Young's Hotel, Boston, last Saturday evening.

— Several people of Woburn have friends in California, a considerable number in San Francisco, news from whom they are anxiously waiting. Some have had their fears relieved by letters and dispatches from there; but there are others to be heard from.

— The Beggs & Cobb leather factory people raised $200 for the California victims. Everybody, big and little, old and young, male and female, bond and free, shows deep sympathy for the San Francisco sufferers, and is active in procuring help for them.

— On Friday evening, April 27, Mr. W. C——ky, known in America as John Baker, will address the members of Trinity Club on "A Journey towards Siberia as a Political Prisoner, experiences in a Russian Dungeon, Church, Police and Spy system, etc.

— The business house of Mr Samuel R. Dolliver, a former resident of Woburn, and a large leather merchant in San Francisco, was on Market street in that city and, of course, destroyed. His residence was 394 Frederick street, and probably escaped

— Another heavy rain cheered the hearts and lightened the burdens of the street waterers last Monday, for which a suffering people from dust were grateful. We are assured by precept and example that rain falls on the just and unjust without fear, favor, or discrimination.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake celebrated her eighty first birthday last Sunday, April 22. All of her children and grandchildren were with her. Congratulations and flowers were sent to her during the day. Mrs. Blake is a very smart woman and many a younger one can not outdo her.

— Mr. Parker Eaton, a Veteran of the Civil War and a man commanding the respect of everybody who knows him, is getting the best of the effects of a severe attack of pneumonia, and appears on the streets daily. He is just 80 years old and is unusually smart for a person of his age.

Throat Coughs

A tickling in the throat; hoarseness at times; a deep breath irritates it;—these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system .·. .·.

Scott's Emulsion

is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor .·. .·.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

— "Why don't the city repaint their old water carts and give them a more respectable appearance?" asks a citizen at our elbow. He was told to ask an easier one.

— Major Ambrose Bancroft of this city was glad to get word from his son, Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, who was at the Berkshire Hotel in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire, but escaped from both uninjured.

— A letter from Gilroy, California, 80 miles south of San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, written on April 19, conveyed the gratifying news that all the people there were safe, but no trains were running nor dispatches received from 'Frisco, so excitement, anxiety and fear prevailed.

— The first straw hat of the season was seen last Saturday on the head of Mr. Granville Garland, the antique collector, for which feat he should have full credit. To don the first straw hat of the season is deemed an achievement of note, almost as much so as catching the first salmon in the Penobscot River.

— During the last fiscal year Trinity church of this city collected and disbursed the sum of $8,750, which was a larger amount, comparatively, than was collected and paid out by any other church in the diocese. Rector Beekman, his Wardens, Deacons and women are energetic religious workers.

— The Ladies Charitable Society and Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will hold its regular business and sewing meeting on Thursday afternoon, May 3, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Prescott Keyes of Concord will speak on Alliance work. Tea will be served at five o'clock. All are cordially invited.

— Qualey Court, No. 32, M. C. O. F., celebrated the 25th anniversary of their organization in Knights of Columbus Hall on Wednesday evening, April 25. A banquet was served at 8 o'clock, and dancing followed from 10 to 2, music for it having been furnished by Calnan's Orchestra. The affair was a pleasant one.

— Mrs. Parker Eaton does not pretend to carry on a regular bakery, but the cookies and doughnuts she makes for sale are in brisk demand by lovers of those delicacies. She and her salesman, Mr. Eaton, have their hands full to supply the public with the best doughnuts and cookies that are turned out in the city.

— "The Kindergarten Review," published by Milton Bradley Co., has been placed on the table in the Public Library. This is a monthly magazine, giving systematic and intelligent methods on the development of the mind, and will be found most helpful and suggestive to the mother, kindergartner and primary teacher.

— The South End Social Club, a comparatively youthful society composed of worthy young men residing in the south part of the city, at a special meeting held last Sunday, appropriated $25 from their treasury to the Woburn California Relief Fund, which, considering the circumstances, was a very generous donation.

— In the Davenport (Iowa) *Times* kindly sent us the other day by our good friend, Warren Teel, we discovered a fine picture of Mrs. Dr. M. T. Pierce, a well known and venerable resident of this city, with an appropriate text accompaniment, which reminds us to remark that one must go away from home to get the news.

— Mr. Simon Blake of Wakefield, N. H., came down here last week to visit his old stamping grounds and, as is always the case, met numerous friends who were glad to shake hands with him. He says the past winter was one of the best and most comfortable that the Granite State has been favored with for a good many years.

— Edgar Williams, formerly a salesman in Alvah Buckman's shoe store, is engaged in the same line of business at San Jose, California, which beautiful city fared badly during the earthquake's visit on the morning of April 18. Mr. Crawford, the confectioner, met him there while on the Pacific Coast lately. It is hoped he came safely out of the disaster.

— C. G. Lund, recently elected Vice President of the Turner Tanning Machinery Co., brings with him to this machinery firm a wide knowledge of practical leather manufacturing. Mr Lund has been a tanner since his boyhood and the past six years has been manager of the Woburn plants of the American Hide and Leather Co.—*Lynn Daily Item.*

— In company with Mr. Frank W. Legg Rev. W. E Vandermark, the recently appointed pastor of the Woburn M. E church, called on us a few days ago, wisely realizing that to know and get on good terms with the local press is a judicious step to take when entering on a new pastorate We must say that we liked the appearance of the new minister, Mr. Vandermark, very much.

— Several teams from this city will enter the hose coupling contest at Wakefield tonight.

— Dr. Wilbur A. Reynolds of Boston, dentist, formerly of this city, sent a liberal donation to the Woburn California Relief Fund a few days ago.

— The School Board have contracted for next season's supply of coal at an advance of 25 cents a ton over last year's figures. A possible (not probable) coal strike induced the committee to pay the extra price.

— The choral service announced for last Sunday evening at Trinity church was postponed until Sunday evening May 6, on account of the Men's Meeting for San Francisco. The combined choirs of St. John's, Cambridge, and Trinity, Woburn, sixty voices, will sing under the direction of Mr. Walter N Kilburn of St. John's.

— The Episcopal Diocese convention is to be held in Trinity church, Boston, beginning next Wednesday, May 2. The delegates to it from Trinity church, this city, are Rev. Frederick W Beekman, Rector, clerical; Charles H. Sweetser, John C. Andrews, Charles A Dearborn, lay.

— The marriage of Mr. John O'Donnell and Miss Delia McLaughlin, one of the leading ladies of the South End Dramatic Club, will take place next Sunday. Mr. O'Donnell is a son of the late John O'Donnell, once prominent in local societies. He is employed in the United Shoe Machine Co.'s factory of Beverly.

— Thermometers looked sick and discouraged at 6 o'clock yesterday morning when it was found that the best they could do was to raise themselves up to only 32 degrees in the shade, while on Wednesday morning they reached 44 with ease and grace. A hard frost had come in the night, and peas felt sorry that they had been planted a fortnight before.

— For a few days after the great San Francisco calamity anxiety was felt for the safety of Mr. and Mrs Hubbard Copeland who were supposed to be at a hotel in that city when the earthquake came. Mr. Leon Dorr, however, received word later in the week that they were safe at Los Angeles, which proved good news for their numerous friends here.

— The names of Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner were omitted from the list of delegates from First church to the Woburn Conference published in the JOURNAL last week because they were received too late to appear in it. They were appointed at a meeting held later than that at which Mrs. Prior and Mr. Brooks were selected to represent the church at the Conference.

— Last Monday evening Mayor Linscott received a letter from Santa Rosa, California, dated April 19, in which it was stated that John Murphy was killed in the earthquake there on April 18. Murphy was born and lived in Woburn, but went to California several years ago. The writer thought the deceased has a sister in Malden. He was a tanner, and 42 years old.

— The Clarence Pierce Patent Leather Co. are doing a fine stroke of business at their big factory on High and Prospect street. They employ 20 skilled hands and have all the work that can possibly be attended to. A firstclass article of patent leather is turned out at the factory, for which the demand is sharp and growing stronger continually. It is worth ones while to go through the Pierce establishment and see how patent leather is made.

— Miss Mary Grimes, daughter of the Editor of the *News*, after a delightful visit at the old Grimes homestead in Princeton, came home early this week and brought with her a whole armful of sweet Mayflowers, gathered on the side of Mt. Wachusett, some of which fell into the thankful possession of the author of this note. They were fine specimens of that beautiful and fragrant flower, and Miss Grimes has the honor of bringing here the earliest of the season.

— According to reports, Mr. Thos. Moore, merchant, and Mr. John C. Buck, City Treasurer; ought to circulate among and get acquainted with their fellowcitizens. When soliciting for the California Relief Fund last Friday they called at a business place and were refused a donation from the proprietor because, not knowing them, he thought they were playing a bunco game, and meant to swindle him out of a dollar! Why, not to know Moore and Buck argues oneself unknown.

— Hunt, the Press Agent and general utility man of the Edison Electric Co. and numerous other Trusts, is a brick. This assertion isn't disputed by anybody in this quarter of the Western hemisphere. He is a newspaper man—not a "journalist"—and can't help being a brick, especially, as he was born and bred in Beverly, which is a great town to be born and bred in. Then as a newspaper man Hunt is deeply imbued with the esprit de corps, which is another good thing, and makes the title of brick more binding.

— A fine audience assembled in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening to enjoy Miss Helen Sylvester's fourth annual concert, and they were well paid for their attending it. It was a good entertainment, of which Helen Sylvester, the unrivalled, was the star performer, assisted by Mary McGrath, fancy dancing; Ethel Wright, cornetist; Baby Helena, songs and dances; Gladys Gilbert, toe dancing; William T. Connolly, xylophone soloist. These were bright ones, too, young Connolly doing his part in excellent style. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music, dancing and reading, and measured 14 numbers.

— Fully realizing the inevitable, that is, the decay of Woburn as a leather making place, Mr. Charles G. Lund, late Superintendent of the American Hide and Leather Trust's interests here, did wisely to transfer his business to the Turner Tanning Machinery Co. of Peabody, of which he has been chosen Vice-President, and to which he is devoting his time and talents Peabody is destined to become a great leather manufacturing centre, at the expense of Woburn and other leather towns in this part of the State. A good deal of capital has lately been invested there, with more in sight, while but little is doing at the factories here.

HATHAWAY'S

Log Cabin Malted Bread

is so rich and good that we couldn't make it better if we wanted to. Pure malt and rich milk make this bread very rich in food value.

Say Log Cabin when you want the best.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Massachusetts Relief Fund for San Francisco

Headquarters of the Massachusetts Relief Association for California have been opened at

161 Devonshire St, Boston   Telephones: Main 1160 and 1161

Contributions of money should be sent direct to

Messrs. KIDDER, PEABODY & COMPANY, General Treasurers.

All non-perishable supplies and clothing will be received at the Fitchburg Freight Division, B. & M. R.R., Warren Bridge, Charlestown, or at the B. & A. R. R. Freight House No. 2, Door No. 5, on Albany Street. Information cheerfully given in regard to contributions of money, food, clothing, etc.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

His Excellency Curtis Guild, Jr.
Lieut.-Governor Eben S. Draper, *Chairman*
Mayor John F. Fitzgerald
Robert Winsor
James J. Storrow
Gen. Frederic B. Carpenter
Wm. D. Sohier
James J. Phelan
Frank G. Webster
Edward F. McSweeney, *Secretary*

— The City Council held a meeting last Monday night at which a large amount of routine business was transacted The order appropriating $500 to fight the moth with was adopted Several licenses were granted. An unfavorable report was made by the committee for building Hart street A communication was received from Mayor Linscott recommending an investigation of the question of street lighting. The city at present is paying $11,000 a year to the Edison Co for this service, and before making another contract the Mayor thinks the matter should be looked into, and advised the appointment of a committee to do so, and also canvas the matter of municipal ownership of a lighting plant. President Blodgett appointed Ald Connolly, Buchanan and C. H. Jaquith. This is a good move.

— Water Commissioner Elisha F. Hayward and wife reached their home in this city last Sunday after an absence of about 7 weeks spent in the West Indies and Mexico, a tour and visit which they enjoyed. They sailed from New York about March 1 and after 4 days reached Havana, Cuba Remaining a short time there they continued their itinerary to Vera Cruz Mexico, where, and in places around there, near and remote, the major part of their pleasure trip was passed. Visiting scenes new to the observer is always interesting; indeed, a large share of the gratification derived from travel is due to novelty, to seeing things new to the traveler, and our friends, the Haywards, were not indifferent to the charm of newness as they went along. Hence their sojourn in Mexico was a source of pleasure to them. The days went agreeably by for our tourists in that Southern country, and might have been somewhat increased in number but for the typhus fever epidemic that prevailed there. Both brought back souvenirs of country visited, curios, etc. They returned in good health. One of the pleasant acquaintances the Haywards made in the City of Mexico was that of Mr. Fred Guernsey, Editor of the *Mexican Herald*, from whom they gratefully received many kind favors and courtesies. Mr. Guernsey is a New Englander, several years a member of the Boston *Herald* Editorial Staff, and a genuine Yankee, with a Yankee heart located in the right spot. He established the *Mexican Herald* some 25 years ago, and has made a success of it.

Commissioning Service.

Miss Mary C. Fowle, a member of the First church, is under appointment of the American Board and is to sail soon for Constantinople and her field in the interior of Turkey. Next Sunday evening A Commissioning Service will be held at the Congregational church, Prof. Edward C. Moore of Harvard University will preach the sermon and, as Chairman of the Prudential Committee of the Board, will present the commission to Miss Fowle. Miss Lamson of the Woman's Board will also be present and give a brief address. Rev. Dr. Farnsworth, the grandfather of Miss Fowle, will offer the prayer of consecration. Dr. March will extend greeting.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Local News.

— The Celtic Association generously contributed $50 to the California Relief Fund.

— The E. Prior real estate agency has sold for Mrs. A. E. Cummings to John H. Sweetser the house and lot of land No 15 Cleveland avenue. Mr. Sweetser buys for occupancy.

— Mrs. John E. Tidd's division of the Woman's Social Guild of Trinity Parish will give a "Salad Supper" at the Parish House on Wednesday, May 2, at 6.30 p. m., followed by dancing or whist. Trinity orchestra will furnish music. Tickets 25 cents. The public are invited.

— Clan MacKinnon's concert last Wednesday evening attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Lyceum Hall was well filled. The concert was a fine one and very much enjoyed. Miss Jennie Trecartin gave four sweet old Scotch songs, which were warmly applauded. It was an excellent program, and splendidly rendered.

— Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bancroft returned from their Golden Wedding trip to New Jersey yesterday after a delightful visit with their daughter, grandchildren, and greatgrandchildren, some of whom they had never seen before. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were married on April 25, 1856; have lived a happy and prosperous life; which, we hope, may be prolonged many years.

— We received yesterday a copy of the Santa Cruz (Calf.) *Sentinal* of April 19, next day after the great earthquake, which published stories of the damage done by it in that city as far as ascertained. The city, which is by the seashore not far west of San Jose, got a hard blow from the quake, especially in its business quarter. Mrs. C. W. Waldron, wife of the publisher of the *Sentinal*, and daughter of Mr. Alexander Murdock, the tailor, of Woburn, lost about $150 in broken plateglass, statuary, etc. Mr. Waldron's paper gave a good account of the damage done in neighboring towns and cities.

A Card.

To our neighbors and friends for their kindly deeds and remembrances in our sad hour we extend our heartfelt thanks.

MR. AND MRS. WALTER A. HANSON.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Divine Values."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Prof. Edw. C. Moore of Harvard will preach. Commissioning Service for Miss Fowle who goes to Turkey as a missionary.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, April 25, by Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., William Henry Damon and Addie Gertrude Heald, both of Woburn.

In this city, April 25, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Thomas J. McColigan of Woburn and Katherine A. Cox of Winchester.

In Stoneham, April 22, by Rev. Wm. J. Millerick, Charles Joseph Meehan of Woburn and Margaret McGovern of Stoneham.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 16, David Hammond, aged 72 years.

In this city, April 24, Tom Moore Leen, aged 3 years, 10 months, 9 days.

In Burlington, April 17, Abel W. Harrington, aged 91 years, 6 months, 25 days.

DON'T WORRY

You get the girl
We furnish the rest.
Four rooms furnished
Complete $88.00

	REGULAR PRICE
1 Iron Bed	$3.00
1 Spring	2.50
1 Mattress	3.75
1 pair Blankets	2.00
1 pair Pillows	2.00
1 Oak Bureau	10.00
1 Oak Commode	4.50
1 Oak Table	1.50
1 Oak Chair	1.00
1 Oak Rocker	2.00
20 yards Matting	4.00
1 Sofa	12.00
1 Rocker	6.00
1 Arm Chair	5.00
1 Parlor Chair	4.00
1 Ladies' Chair	3.00
1 Mahogany Table	2.50
1 Rug Carpet	15.00
2 pr. Lace Curtains	4.00
1 Oak Dining Table	6.75
4 Oak Dining Chairs	5.00
1 Art Square	7.50
1 Range and Pipe	14.50
1 Kitchen Table	2.50
2 Kitchen Chairs	1.00
16 yards Oilcloth	4.00
6 Shades	2.40
	$131.40

SMILE AND DO IT NOW.

The Plimpton-Hervey Co.
21-25 Washington Street,
Near Haymarket Square.

CANNED GOODS

Standard Goods at Right Prices.

Corn, good quality,	8 cents
" Honey Drop,	13 "
Peas, Marrowfat,	8 "
" "	10 "
" Larson's,	13 "
" " Sifted,	17 "
String Beans,	9 "
" " Wax,	10 "
" " Best,	12 "
Shelled Beans,	12 "
Beets, small,	15 "
" sliced,	10 "
Sweet Potatoes,	10 "
Peaches, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" New York,	15 "
" Maryland,	13 "
Strawberries, Victor, 2 lb	15 "
" " 1 lb.	10 "
" Oneida,	25 "
Raspberries,	12 "
Apricots, Flickinger's,	30 "
" Nestor,	20 "
" California,	15 "

Boston Branc
Tea and Grocery Ho
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.

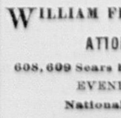
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

ONLY VELOX
USED IN OUR
Printing Dept.
See window display card
1906 KODAKS
BLUE PRINT POST CARDS
LEATHER POST CARDS

Whitcher's **PILL BOX**
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Buckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Patrick Charles Buckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Willard A. Dow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to the be last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan A. Dow, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundredand six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Farrey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Bridget Farrey, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lizzie A. Jaquith, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by George W. Buss, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of May, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Alexander White, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Maundav J. White the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered, of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Dennef otherwise known as Allice Denef, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ann J. Hoban, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Addie F. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. Locke of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary J. Wyman, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn, of Burlington, in said County, dated March 23, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2261, Page 429, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises

On TUESDAY, May 15, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely: Southwesterly by Winn street, about ninety-two (92) feet; northwesterly by land of Timothy Calnan, about one hundred and thirty-one (131) feet; northeasterly by land of Hattie E. Dodge, and by land of James O'Connor, about eighty (80) feet; southeasterly by land of George W. Duren, about one hundred and forty (140) feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles, and to other municipal liens, if any. Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of the sale.

JOHN WINN, Mortgagee.
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, April 17, 1906.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella M. Atwood, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALFRED S. HALL, Adm.
31 Milk street, Boston.

April 7, 1906.

"I Wish To Thank You

for showing me THELMA," said a lady in our store the other day. "It is the most delightful odor I have ever used, and it is so permanent." We must confess that a good many people are saying that nowadays, and we're glad, although we knew that would be the result when once they got to using THELMA. May we show it to you, too?

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

To Let.

A STORE:

Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:

Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

WOBURN
Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining t gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,

314 Main St., · Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

SUPERIOR MALT,

Pure rich milk and the finest flour gives to CREAMALT its superior food value.
Try it to-day and you'll insist on it tomorrow.
CREAMALT is for sale by grocers everywhere.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
CHARLESTOWN

Fourth Annual May Party
— IN AID OF THE —
Floating Hospital
SPECIAL FEATURES:

Solo Dance, HELEN SYLVESTER.
Songs, Recitations, Solo Dances, and a Farce by children from the Dorothy Dix Hall Association.
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN, MASS.
Friday Evening, May 4, 1906 at 8 o'clock
Tickets 35 and 50 Cents

1906 SPRING STYLES
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, 9 15, 10 15, 11 15 A M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

CONCERT!

GIVEN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
AND MANDOLIN PUPILS
FOR BENEFIT OF
First Baptist Church, Woburn
— ASSISTED BY —
Mrs C. G. Robbins, Soprano
Miss Maude H. Littlefield, Violin
Mr. Louis Schalk, Baritone
Mr. La Rue Vredenburgh, Reader
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN
Monday Evening, May 14, 1906
At 8 o'clock
☞ All Seats Reserved.
Tickets 35 & 50 Cts
For sale at A. W. Whitcher's on and after Monday, April 30

TRY
GOWING'S
HOME-MADE
SAUSAGES
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

Woburn Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club April 20, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Carrie M. DeLoriea; First Vice-President, Mrs. Clara N. Kelley; Second Vice President, Mrs. Sybil S. Trull; Rec. Clerk, Mrs. Ada C. Kendall; Fed Clerk, Mrs. L. E. Foss; Cor. Clerk, Mrs. Mary A. Leeds; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Heartz; Auditor, Mrs. Maria R. Bickford; Directors 4 years, Mrs. Martha Van Tassell, Mrs. Jennie E. Leighton.

The entertainment was given by Miss Alice J. Whitcomb and Miss Helen B. Cook.

The next meeting of the Club will be October 19, 1906.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

The Club have enjoyed more than an average prosperous year ending with the above election, and are still making progress in desirable ways. In membership and financially the Club is better off than at the close of the official year 1904-5, and the prospect for a still more satisfactory showing at the end of the present one is bright. Efficient and faithful officers have the management, with the aid of competent committees, of the Club's affairs.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. Price only 50c.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The return of Howell Hansel to the Castle Square stock company this week has been the occasion of a series of ovations at each and every performance of "Soldiers of Fortune." Mr. Hansel is proving again his great ability, and his return for the rest of the season is proving the wisdom of the Castle Square Management in recalling him to the position he so ably filled through the whole of last season. For next week, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is announced. Following Anthony Hope's play, two novelties will be offered at the Castle Square—"The Light that Failed," Rudyard Kipling's romantic story in which the English actor, Forbes Robertson has successfully starred, and "The Admirable Crichton," J. M. Barrie's sparkling comedy made familiar by William Gillette. After that, "Jim the Penman," an old and always welcome favorite, will be revived for a single week.

A Lucky Postmistress

is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., druggists. Price 25c.

Their Eighth Annual.

Next Monday evening, April 30, the South End Social Club will hold their eighth annual minstrel show and dance in Lyceum Hall, under the management of Rupp and Foley. One of the largest crowds that ever attended a minstrel show in this city is expected. Every show given by this Club has been a grand success and this one will, in all probability, equal, if not exceed, any of them. There will be seventy, or more, young men and girls in the opening chorus which will include eight different songs composed and arranged by Miss Katie McGann, pianist, end songs by William Rupp, Joseph Kenney, John Mahoney, and Charles Hunnewell, solos by Miss Mollie Garvey, John Bradley and Thomas Kearns. John Garvey Jr. will be interlocutor. Calnan's Orchestra will furnish the music. It was thought at first that the burning of the Auditorium would lessen the attendance some, but from the heavy sale of tickets the prospects look much better. After the show dancing will be enjoyed until two o'clock.

Devil's Island Torture

is no worse than the terrible case of Piles that afflicted me 10 years. Then I was advised to apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and less than a box permanently cured me, writes L. S. Napier, of Rugles, Ky. Heals all wounds, Burns and Sores like magic. 25c. at Robbins Drug Co., druggists.

BOSTON LETTER.

Statistics Bureau Shows That State Is Booming.

GREAT GROWTH OF INDUSTRIES.

It will puzzle even the most ingenious spellbinder to find anything discouraging in the statistics issued this week by the Massachusetts bureau of statistics.

Calamity is evidently not for us. The old Bay State is still on top and flourishing, and it is extremely significant that the city which shows the greatest increase in manufacturing is almost exclusively a shoe city. Democratic orators have been very fond of picturing the decadence of Massachusetts along manufacturing and industrial lines in the face of statistics giving the most conclusive testimony to opposite conditions. It has been a fertile topic for these campaign speakers every year for several years, during a period of two or three months preceding state elections.

The census figures made public this week, which compare the year 1905 with 1895 for the state at large, and with 1900 for some individual cities and groups of cities, show the enormous increase in the amount invested in manufacturing in this state of $184,000,000 or nearly 24 percent. The total capital invested in 1905 was $965,948,887; there is an increase of $37,000,000 in the amount of wages paid working men, or a growth of 19 percent; the increase in the value of stock used is $127,000,000, or nearly 26 percent, and the increase in the value of goods made is $216,465,612, or nearly 24 percent.

Brockton Expanding Rapidly

The city which shows the greatest growth during the last five years in the value of factory product is Brockton, where shoe manufacturing is the principal industry. From an output valued at $24,855,362 in 1900, the output leaped in 1905 to $37,790,982, a total growth of $12,935,620, or over 52 percent in five years. For an industry which has been pictured as rapidly decaying, the shoe business in Brockton seems to be growing with extreme rapidity.

Cambridge comes next in order of growth with an output greater by $13,000,000 than that produced in 1900, or a gain of nearly 46 percent. Springfield follows close to the University City with an output increased by over $7,000,000, or over 42 percent. Another shoe city, namely, Lynn, shows an increase in output of over $15,000,000, or almost 40 percent. Holyoke shows an increase in output of nearly $7,000,000, or a growth of over 27 percent.

Of the cotton mill cities New Bedford leads in growth of output, which is over $6,000,000 larger than in 1900, or practically 26 percent. Fall River shows the smallest gain in the cotton manufacturing cities with an increase of a little over $4,000,000 in output, or somewhat in excess of 11 percent.

Twelve cities are grouped under the head of the "twelve principal municipalities," as follows: Boston, Brockton, Cambridge, Fall River, Holyoke, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, New Bedford, Somerville, Springfield, Worcester.

In 1900 the value of the output of manufacturing plants in these cities was $510,000,000, and in 1905 it was $619,000,000, an increase of $109,000,000, or 21 percent.

Boston shows the largest gain in amount, the increase in the value of its output being $21,586,640, or a little over 13 percent.

Twelve Cities Increase Fifty Percent

If we go back for a period of 10 years, to the national census, and compare 1905 with 1895, the gain in the value of the output of these 12 cities is $238,423,350, or almost 50 percent.

It is extremely doubtful if any other section of the country could show any greater growth than these figures indicate. This handsome increase has been secured under Republican administrations, both in the state and nation. It has only been under Democratic administrations that the country has not prospered and grown, industrially, commercially and financially.

There are other indications than these that Massachusetts is not only not retrograding, when compared with other commonwealths, but that it is in many lines expanding very rapidly. In the city of Lawrence the American Woolen company is erecting the largest woolen mill in the world. This factory will employ, when completed, 5000 highly skilled operatives, and its output will be something enormous. In the city of Waltham the American Watch company has bought land and is to build a plant which will be very nearly equal to the size of its present factory and employ about 3000 persons.

These are but isolated instances of a steady, healthy growth in the line of Massachusetts' already great industrial and manufacturing interests.

Massachusetts people are taking great interest in the progress of the shipping bill under consideration by the national congress. There was a time when Massachusetts was supreme in the shipping business of this country, but it is not so at the present day. Both the senators and all the Republican members of congress from Massachusetts and, in fact, from New England, are fighting vigorously for the passage of this measure, believing that it will have great influence in once more making the New England seaboard dominant in the shipping trade. In fact, one of the arguments used against the bill in Washington is that it will "benefit New England."

The Redistricting Problem Here

The committee on redistricting the state into councillor and senatorial districts is devoting a great deal of time to the problem before it. Since the last redistricting, 10 years ago, there have been many changes in population in various sections of the commonwealth, and it is quite likely that there will be few districts, if any, which will retain their old boundary lines.

This is one of the most difficult problems which a legislative committee has to meet. There is no senatorial district in the state which does not possess some member of the house whose eyes are not set upon the senatorial nomination some time in the future. Most of these legislators, with an eye to the future, would like to have a district carved out which would be easy for the individual candidate to control in the nominating convention. In some districts there are several who would be willing to become a member of the upper branch. Where this is the case the committee necessarily finds difficulty in suiting everybody. It is a practical impossibility, and the only thing the committee can do is to follow out the best plan at hand and please as many of those in the district who are interested in its composition as possible. The committee, as made up, is a good one, and will no doubt do its utmost to construct fair districts.

Base Ball.

When will the new playground be finished?

Nothing has been heard from the South Border team.

The Winn A. A. are making a good start this season, winning every game thus far.

The St. Charles team were defeated by the John P. Squires team at Somerville last Saturday.

The North Woburn's will open their season tomorrow at the Park with a strong team from Saugus.

The St. Charles were defeated by the John P. Squire's team last Saturday. One week from tomorrow the South Ends and the St. Charles are scheduled to meet at the Park.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for Weak Lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Robbins Drug Co., Druggists. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

WINCHESTER

No more Ladies Nights by the Calumet Club this season.

Local news is as scarce as hens' teeth in this village.

Our esteemed and Hon. Sam McCall, M. C., is still "agin" President Roosevelt.

Bridge whist still holds its own in this town, with the usual comcomitants of tea and prizes.

The delegates from Epiphany church to the Diocese convention, to be held on May 2, are C. W. Bradstreet, Eben B. Page, and Hales W. Suter.

Mrs. Deborah D. Marble, mother of Lawyer Samuel J. Elder, died here last week at the ripe age of more than 85 years. She was a native of Camden, Maine, and an estimable lady.

A strong baseball team has been organized by the patent leather workers at the Haley factory. They stand ready to meet and play teams from other patent leather establishments. Come on, Woburn!

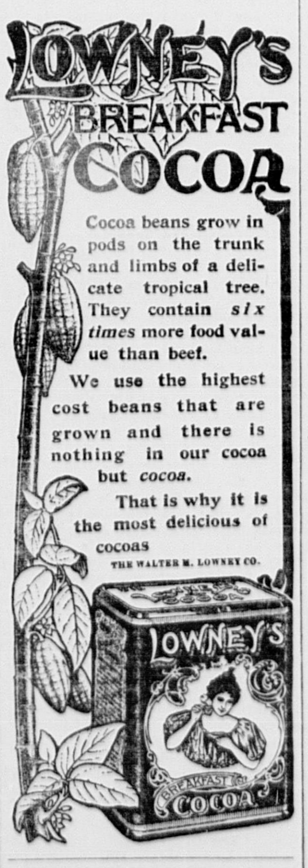
The Parker & Lane Coal Co. made a hit when they refused to be dictated to respecting the price of coal by the Boston gougers and to raise the price of fuel. Yes, sir! Their trade has increased big since then, and they have gained many permanent customers. They have just had shipped to them 800 tons of coal for the Winchester market.

The Directors of the Winchester Boat Club have appointed the following committees: D. N. Skillings, Robert Coit and H. Wadsworth Hight finance; Edward R. Wait, Lawrence G. Geddes and William J. Ladd house; Hermann Dudley Murphy, Charles E. Barrett and three others to be selected, membership; William J. Ladd, Fleet Captain, Chairman of the Regatta Committee and to select the other members; D. H. J. Olmsted, Ralph O. Durrell and Horace J. Martin, entertainment.

When it comes to opening pocketbooks to meet the demands of great disasters like that of San Francisco Winchester is on deck. On such occasions our people's hearts are found to beat regular, in the right spot, and her moneybags wide open. At the Sunday night meeting called to raise money for the suffering people of San Francisco Winchester chipped in the handsome sum of $2019 90, beating your city about $300, and Arlington $1000. I call that doing the handsome thing, and we wouldn't mind doubling this amount, if necessary. It was a splendid meeting, and there was no holding back of donations.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Store, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.



Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa*.

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

That BOY in GEORGIA

WILLIAM MALLORY is eight years old and lives in a Georgia town of less than 15,000 people. Within eight months this eight year old boy made enough money

IN SELLING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

to buy himself a house and lot which bring him in nearly $100.00 a year rent.

Think about this you boys of 12 and 15 who complain that you don't have enough spending money! You boys who can "do things," who want to make money, who want to learn how to do business!

We Want You We will pay you handsomely and at the same time help you to become good salesmen—good business men. Some of our boys make $15.00 a week. Think of what you could do with $15.00 a week! It wouldn't take you long to get that camera, or bicycle, or horse, or even a house and lot. We give the first supply of POSTS free—so that it costs you nothing to start. ¶ There are many prizes besides the regular commissions—camping parties, tours, college courses—and cash prizes. If you are one of the boys who mean to succeed in life we want you to write us.

The Curtis Publishing Company [illegible] Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
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-INSURANCE-

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Telephone 131-2	Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Camphorine - - - -

A Camphor, Lavender and Cedar Compound, an effectual and economical substitute for Camphor, Carbolic Acid, Tar Paper, and other Protectors against Moths, Mildew and Insects. Prevents and destroys Buffalo Bugs.

One Pound Package 15c.
MOTH BALLS 5 Cents. lb.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

When You Have Company

You want your table to look its prettiest. Snowy linen, a few flowers and some of our silverware and cut glass will give your guests many pleasant thoughts of their visit.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Orange Ice Cream Cut and wrapped; packed six pieces in a carton ready to serve.

CRAWFORD'S
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TELEPHONE 48-3.

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C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BY THE "MONKEY" DRILL

By Michael James

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"But there isn't room for all seven of us in the wagon box," said Clement when Rex Burgess had invited the party to "pile in."

"Oh, Gormley can ride on the front seat with the driver," Burgess had replied lightly enough, though Gormley felt the undercurrent of malice in his voice, "up near the horses. These gallant cavalrymen like to be about horses, you know."

A January thaw had left the clay roads liquid, but a hard freeze following had reduced them to smooth iron, and the rumble of the wagon on the hard surface echoed far through the breathless, glittering cold of the moonlight.

It was the night of the Grangers' party at Merrifield town hall, five miles from Slocum, and a week before Burgess had invited a half dozen young people of Slocum to attend, riding over in his sleigh. The thaw had necessitated the change from sleigh to wagon.

"I wish I hadn't come, I wish I hadn't come," beat incessantly in Gormley's brain to the steady clop-clop of the horses' feet. "I had no business to do it. Burgess is a boor. He never forgets his money nor remembers his manners. What got into me, I wonder?" and much more of the same sort of self deception, for Gormley knew perfectly why he was braving the nipping cold and Burgess' thrusts. Nothing but sudden death could have kept him away. Sylvia Gerrish was there. But the joy of being near her was dashed by the thought that Burgess was nearer still—beside her, in fact. To secure that coveted place their host had boldly ordered his rival to the front seat.

Any man with red blood in his veins could scarcely blame Burgess for his maneuvering. The girl was a bewitching little figure, muffled in furs, a coquettish red tam-o'-shanter setting off her piquant face and mischievous eyes. Burgess had never seen her look prettier, and he glowed with satisfaction at his neat disposal, for the drive at least, of his rival.

Meanwhile the sweet tempered Gormley, by nature almost too submissive, was near to being roused. He was lashing himself in bitterness of spirit. It had always been so. Fate had made him the football of Rex Burgess, even in schooldays. Burgess was big and brave and handsome, while he was slight and pale faced. The boys had nicknamed Gormley "Molly" because he had once fainted at the sight of blood. Burgess' father was the wealthiest man in Slocum, and every cent of the money would one day belong to Rex, for he was the only child.

Regardless of the merry chatter and the snatches of song from the others, Gormley plunged deeper into his melancholy reflections. He, puny clerk in a dry goods store, to aspire to Sylvia Gerrish's love against one so favored of gods and men as Burgess!

His cheeks burned, too, when he thought of the other's contemptuous reference to "cavalrymen." Frankly, he admitted, it was ridiculous that he, "Molly" Gormley, should have martial aspirations. Yet when the state military board had offered Slocum the equipment for a troop of cavalry for the national guard Gormley had been unanimously chosen captain. And he was the man for the place. He could ride. It had always been the sport in which he excelled. He knew the "monkey" drill of the United States cavalry as he knew the alphabet.

They talk of Cossacks and Bedouin Arabs and Indians and the way these savages handle a horse, but the man who follows the yellow guidon is a little the best horseman of them all. And Captain "Molly" Gormley, Troop A, First cavalry, state troops, rode like a regular whether in the saddle, barebacked over the hurdles or standing, each foot planted firmly on the back of a galloping horse. Besides the first qualification of a cavalryman he had the other requisite for an officer, the gift of command, and even West Point can't touch that. So despite the fact that his body quailed at the sight of blood Gormley's spirit sang with the notes of the bugle when Troop A, two long straight lines of men and horses moving beautifully in unison, passed in review at camp.

The thought of his creation—he had made Troop A the pride of the national guard in the two years it had been organized—gradually lightened the gloom which had overspread Gormley's spirits. He reflected with considerable comfort that Burgess could not ride well. The big fellow did not understand horses and feared them. The bully in him crept out, too, on horseback. He thought it merely discipline to jerk the head of his mount cruelly and without reason. Burgess was not a member of Troop A. Maybe this fling at "cavalrymen" had been due to envy.

Even the possibility that Burgess envied him was balm to Gormley's sore heart. And if he could only plan it so as to sit by Sylvia on the homeward journey now his cup of joy would be full. It was a mighty bound from the depths of despair almost to the pinnacle of bliss in one short half hour, but Gormley was young, and youth has hope for a heritage.

Insensibly the young man was attracted by the beauty of the night. The burnished moon glistened on millions of tiny floating frost crystals until they sparkled like diamond dust. To the westward the black roadway unrolled before them like a velvet ribbon. Beaver creek crossed beneath it a hundred yards away. From the lowland bordering the creek the road had been graded to a height of fifty feet, and the embankment was narrow, steep and dangerous. A railing on each side hedged in the roadway.

Tonight nothing was visible below that railing. A mist, white and soft as cotton wool, rose from the swampy low ground and rolled in noiseless billows to the height of the road. The advance of the clattering wagon and its occupants into this heaving white silence seemed almost uncanny. It was as a sea which might rise and engulf them.

The others were similarly impressed, it would seem, for the talk was somewhat quieter. The team after three miles of brisk movement was getting warmed up and danced spiritedly. The driver took a fresh grip of the reins, for careful work was needed, especially at night, in crossing Beaver creek flats. He pulled strongly to bring the horses to a walk, then lunged backward suddenly. The right rein had broken near his hand.

What followed for the first paralyzed moment was like a scene from a horrid dream to Gormley. There was a confusion of shouts and shrieks from the wagon box behind. The horses were crowded to the left of the road by the pull of the one sound rein, to which the driver still clung stupidly. They plunged into the railing; it cracked, then gave way beneath their weight. The nigh horse was partially off the road, scrambling desperately with its hind foot on the treacherous side of the embankment. And still the relentless rein, dragging at the frenzied animals' bits, impelled them over the edge of the road.

In a flash Gormley saw the only course that would save them, the girl he loved and the others. There was no time to get down and reach the bits. He might save himself by jumping, but Sylvia, wedged in the box, would be rolling over and over to piteous disfigurement or death. "Drop it!" he shouted fiercely at the driver, and the latter instinctively loosened his grasp on the line.

Gormley scrambled over the footboard and on to the tongue of the wagon. He threw himself astride the off horse. A well directed lunge with his right hand secured the broken rein, and the same movement wrenched the animal's head sharply to the right. Leaning far out, he seized the other struggling animal by the bits with his left hand and pulled with all his strength. The hoofs of the frantic horse struck fire from the embankment edge. For an instant the whole outfit trembled toward destruction, but the pull to the right never slackened, the nigh horse secured a foothold at last, and the danger was over.

"How did you ever think so quickly?" asked Bob Parker when the excitement had died down a little and the rein was being mended.

"It wasn't thought at all; just instinct," replied Gormley. "You see, the trick of riding one horse bareback and guiding another is part of the cavalry 'monkey' drill. I learned it years ago when I was a boy."

Burgess holds Clement in bitter hatred since that night, for it was Clement who insisted on changing seats with Gormley, and that brought Gormley into a place beside Miss Gerrish. The engagement was announced next day, all as a result of the ride home after the dance.

The betrothal kiss, given when the waning moon was smothered by a cloud, was doubly sweet to Gormley, for Burgess was scarce a yard away.

The Art of Mosaic.

The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertine or tiburtine stones connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic or cementing paste is gradually spread as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground or bed upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble and finely powdered travertine stone mixed to the consistence of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the "smalts" of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, colored for the most part with different metallic oxides. Of these no fewer than 1,700 different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome in the form of long, slender rods, like wires of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite sizes, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished and the cement thoroughly dried it is highly polished.—Chambers' Journal.

Had No Terrors.

A young minister settled over a small country parish was instructed by his parishioners to procure a piano for their use. He did so, telling the dealer to charge the bill for rental to the secretary of the parish. When the bill amounted to $25, the society being unable to pay it as well as the salary of the pastor, the music dealer dunned the minister for the money, telling him that he assumed the responsibility. The latter replied that he never assumed the responsibility of another, having all he could do to pay his own bills, whereupon the dealer threatened to sue him.

A short time after our friend received a letter from a New York collection agency, to which as well as several following he paid no attention, until the following short but definite letter came:

> Dear Sir—Unless you remit at once we shall publish you all over the country as a delinquent debtor.

To which he replied:

> Gentlemen—Ever since I entered the ministry I have been struggling for the title of D. D. Go ahead.

Color Schemes In Building.

Strange how little we Americans do with color. We have a red brick house or a yellow brick house with a red tile roof or a green roof, and that's about the gamut we run. Most beautiful effects can be gained by the use of enameled colors even on flat surfaces; dainty patterns can be worked out and brilliant yet harmonious effects gained. Our coloring schemes are tame. We certainly have much to learn in that respect from the Persians of old. They were masters in enamel, and their work was gorgeous, beautiful. With us it is lack of taste; it certainly is not lack of material. There are American makers of tile that produce material equal to that of antiquity, the richest colors and the most easily adapted shapes.—Clay Worker.

Offhand.

"Some grocers," remarked the customer, "have an offhand way of weighing sugar, but I notice you're not one of them."

"Offhand way? How do you mean?" asked the grocer.

"I noticed you kept your hand on the scales just now while you measured out five pounds for me."

Changing Serpents Into Rods.

The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic cousin except in the absence of the curious spectacle-like mark which distinguishes the latter. Although it is the most poisonous reptile known to inhabit northern Africa, it is the favorite among the snake charmers. These conjurers know how to render this serpent rigidly unconscious by pressing the nape of its neck with a finger. This act appears to throw the reptile into catalepsy, in which he is as stiff as an iron rod. Traces of something similar having been practiced in olden times may be found in the Bible, where Aaron made a serpent of his rod or staff.

A Politician's Way.

Somebody suggests that the boy who ran away from home because he didn't get enough pie has the instincts of a great politician. Wrong. The politician would have stayed at home, stolen the pie and made his mother think she had eaten it herself.—Philadelphia North American.

THE MACHINIST.

His Work Ranges From a Needle to a Battleship.

"There is, perhaps, no other trade and very few professions," writes William Haddow in the Technical World Magazine, "that require the high order of intelligence, the study, the application, the real hard headed common sense, the surgeon's delicacy of touch, for instance, in fitting of fine work, that the machinist's trade demands to give the excellent work and the interchangeability of parts found in the modern rifle or sewing machine. The range of his work is from a needle to a battleship; from automatic machinery that 'would talk French had it one more movement' to measuring machines guaranteed not to vary more than the fifty-thousandth part of an inch from the absolute. This precision will perhaps be better appreciated when it is remembered that 150 times this limit of variation is only equal to the diameter of the average human hair. Standard plug and ring gauges, to take a specific example, are so accurately fitted to each other than the expansion due to the warmth of the hand, if the plug be held in it for a few moments, will make it impossible to insert the plug in the ring, while if the ring be expanded in the same way the plug will drop clear through it.

"When the machinist has become skillful enough to fulfill the above requirements he may receive from $2.50 per day up to whatever he can make himself worth and prove it."

OIL PAINTINGS.

With a Little Care They May Easily Be Cleaned.

Many a good picture that has looked dark and dirty for years from having been exposed to the dust can easily be cleaned and freshened in a very simple way. The picture should be taken from its frame and dusted carefully with a soft cloth. Peel a large potato and cut it in half, go over the whole picture with a sponge that has been dipped in tepid water, then with the flat side of the potato rub the surface of the picture with a light circular movement, being careful not to press too heavily on the canvas. The potato will soon begin to loosen the dirt and the colors underneath will begin to show brighter. When all the stains and dirt have been removed the picture should be sponged again in warm water, care being taken to wash off any starch that may have been left from the potato.

In case the picture is badly cracked as little water as possible should be used, as it is apt to ooze under the paint and do some injury.

Many oil paintings are injured by the dampness from the walls on which they are hung. The dampness is apt to cause the canvas to decay, and there are few canvases made to resist its attacks. To prevent this particular form of decay the back of the canvas should be painted when perfectly dry with white lead.

Maria Mitchell and the Beer Man.

Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer, was once directed by her physician to use lager beer as a tonic. On the way to visit her sister, Mrs. Joshua Kendall of Cambridge, Mass., she stopped at a saloon and purchased a bottle of beer and afterward asked her brother-in-law to open it for her. The Mitchell family, according to the Boston Herald, spoke among themselves after the Quaker custom. "Where did thee get it, Maria?" questioned her sister. "At the saloon on the corner," replied Miss Mitchell serenely. "Why, Maria! Doesn't thee know respectable women don't go into such places?" "Oh," said Miss Mitchell, in the manner of one who has done all that could be required, "I told the man he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his traffic."—New York Tribune.

Schoolboy Answers.

Here are some "howlers" of British schoolboys: "Chaucer," we are told, "wrote a middle class English;" "Every German goes to school at an early age, however old he is;" "An axis is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine;" "The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness by praying in synonymes;" "A sower went forth to sow, and as he sowed he fell by the wayside, and thieves sprang up and choked him;" "The larynx is the voice box and shuts when we swallow it."

An Eagle's Bill of Fare.

The voracity of the eagle and similar birds of prey is well known, but the contents of a nest which was recently discovered in the Alps by a Swiss hunter show the following remarkable variety in the daily menu: A hare, twenty-seven chamois' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, eleven heads of fowls, eighteen heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.—London Chronicle.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.—Emmons.

The Unsatisfied Bachelor.

"I have not married so I may have a quiet life," said the bachelor. "Had I married a good wife I would have been afraid to lose her; a bad one, I would have been unhappy. Had I taken a poor girl we would have lived wretchedly; a rich one, and she would have had cause to taunt me with her money. Had she been ugly I could not have loved her; beautiful, and I would have been eternally jealous. Therefore I have not married, and yet life is a nuisance."—New York Press.

The Lion's Share.

It is really not the male lion, with his terrific roar and formidable appearance, that the explorer fears, but his mate. The male lion is a good looking poser, but when it comes to business it is his wife who counts, a la the African native. Game is pulled down by the female lion, and then the male beats her off until he has feasted to repletion, when she may have what is left; hence "the lion's share."

An Eye to Business.

"I thought, Alice, that you were engaged to Harry Smith, and now I hear you are going to marry his father."

"That's right, Maude. The old gentleman said he could support one of us, and I decided to be that one and took the widower."

The Great Day.

Dreamy Youth—Have you noticed that there are days when we seem more in accord with the world—more in unison with nature? Practical Youth—Yes; it is always that way with me on pay day.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON V, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 29.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 1-20. Memory Verse, 20—Golden Text, Luke viii, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Jesus had been in all the cities and villages teaching in their synagogues and preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease. The twelve were with Him, and certain women ministered unto Him. He proclaimed by word and deed that He was the anointed one of God foretold by the prophets, Israel's Messiah, the servant of Jehovah, Jehovah Himself, but they would not receive Him. They accused Him of being in league with the devil and of working by his power and went so far as to hold a council against Him, plotting to destroy Him (Matt. xii, 14). The kingdom, being thus virtually rejected and later very decidedly so when they cried, "We have no king but Caesar," and actually crucified their King, was no longer "at hand" as John and Jesus and the twelve had preached; but, as He afterward taught in Luke xix, 11-15, it will not come till He shall return from the far country. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He the right to become the sons of God (John i, 11, 12), and this He is still doing, gathering out of all nations a people for His name who shall reign with Him when He returns from the far country to set up His kingdom (Acts xv, 14; Rev. v, 9, 10).

The seven parables of Matt. xiii, of which the one in our lesson is the first of the series, tell the story of this whole age during which the kingdom is rejected. This one, the parable of the sower, is the key to all, for when they asked Him for an explanation of this one He said: "Know ye not this parable? How, then, will ye know all parables?" (Verse 13.) He had been teaching from a boat, the people standing on the shore, but when they were alone the disciples asked Him about the teaching, and He replied that it was given to them to know the mystery of the kingdom, but not to outsiders, for they had turned their backs upon Him (verses 11, 12). The Lord is not willing that any should perish. The kingdom is no mystery, but was plainly revealed to Moses and David and by all the prophets that Jerusalem should be the throne of the Lord, Israel a righteous nation, the Messiah their King forever and all the world blessed by Israel. But that the Messiah should come and the kingdom not come; that He should be rejected and return to heaven and after a long period come a second time to restore all things of which the prophets had spoken—this had not been fully revealed. And that an age should intervene with Israel set aside and during that time a people be gathered out of all nations to reign with Him—this had not been revealed (Rom. xi, 25, 26; xvi, 25, 26; Eph. iii, 3-6). The parables of the sower, the tares, the mustard seed and the leaven cover this age and teach us what to expect and what not to expect while the King is absent.

The fullness of detail with which our Lord opens up the parables of the sower and the wheat and tares shows us how much we may expect to find in all His parables. In His exposition of these two He guides us as to the others. There are at least four things set before us in the parable of our lesson—the sower, the seed, the soil and the results. The thing sown is the word—"The seed is the word of God" (Luke viii, 11). It is incorruptible seed, causing the sinner to be born again (I Pet. i, 23). It is that which sanctifies and keeps the believer from sinning against God (John xvii, 17; I John iii, 9; Ps. cxix, 11). It is manna and milk and meat, sweeter than honey, better than gold or silver, the joy and rejoicing of the believer's heart (John vi; Heb. v; Jer. xv; Ps. cxix). It is also a fire and a hammer and a sword (Jer. xxiii, 29; Eph. vi, 17). It is always watched over by the Lord and will invariably accomplish His pleasure (Jer. i, 12, Rev. Ver.; Isa. lv, 11). The hearts of those who hear the word—and the parable seems only to refer to such—are represented by the four kinds of soil. In the hearts of some the seed finds no entrance because of the hard heart and the devil, who will not allow the seed to remain lest it should find an entrance. In others the seed finds a place, but very superficially. In the third class it enters well and springs up, giving good hope of results, but it becomes choked and unfruitful. Only in the fourth class do we see good results and then in varying degree. In the wayside and stony ground hearers there are no saved ones, but the thorny ground hearers may represent those who are saved as by fire, while the others bear fruit and receive reward accordingly. In reference to the last two see I Cor. iii, 14, 15. Knowing that this will be the result of all seed sowing during this age, how restful the sower of the seed should be, for God will take care of His own seed, and if we are only faithful we shall be unto Him a sweet savor of Christ, whether people believe or not. Christ must be so received and followed that no affliction or persecution for His sake will turn one aside. Then, if we would be fruitful, this world with its cares and lusts and riches must be persistently renounced (I John ii, 15-17), and we must aim at the hundredfold fruitage, for He said, "Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." The good ground represents those who receive the word in an honest and good heart, keep it and bring forth fruit with patience (John xv; Luke viii, 15).

Study Yourself.

In order to judge of the inside of others study your own, for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion and another has another yet their operations are much the same, and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others will engage, disgust, please or offend others in you.—Chesterfield.

A Disputed Question.

On one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarreling. When admitted he inquired, "Wha's the head of this house?" The man quietly replied: "Sit yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that the noo."

Habit.

Boss—See here, every time you see a 6 you call it a 2. What's the matter with you—nearsighted? Stenographer—No, sir; it's a matter of habit. I used to clerk in a ladies' shoe store.—Cleveland Leader.

WORK FOR SYLVIA

By Joanna Single

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Sylvia Maine stretched out a gaunt arm and slammed down the window of her little dressmaking shop.

"Looks like spring wanted to git in here, too," she remarked precariously through the mouthful of pins which she was deftly transferring to the folds of the gleaming white satin gown draped on the lovely girl who stood patiently before her. She continued:

"The laycock buds is all bustin' out, and the wind smells good enough to eat, but I can't have it blowin' your hair into my eyes and settin' these folds skewin'. You'd have a conniption fit if your weddin' dress didn't set good, and so would I. It would disgrace me. I've made every weddin' dress in this village for fifteen years, all except Mandy Butler's, which was city made, though I don't just say that had anything to do with her bein' divorced in a year's time." Nelly laughed as she replied:

"I'm not sure that I'd know it if it didn't fit, Sylvy. Is it silly to be so happy? Here Harry and I've been engaged only a year, and our folks all like it, and now his grandfather leaves him all that money, and everything's perfect." She blushed with shy pleasure to the roots of her beautiful blond hair. The withered little spinster dressmaker sighed. Her only love had in anger married another woman and had been unhappy till his early death.

"It's silly not to be as happy as the Lord will let you be, Nelly. I don't let myself git too old to forgit that. You and Harry be as happy as you can and be good. There—ain't that sleeve sweet? I got to git this dress of yours done this week so's I can git at Annie Paine's. Her weddin's in June too. It's the Lord's own month for weddin's, and there had ought to be another besides yours and Annie's in this village." Nelly's resplendent image in the glass made her ask absently:

"What other wedding do you mean?"

"John King's and Alice White's."

Nelly considered the fit of her little girdle before she said carelessly:

"Why, they've been engaged forever. Everybody's used to it. I guess they are themselves, or they'd do something about it. I know Harry would not wait that way for me—he—he cares too much."

Nelly at twenty saw no romance in a ten years' engagement, but Sylvia knew that no woman gets used to being always engaged and never married. She took the last pin from her mouth and explained:

"It's his mother and her father that stand in the way. They are selfish old coots to stand in the way of the children's happiness. Even if Alice's father had any one to look after him I doubt whether Alice, who is the sweetest thing that ever lived, could get along with John's mother. She's a heady old piece if she is smart and handsome, and she likes her own way too well to want a daughter-in-law to have first place in the house John has earned and built with his own hands. His father was no earthly account, and folks do say all Mrs. King married him for was to spite Cornelia Jones, who was dead in love with him and was never married on that account, they say." Sylvia took the soft satin carefully off over the girl's pink shoulders. Nelly's sympathy was aroused. As she dressed she made a laughing proposal.

"Well, something ought to be done, and it's work for you, Sylvy. You're always setting things straight for people. Why don't the old folks get themselves out of the way? Why, they might get married—they might marry each other! You attend to it—you've done harder things—and I'll help you out."

As the girl stepped out into the sunshine Slyvia sank into a chair.

"She beats time!" she muttered. "But it ain't a bad idea. It ain't a half bad idee, and I wonder at myself for not thinkin' of it."

Meantime Nelly sauntered toward the King cottage, where John's mother was at work among the flower beds. The widow was a tall, slim old lady, as neat as wax and still handsome in a warlike sort of way, with very black, snappy eyes, white teeth and thick gray hair. Nelly stopped and leaned over the fence.

"Good morning, Mrs. King." The old lady came along, with her trowel, to smile at the pretty girl. She was extremely fond of any girl who was engaged or not likely to want her son John. Nelly chatted away.

"I've been for the last fitting of my wedding dress. Sylvy's a genius! She's perfectly lovely! When is—John going to be married, Mrs. King?" she inquired innocently. The old lady stiffened, but Nelly continued: "I'm so happy that I want everybody to be! Sylvy says that Cornelia Jones is setting her cap at Alice's father, and I hope she gets him, so Alice can come here with you and John. She would take the work off your hands, and she's so sweet! But I'll be rather sorry for Mr. White. Cornelia is such a desperate old maid and no cook or housekeeper at all, and he's so good looking and well off that he deserves a better woman to take care of things. Well, men are queer, and she certainly must have been awfully pretty once."

Mrs. King snorted.

"She was never a mite pretty, to my mind. She set her cap at John's father when we were girls, but she didn't get him. Oh, must you go?"

Nelly said goodby and went her way, seemingly unconscious of the storm of wrath she awakened in the widow's bosom. John's mother knew he would marry some day in spite of her, and she dreaded the day.

Toward evening Sylvia went to see Alice White, though she knew perfectly well that the girl would be at choir practice. She lingered a moment on the porch, where Alice's father sat smoking. He was a straight, blue eyed old man. Sylvia sat down on the steps to rest.

"I been awful busy," she remarked. "Folks will get married, and that means weddin' dresses. I'm just finishin' Nelly Dean's, and next it will be Annie Paine's. If what I hear is so, perhaps it'll be your Alice's before long." The old man squirmed and asked what she meant. He wanted no son-in-law, though he could not object to John.

"Why, you won't believe it, but that half blind, hobbling old Judson is making up to the Widow King, they say. She's handsome and young lookin' and well heeled, the best cook in town and economical too. She's good tempered, except about John's marryin' Alice, and I kind of hate to see her throw herself away. But Judson's a sly old coot. Anyhow, I hope she marries and leaves John free. He and Alice have waited long enough—it ain't right! Well, I got to be goin'. You tell Alice I was here." She walked off, leaving the old man with a new fear—and with a new idea in his head. That Judson! He and Judson had always conflicted. He grunted and lit his pipe.

Spring passed into early summer, and in June Nelly and Harry and Annie and Richard were married. Alice, sweet and grave and dark eyed, sang at the weddings. Her rich soprano was indispensable. John watched her in love and despair and began to wonder if, after all, prudence and caution were not sometimes vices as well as virtues. Would he never be free to take Alice to his own home? Would she never leave her father to come to him? He went to see her much oftener than had been his habit, and, strange to say, of evenings her father disappeared, no one asked where, and left them to themselves. John and Alice were again almost the boy and girl lovers of ten years ago. They took twilight walks and long drives unmolested and unquestioned and were very happy.

With surprise John began to realize that his mother no longer nagged him about his engagement nor had fits of weeping, during which she declared that he was going to make her a stranger and a dependent in her own house.

Then one evening he took courage and masterfully laid before Alice a plan to brave everybody. Finally she yielded, though she dreaded the explanation that would have to follow.

One soft September evening John, with a license in his pocket, drove to her door and told her father he was going to take her for a drive to Lynnville, ten miles away, and that they would not be back till evening. The old man was used to their driving and said nothing. In fact, he seemed almost anxious to have Alice go.

Late in the evening they returned man and wife. John tied the horse and went in to have it out with Alice's father. But the old man, strangely enough, was not to be found. They waited awhile, and then John left her to go tell his mother.

When he had gone Alice sat, silent, in the big chair on the porch, happy in spite of the probable trouble John's mother would make, happy in the face of her father's certain anger. At any rate, nothing on earth could make her anything but John's wife. So she waited for John and wondered where her father could possibly be. In half an hour she heard John's quick, eager footsteps. He swung in at the gate and almost ran to take her in his arms. He kissed her, and he laughed—actually laughed—like a boy. Then he explained:

"He's at my house—your father. It seems they took advantage of our absence to marry each other, Alice. How's that for sly? They braved me to my face, but they were so afraid that we would be angry that they were positively relieved when I told them what we'd done. They are coming over here tomorrow, dearest, and then our home will be our own."

Then John, being a man, could not just see why Alice could declare that she was perfectly happy and still should weep on his shoulder. But Sylvia was a woman—she would have known the reason.

A Former Russian Statesman.

During the first half of Catherine's reign the leading statesman was Count Panin, almost the only one of the empress' advisers who dared to think for himself. He was the most level headed of her statesmen, and yet we read concerning him that his indolence and sloth were beyond expression. He was voluptuous by temperament and slothful in system, and to the industrious Swedish ambassador, Holker, he once remarked: "My dear baron, it is evident that you are not accustomed to affairs of state if you let them interfere with your dinner." In 1778 the English ambassador, Harris, wrote to the British foreign office, "You will not credit me if I tell you that out of the twenty-four hours Count Panin only gives half an hour to the discharge of his official duties."

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A CURIOUS PROBLEM.

The Trembling Pillar at Reims a Puzzle to Architects.

The famous trembling pillar at Reims presents a curious problem to architects. The Church of St. Nicaise is surrounded with pillars constructed to prevent the walls from straining. At the entrance of the church is a bell tower. On one of the bells in this tower the phenomenon of the trembling pillar depends. When this bell is rung or even touched the top of this pillar sways.

It goes and returns about seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented that it seems like a solid piece of stone.

An authority who states that no satisfactory solution of this peculiarity has been gives writes: "What is very singular is that, although the four bells are about the same distance from the trembling pillar, only one of them has any effect on it. The others may be rung singly or all together without moving it."

In 1775 a little window was made in the roof of the church opposite the pillar. A board was placed on top of the pillar, and on it were put two glasses of water. Then the bell was rung. Immediately the pillar began to sway, and at the fifth stroke of the bell the two glasses were thrown off.

The ringing of this bell has no effect on the pillars between the phenomenal one and the tower nor on any of the others, but formerly it was the first pillar which swayed, then it became immovable, and some years ago the one next to it became the eccentric one.

SPIRITUALISM.

Its Manifestations as Viewed by the World of Science.

Spiritualism is the successor of the mediaeval occultism and of the older magic. Today science, without accepting its manifestations, studies them, and in these troubled waters almost all the facts upon which the new metaphysics is founded have been fished up. Like magnetism, it has drawn the attention of physicians to the phenomena of induced sleep and has given many of the data for the study of hypnosis and suggestion. The mediums, who believe, like the ancient pythonesses, that they are possessed by foreign spirits, have served for the study of the change of personality and telepathy. And it has shown that the prodigies, diabolic and divine, recorded in all early religions were not so fabulous as the critical fancied. At all events science admits that there is a force—call it psychic as Crookes does, neuric with Baretz, vital with Baraduc or the odic force of Reichenbrach—a force which can be measured and described, which leaves its mark on the photographic plate, which emanates from every living being, which acts at a distance, which saves or destroys. Plato knew it. Great wizards like Cardan made use of it. The charlatans like Cagliostro blundered upon it. The scientists have the last word.—Everybody's Magazine.

Rude.

"Well," said Mrs. Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw!"

"What?" inquired her niece.

"Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that young man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."

Athletic Amusement.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays. The wind whistles. The thunder rolls. The snow flies. The waves leap. The fields smile; even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

In Anticipation.

Howell—Rowell is always borrowing trouble. Powell—Yes; he's the kind of fellow who, if he thought he was going to get fat, would go out and walk off the weight before he got it.

The exact distance to either the north or south pole from the equator is 6,000 miles.

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The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1789) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up without extinction for a longer term than seven years there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

An Old Irish Tune.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is an Irish tune, known to have been in existence in 1770. The author of the words is unknown, though claims have been made for several Irish and English poets. For over 100 years it has been the parting tune of the British army and navy and is played whenever a regiment is leaving a town where it has been stationed or a man-of-war is weighing anchor to sail from a port.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington. Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.48, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 5.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mails closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX	LOCATION
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor Elijah and Winn Sts
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible] Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private.
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. [illegible] Crane [illegible] (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools
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AUCTIONEER.

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Office 149 Main St., Woburn.

Mignon's Political Instinct

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

Ruth's retinue of ex-schoolmates were paying her a visit at the executive mansion, the home of her uncle, Stephen Thorn, governor of the state, likewise guardian of Ruth. Sometimes it was difficult for him to determine which of these positions presented the more intricate complications.

He was past his youth, but had not yet approached middle age. The ex-school friends found him awe inspiring and regarded him from a distance with romantic interest.

"That little silvery patch on each temple is so distingue," ardently declared Lucile.

"Makes one think of the leading man in a play when ten years are supposed to elapse between acts," giggled Mignon Gray.

It was a source of delight to the others that even Mignon felt the influence of their host's demeanor and refrained in his presence from indulgence in frivolous conversation.

To Mignon it was a matter for chagrin. She fortified herself continually by impressive reminders that he was of the people, for the people, by the people, even as she, and that a governor was not so much anyway, but the gubernatorial dignity hung round him still, and her forced courage oozed away whenever he addressed her.

One morning the retinue, with the exception of Mignon, trooped away to the golf links. Mignon remained at home to write letters, but when she knew herself to be alone in this big, stately house she suddenly experienced a sensation of her childhood days and was impelled by an irresistible desire "to be naughty." The daring idea of calling upon Ruth's uncle seized her.

"I'd like to see him 'on duty,'" she mused. "I might—yes, I will—go incognito."

There was a chest upstairs containing garments belonging to Ruth's departed kin.

Presently there emerged from the executive mansion a quaint little figure clad in an old fashioned flower sprigged skirt, a lace mantilla, a neat straw bonnet and a lace edged veil.

The capitol was only a short distance from the executive mansion, and Mignon met few persons. The guard who stood in the broad corridor as she entered did not vouchsafe her a second glance as he directed her to the executive office.

Mignon did not follow his directions. Ruth had told her how she gained his private sanctum when she was in a hurry and did not have time for the red tape channels of approach through private secretary and messenger. She slipped into the "governor's parlor" and boldly opened the door from there into his private office.

The governor chanced to be alone, and he turned in surprise to see who was so bold in intrusion.

"Did you wish to see me, madam?" he asked in courtly manner, placing a chair for the visitor.

"You are the governor?" asked a queer, high pitched voice.

"I am," he admitted.

"I came to see if you would give me a position in the capitol. I am the widow of a soldier—and—I pay taxes"—

"A soldier's widow?" asked the governor, with interest. "In what war did your husband serve, civil or Spanish-American?"

There was a moment's hesitation before Mignon decided to locate "her husband" in the civil war.

"What was his company, and in what regiment did he enlist?"

Silence.

"Don't you know the number of his regiment?"

"Oh, yes; thirteen."

"And what state?"

"Pennsylvania."

"And what was the letter of his company?" he asked, beginning to make a memorandum.

"Why—R!" triumphantly.

His pencil poised.

"The companies were only lettered to K for infantry, you know."

"Then probably it was K," she said. "K looks like R, you know."

"Yes, sometimes," he admitted, "but what kind of a position did you wish?"

"Any position!" desperately.

"What experience have you had?"

"I have copied legal papers," remembering a brief she had once copied for her father, who had wrathfully consigned it to the flames with the criticism that it resembled his Chinese laundry check.

"Have you, indeed!" he said in evident surprise, and Mignon felt that she had acquired importance in his regard. The governor seemed to be absorbed in meditation, and Mignon began to feel the silence embarrassing.

"I don't know of any vacancies or openings at present," he finally remarked, "but if you will make a formal application and leave it here on file I will communicate with you as soon as the opportunity offers."

"Oh, thank you!" she said gratefully.

"I don't seem to have any blank forms," he said, looking over the papers scattered on his desk. "However, I'll write one out, and you can sign it and leave your address also."

Mignon had already decided upon a name and address, so when he presently handed her a paper he had written she removed her glove, and on the line indicated she wrote, "Nancy Bettens, 1611 L Street."

He studied the signature carefully.

"And what was your husband's first name, Mrs. Bettens?"

"Adam," was the glib response.

"You'll hear from me soon, Mrs. Bettens."

Mignon took this as a dismissal and rose to go.

"Do you think there is any hope?" she could not resist asking as she gained the door.

"I do. The fact of your being a soldier's widow and your having had experience in office work will lead me to consider your application favorably. I shall offer you a position very soon," he replied earnestly.

"What fun I shall have telling the girls!" thought Mignon as she sped home. When she had made a change of costume she discovered, to her dismay, that it was too late to join the girls at the country club for luncheon, as she had promised. While she was reflecting on this change in her programme the library door opened and the governor entered.

"Oh, there isn't any luncheon!" she said. "The girls are at the golf links. Mrs. Farnham is invited out for the day, and I—I made a mistake in the time and didn't meet them. You were not expected."

"I didn't come for luncheon," he replied, "but what will you do?"

"Oh, the cook will see that I don't go hungry," she laughed. Some way her fear of him had vanished.

"Let me see to that instead of letting the cook. Will you go to luncheon with me now?"

"What have you been doing all the morning?" he asked as they sat at a little palm screened table.

"I've been writing," she replied in a ruminating tone.

"So have I, and I feel the need of recreation. Will you drive with me after luncheon?"

Mignon decided she would not tell the girls of her morning call. As the days went by she became the companion of the governor in his hours of ease. One evening as she sat alone in the library he suddenly appeared and laid a paper before her. She caught her breath. It was the paper she had signed in the executive office.

"I have come for the fulfillment of your promise," he said gravely.

She had not read the paper that morning in his office, as he had given her no opportunity to do so. With burning cheeks she now perused the startling application:

> I do hereby faithfully promise that when Stephen Thorn, governor of the state of ——, asks me to be his wife I will accept the offer. NANCY BETTENS,
> 1611 L Street.

"Well?" he asked entreatingly.

"It isn't legal or binding," she said defiantly, "because, you see, it is signed by a fictitious name."

"Will you not remedy that defect?"

"I prefer," she said softly, "that you make me a verbal offer."

From the Apocrypha.

It is impossible to exaggerate the immense indebtedness of English poetry and Italian poetry to the Apocrypha. The beautiful lines of Young in his "Night Thoughts"—

But their hearts wounded, like the
wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no
trace is found—

are evidently to be traced to the verse in the "Book of Wisdom," "As when an arrow is shot at a mark it parteth the air, that immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through." The famous "Hymn of Praise" in Milton's "Paradise" is clearly modeled after the "Benedicite," or the "Song of the Three Children," in the Apocrypha, as in the lines:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud, and wave ye tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

It is also to the Apocrypha as to the book of Proverbs we owe many maxims which have become household words in our language and in the languages of all civilized nations.

Apprenticeship.

The disrepute into which apprenticeship has fallen and to which so much unemployed and unskilled labor is to be attributed has no more historical foundation than has the prevailing dislike to domestic service. Both were honorable enough professions at one time, only slightly differing from each other in etymology as in kind. The apprentice—from the French "apprendre," to learn—was usually bound for a term of years to his master, who undertook to maintain and instruct him. The domestic servant, called a menial by law—from being "intra moenia," within walls—was, as a rule, bound only for a year. Neither implied any reproach. Indeed, as in the case of Dick Whittington, the London apprentice was very often the younger son of a country gentleman. Perhaps the law made later on and existing into the seventeenth century, under which all young men and women were compellable by the justices to be apprenticed in some way, may have produced a dislike to apprenticeship.—London Chronicle.

Don't Blink Your Eyes.

If ever you find yourself getting into the habit of blinking your eyes rapidly without any cause stamp the inclination out at once. An authority says that this habit will make your eyesight fail long before it should. Natural blinking is essential to clear and moisten the eyes, and the average number of natural blinks per minute is about twenty. These are necessary, and you do them unconsciously. But a nervous "blinker" will get in something like a couple of hundred in a minute in bad cases, and the result of this is a big development of the eyelid muscles and a counter irritation that acts on the optic nerve and renders the sight daily more weak and irritable. The cure consists in keeping the eyes shut for at least ten minutes in every hour, thus resting them, and bathing the lids in warm water.

Not There.

"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—Philadelphia Press.

Fired.

Young Mother—Do you think baby looks most like me or his papa? Nurse—Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man.

Advertisement: Wanted—A competent and well mannered nurse.

Agreed.

Wife (wearily)—Woman's work is never done! Husband (struggling with a buttonless shirt collar)—That's just what I thought!

First say to yourself what you would be; then do what you have to do.—Epictetus.

A Bridge of Crocodiles.

A traveler writes of a port in northwestern India: "The great sight of Karachi is the sacred crocodile preserve at Magar Pir, some seven miles off. There are hot springs here which feed a shallow tank containing nearly a hundred crocodiles. The story, usually thought to be fictitious, of the Englishman who for a bet crossed the tank by jumping successively from the backs of these crocodiles is based on fact. The hero of this foolhardy feat was a certain Lieutenant Beresford, a friend of Sir R. F. Burton. When Burton and his companion were visiting the crocodiles' tank they noticed that these reptiles and certain islets of reeds happened to make an almost continuous bridge across the tank. This prompted the daring subaltern to hazard the feat of crossing by hopping from one crocodile to another. To the amazement of the spectators he succeeded in this apparently mad attempt. Sir Richard Burton had already successfully performed an equally daring feat. He managed to muzzle a crocodile by means of a lasso and then jumped on the reptile's back and enjoyed a somewhat zigzag ride."

Inside Your Bones.

People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. As a matter of fact, there are blood vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. During amputation of a limb much more pain is felt when the bone is attacked than when the flesh is being cut through. Through the marrow which is inside the bones run the nerves and blood vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes. Nature adapts the bony structure of various animals to their habits in a very interesting manner. Sluggish creatures, like the sloth, have solid bones, whereas the bones of the deer and the antelope are comparatively light, so that they may run fast, and the leg bones of the ostrich are hollow. You will find in the bones of any skeleton the application of mechanical principles which have only become known to man through the processes of laborious and long considered invention.

A Finger Pillory.

The finger pillory is still preserved carefully in the parish church of St. Helen Ashby-de-la-Zouch and is thus described: "An ancient and rather singular curiosity is a finger pillory. This instrument seems to have been used for the punishment of disorderly persons during divine service. It consists of two upright posts about three feet high, which support a beam of nearly the same length, in which are bored holes of various dimensions, cut first horizontally, then perpendicularly, in order that the first joint of the finger may be inserted and the finger retained in an angular form. The culprit is then secured by bringing down over the holes another beam which is attached by a hinge at the end to one of the posts and fastened at the other by a lock."—London Academy.

Holding the Breath.

It is a physical impossibility for a man to kill himself by holding his breath. Individuals differ greatly in the length of time they can hold their breath, and what practice and determined effort, combined with natural great lung capacity, can do in this direction is shown by the long periods for which champion divers can remain under water. If a man succeeded in continuing to hold his breath in spite of the physical discomfort in which he had placed himself the result would simply be to induce a state of coma. When this state was reached nature would reassert herself, and the breathing functions would again resume full activity, preventing a fatal issue in spite of their owner's desire.

Mme. Scarron.

Mme. Scarron, afterward the famous Mme. de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., was in her girlhood remarkably beautiful. She was dark, with piercing black eyes and wavy hair. In middle life her gravity of countenance and of deportment was considered quite extraordinary in that age of gayety. One of her contemporaries said that she did not smile once a year, and yet she was not gloomy, but only of a sedate habit of mind.

A Monster God House.

In Mexico are found ruins of ancient Aztec teocallis, or "god houses," some of which are thousands of years old. One of these, near Cholula, is in the form of a truncated pyramid. Each side of the base of this pyramid is 1,423 feet, which is twice the length of the great pyramid of Egypt. The height of this Mexican wonder is 177 feet, and its base covers an area of forty-four acres.

The Coughing Habit.

An irritating cough is not always due to having a cold. It is very often a habit acquired during the period of having one and afterward is more of a nervous, reflex action. When you find you are getting into the habit of continually coughing—a dry, short cough—try to check the inclination, and more often than not the local irritation in your throat will disappear and the cough with it.

His Finish Plain.

"Glad to meet you," said the polite cannibal chief to the new missionary. "I shall expect to see more of you tomorrow. We dine at high noon."

"Er—thanks, awfully. I shall be delighted"—

"Not at all. The pleasure will be all mine, I assure you."

Easy.

First Maid—Have you got an easy place to work? Second Ditto—I should say! It's no trouble to keep the house in order at all. I'm working for a bride and groom, and they never use anything but the cozy corner.

Delinquent.

"Does Dodsy put up with you when he is here?" asked the traveling man of the hotel clerk.

"No. He used to stop with us, but he never put up a cent."

An Invitation.

Dick—You are such a funny girl. I never did know how to take you. Kitty (coyly)—You never tried.

The Web of Venice.

In Venice one is as if caught in an immense network, or spider's web, which, as one walks in its midst, seems to tighten the closer about one. The streets narrow overhead, push outward with beams and stone balconies and many turning angles; seem to loosen their hold for a moment where a bridge crosses a narrow canal between high walls and over dark water and then tighten again in close lanes where the smells of the shops meet and fume about one's face. The lanes are busy with men in rough clothes and with women in shawls, bareheaded and with great soft bushes of hair, who come and go quietly, slipping past one another in these narrow spaces, where there is hardly room to pass, as the gondolas slip past one another in the narrow canals. The road is difficult to find, for a single wrong turning may lead one to the other end of Venice. This movement, the tangles of the way, the continual arresting of one's attention by some window, doorway or balcony put a strain upon one's eyes and begin after a time to tire and stupefy the brain. There is no more bewildering city, and as night comes on the bewilderment grows almost disquieting.—Arthur Symons in Scribner's.

Happiest People In Europe.

If it be in harmony with one's surroundings to work and to thrive a little and to rear children, to have liberty and security and be tolerant and self respecting constitute any measure of happiness, then the Swiss are by all odds the happiest people in Europe. Such, I think, is the judgment of all observers that have been much among them. You can test it by a simple reference. From every other nation in Europe there is emigration; from Switzerland little or none. At all times about 300,000 Swiss are in foreign countries learning languages or methods of combining travel with work, but they come home, always they come home. The typical Swiss never thinks of making permanent residence outside of Switzerland, or, if once thinking so, he changes his mind when he makes trial thereof.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Few First Aid Hints.

The following first aid advice was given at a meeting of railway surgeons:

"Don't put your finger on an open wound; don't put a quid of tobacco on a wound, no matter how small it may be; don't use cobwebs or hornet's nest to stop bleeding; don't dose the patient with whisky, brandy, rum or gin; don't bind or cover a wound with a handkerchief or rag (if you cannot get a first aid packet use clean old muslin that has been dipped in boiling water for a few minutes); don't sit a patient up when he is very pale or weak; don't wash a wound, and don't remove blood clots."

These hints are meant for public instruction for those of the laity who may have occasion to extend first aid in case of accidents.

Professional Fees.

It is sometimes claimed that the surgeon or the physician is the only man who is paid for his mistakes, but that is clearly untrue. Lawyers receive fees for the cases that they lose, and other men are not "docked" whenever they fall short of complete success. The truth is that the idea of human compensation is based upon intelligent, honest effort and reputed skill. If all fees and salaries were contingent upon absolute perfection in the task undertaken they would have to be increased many times over, since absolute perfection or complete success is very rare in any line of activity.—Chicago Chronicle.

Decapitating Words.

A writer in the London Chronicle says: "Our language's trick of decapitating words, as in 'bus,' 'phone' and 'wig,' is not at all a modern failing. Take the common words 'spend' and 'sport.' Our very early ancestors had the verb 'spendan,' and yet 'spend' is really a disguising abbreviation of the Latin 'dis-pendere,' to pay out. 'Sport' is another very old English word, yet it is really 'disport'—'dis-port,' to carry apart, which acquired the metaphorical sense of pleasure or amusement precisely as 'divert' and 'transport.'"

Girl Babies In Lapland.

In Lapland as soon as a girl baby is born and has been duly rolled in the snow—a ceremony which seems to take the place of baptism—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of reindeer, which are branded with her initials and kept apart as her special property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance of making a good match improve.

He Was Polite.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his politest subject. "I will test him," said the king and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king. "A lesser man would have troubled me with ceremony."

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR.
AGUE CURE.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE PECTORAL FINS.

Without Them the Fish Would Stand on Its Head.

The pectoral fins of a fish are the two fins, one on each side, just back of the head. These fins aid the fish to some extent in swimming. They are small oars which the fish feathers very beautifully and are of value chiefly to preserve its equilibrium. It is with these fins that the fish maintains its horizontal position in the water when not swimming. Without them the fish would stand on its head. Sometimes a fish loses one or both of its pectoral fins by disease or by accident. A fish without pectoral fins is in a bad way.

While most fishes keep a horizontal position in the water when not swimming, there are fishes that do not. One of these fishes is the filefish, which when motionless suspends itself in the water, head downward, at an angle of forty-five degrees or even nearer the perpendicular. A filefish kept in an aquarium which had lost both its pectoral fins inclined over backward past the perpendicular when motionless to about the same angle that it would have kept in the other direction if its pectoral fins had been intact, so that when not in motion it seemed to be lying at an angle on its back.

In the same aquarium there was a striped bass weighing about a pound and a half, one of whose pectoral fins was attacked at the tip by fungus, which gradually encroached upon it. Finally the diseased portions of the fin were cut off with a pair of sharp shears, the cut being made within the sound part of the fin. At first the fish was like a man in a boat pulling one long oar and one short one—it couldn't hold a course. But it soon accustomed itself to its new condition, and thereafter it got along very comfortably.

SWISS EDUCATION.

A Serious Matter, Guarded Jealously by the State.

One reason why the Swiss fare well is that their public school system is probably the best in the world, and with them public school education is practically compulsory. You can send your child to a private school (in some cantons) if you insist upon so doing, but the face of the government and the force of public opinion are sternly against the practice. In the canton of Solothurn private schools are absolutely forbidden. In other cantons a private school pupil must secure a formal permit from the local authorities, and in some cantons he must pay a charge to the public funds. The idea is that the public schools are good enough for all; that rich and poor are to meet there on even terms; that the public school is the nursery of democracy and patriotism; above all, that democracy is the lifeblood and strength and very soul of the republic, and the republic is Switzerland, and without the republic Switzerland is nothing. Private schools for Swiss children are few in number, and such as exist are under the strict supervision of the state. Education is a serious matter in Switzerland. There is no escape from it. A parent must send his children to school or go himself to jail. They kept a Seventh Day Adventist in jail for two years because he refused to let his child attend school on Saturdays. As it then seemed likely he would spend the rest of his life in a cell he surrendered.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Man Who Sings.

Give us, oh, give us, writes Carlyle, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, peaceful from very gladness beautiful because bright.

Eczema.

Cosmetic jelly has been found an excellent remedy for eczema. You can use it on the face without the slightest fear of unpleasant results. Take thirty grains of gum tragacanth and soak for three days in seven ounces of rose water. Force through muslin to make the preparation smooth and add an ounce of alcohol, an ounce of glycerin and a suggestion of boric acid, say half a teaspoonful. The jelly is a preparation which has been found wonderfully fine for chapped face and hands.

Has Three Climates.

Abyssinia has three climates, according to the altitude above the sea. In the low country or valleys bananas, dates, indigo, cotton and other tropical plants flourish. Elephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and gazelles abound. The intermediate zone recalls the climate of Sicily or of Andalusia, in Spain. There is good pasture for flocks and herds in the highest region.

Origin of "Whig."

What is the origin of the word "whig?" A twenty-year-old number of Spurgeon's magazine, Sword and Trowel, says, "In Cromwell's day the royalists first called the liberals whigs, taking the first letter of each word in their motto, 'We hope in God,' and forming them into this word."

An Explanation.

Joe—But, my dear fellow, is your income enough to justify your marrying? Fred—I'm afraid not. Joe—Then what reason have you for taking so serious a step? Fred—I have no reason. I'm in love.

The wasp has one strong point, but it is not in his favor.

Sharp and Well Set.

The mistress of the house was newly installed and looked it, but she had clearly defined ideas on industrial questions, and when the man who had called her to the door asked for a little something to eat she immediately looked toward the wood pile in the yard.

"Well," she said, "if you will get that ax"—

"Oh, I shan't need that," the man interrupted in a reassuring tone. "My teeth are all right."

An Ancient Traveler's Outfit.

A small "Traveler's Guide," dated 1780, contains a good deal of advice as to the luggage which should be carried. "Take," says the book, "two suits of clothes, one coffee colored and one blue; a chest flannel, a pair of leather breeches, a sleeping suit, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of gloves, two wigs, one hair bag (?), two caps, two hats, two pairs of shoes, one pair of slippers, six 'undershirts,' four 'overshirts,' six neckties, six collars, six handkerchiefs, four pairs of cuffs, three cravats, two pairs of cotton hose, two pairs of socks." But this is not all, as is shown by the following items: "Take a Bible, a book of sermons, a 'Traveler's Guide,' two albums, a diary, a quire of white paper, quills and ink, an almanac, a mirror, a silver watch, a silver snuffbox, a silver spoon, a pair of silver shoe buckles, a silver tie pin, three silver studs, a gold seal ring, a knife and fork with silver handles, a sewing case, an opera glass, a compass, a wax light and a tinder box, a toothbrush, a silver toothpick, a sword, a silver mounted cane, a padlock with which to fasten your door at night inside, a clothes brush, a box of medicine."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Fishes That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which perhaps is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long upturned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen, and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

The African Ostrich.

The African ostrich, from which the best white feathers are obtained, stands six or seven feet high and weighs from 80 to 100 pounds. Its egg is equal to about two dozen hens' eggs. Its feathers sell in Africa for about $200 a pound at wholesale. While walking quietly its step is about twenty-six inches, but when frightened the stride increases to about twelve feet, and at this gait it can run something like twenty-five miles an hour. When pursued it sometimes turns and deals the pursuer a blow with the foot that makes him think of the kick of a mule. The African ostrich is the largest bird now existing on earth. The American ostrich is only about half the size of the African and has three toes, while the African bird has only two. The plumage of the American ostrich is gray.

The Discovery of Electro Gilding.

The experiments which led to the discovery of the method of electro gilding were made in a cell at the citadel of Magdeburg, in which place, on account of his participation in a duel, young Siemens was at the time a prisoner, the chemicals and apparatus employed being procured and smuggled into the fortress by a friendly chemist of the town. In the second place, it was the sale of the patent rights in this invention in England which supplied the brothers Werner and William with the necessary funds to carry on their experiments and so helped to lay the foundation of the important firms of Siemens & Halske in Germany and Siemens Bros. in England.

The Tyrant Doctor.

Human nature is beginning to revolt at what it calls "that modern tyrant" the doctor, for it is a fact, and rather a sad one, that doctors have got the upper hand of us in these days; that when we are ill we go through medicinal tortures and when we are well we endure a preventive system hardly less wearisome and painful. The truth of it is we are all become faddists, and the doctors are the very worst ones.—Lady Phiyllis in London Bystander.

Woman's Brain.

Because woman has a smaller brain mass than man it does not by any means follow that she has an inferior or smaller intellect. I smile the quiet Socratic smile when I hear men declare that women have not equal intelligence with men. It is a position that no man can seriously maintain.—Dr. Emil Reich.

Different Medicine.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—I had the blues when I came here tonight, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine. Miss Fisher's Little Brother—Yes, father himself says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.

Making a Job of It.

The firemen continued their exertions until after 2 o'clock, by which hour all the damage that could be done was at an end.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Believed Him.

He (indignantly)—I beg your pardon, miss, but I always keep my word. She (complacently)—I can easily believe that, for no one would take it.

Young America's Reply.

"We have a new baby at our house."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. He didn't bring any card."

The Houses of Parliament.

The fire which destroyed the old houses of parliament broke out on Oct. 16, 1834. The present building, termed the palace of Westminster, was opened on Nov. 4, 1852. It stands on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick and covers an area of nine statute acres. It contains 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases and two miles of corridors and passages. The great Victoria tower at the southwest extremity is 346 feet in height.—London Standard.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1906.

MORAN HITS THEM HARD.

Out of all patience at the delay of the Legislature to grant his petition for additional office help John B. Moran, Esq., Suffolk District Attorney, sent a scathing letter to the members last Tuesday and allowed the same to be published in the papers. He hit the nail square on the head. The Legislature appear to be entirely under control of the Rum power of Boston. Sober people will approve of Attorney Moran's rebuke, and nominate him for Governor. We clip the following from his letter:

"The criminal Touraine, closed by me, petitioned you at the same time I did. You tumbled over yourself in your eagerness to enact special legislation to enable its liquor traffic to be renewed.

"The aristocracy of the rum element has secured your ear, has hypnotized your mind, and holds you subserviently in its dominating grasp to such an extent that you seem to be suffering from alcoholic mania.

"Rum-crazed, not from imbibing, but from persistent and long contemplation of the subject matter, you do little worthy of mention by the press but busy yourself in the interest of a business that causes 80 per cent. of all crime. You refuse a District Attorney necessary Assistants, while you hasten to legislate in favor of the night owls' midnight debauch.

"Human hawks must be provided an extra hour in which to destroy the resisting power of their victims, while the law's just demands are ignored. Let rum alone for awhile and devote yourself to the law."

"FREE RAW MATERIALS."

On his return from Florida last week Ex-Gov. Douglas kindly allowed himself to be interviewed, for publication, on the interesting, but not wholly novel, topic of "free raw materials." The reporter was at particular pains to impress the public mind with the important fact that Mr. Douglas reached home much rested and recuperated, which was gratifying news, although, perhaps, lacking in absorbing general interest.

The circular ("not to be released before Monday, April 30") from which the facts that Mr. Douglas returned from Florida much rested and recuperated, and that he will continue to uphold his reputation as the champion advocate of "free raw materials," including hides, appears to be a skilfully worded advertisement of the "Work and Future Plans of the Massachusetts Business Men's Tariff Reform League," of which Mr. Douglas is the President; but, however adroitly composed, Country Editors, to whom it is sent, however obtuse, will hardly fail to discover its true intent. It deals chiefly with "plans," but it is noticed that they vary in character but slightly from those heretofore followed by the League and failed to bear fruit. According to the alleged interview Mr D. discoursed learnedly, and more earnestly than ever before, if possible, on the sufferings of Massachusetts from the Dingley tariff.

Ex-Gov. Douglas is a shoemaker, "hence these tears."

REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

Nothing, of course, has been definitely settled respecting this, the 28th Representative District, for, as yet, no official notice has been received by the Middlesex County Commissioners from the Legislature of the number of Representatives the county is entitled to; but there is reason to believe that Woburn and Reading will not be separated, although additions will be necessary if the District is to continue to have two members of the House, which additions, if made, are likely to consist of Wilmington and Burlington. Increase of State population demands a larger population for each Representative District, hence the necessity of the 28th enlargement.

The annexation of Wilmington and Burlington to Woburn and Reading would give the requisite number of inhabitants, and, also, form a neat, compact District composed of neighbors, whose political, business and social interests are closely united. This arrangement, or political partnership, would, doubtless, be much more satisfactory generally than one made up of Woburn and Winchester, about which there has been some talk.

THE 12 O'CLOCK BILL.

Contrary, no doubt, to the wishes of a large majority of Massachusetts people, the so called 12 o'clock liquor bill which permits the sale of intoxicating drinks at favored hotels, under certain restrictions, until midnight, instead of 11 o'clock p. m., as at present, has passed both branches of the Legislature and now awaits action by the Governor. Tremendous pressure has been brought to bear on him this week by churches, temperance societies, and individuals to induce him to veto the bill; but it will have but little effect, we think, for, if our estimate of the Governor is anywhere near correct, the Act will, in due time, receive his sign manual and become law.

P. S. The bill has been recalled from the Governor's hands, and the Legislature are all tangled up over it.

☞ If we understand the matter correctly, this city will be exempt from the operation of the compulsory water meter law now before the Legislature, the provisions of which apply only to municipalities that obtain water supplies, wholly or in part, from territory outside of their boundaries. If this is a fact, then the wisdom of Woburn in refusing to become a member of the Metropolitan Water system, through the influence of its then Representative in the Legislature, Mr. George E. Fowle, is clearly apparent. The proposed law, if enacted, will prove a hardship to some of the towns and cities that fall within its provisions, although it is admitted that the meter system is the correct one.

— The Woburn California Relief Fund is to close at noon tomorrow. Treasurer Buck will then shut the books and deposit the money in Boston.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
Dauchy & Co.—Parker.
City—Assessors Notice.
Board of Public Works—Notice to Builders.

— Read what the Boston Branch has to say in their ad. about butter.

— W. R. C. 84 are to give a whist party at J. A. Dickinson's, 11 Franklin street, this evening.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, have voted to send $10 to the California sufferers. Well done!

— A neatly printed copy of Superintendent Clapp's Woburn School Report for 1905 is at hand.

— The City Assessors began the work of listing property for taxation promptly on May 1.

— Helen Sylvester is to play a prominent part in the Floating Hospital May party this evening.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O F., visited Waterfield Lodge of Winchester last Monday evening.

— There was a fine rain in these parts early last Monday morning. It started the foliage in good shape.

— Miss Helen Wetmore, soprano, is to be the soloist at the Unitarian church during the month of May.

— The political Editor of the *Times* has trotted out no candidate for Mayor yet. Like the present spring he is a little late.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., loosened their pursestrings and generously appropriated $100 to the Woburn California Relief Fund.

— Peach trees are in bloom, and they give evidence of an abundant crop, if nothing of an injurious nature happens to them.

— Mr. Parker Eaton, the Civil War Veteran, was 80 years old last Saturday, April 28. The anniversary was observed in a quiet way.

— Emma Fosdick's concert is to be given in Lyceum Hall on May 14, and not in the vestry of the First Baptist church, as stated last week.

— The Junior Endeavorers are to give an entertainment on May 10 Tickets can be obtained at Brooks's drug store for 15 cents apiece.

— Applicants to the number of 14, or more, are expected to be taken into the First Congregational church next Sunday on confession of faith.

— Engineers went to work last Saturday on the Pleasant street spurs of the Lowell & Woburn street railway, now nearly ready to resume operations.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker is entertaining as a welcome guest his daughter, Mrs. Lilla P. Richardson of Erie, Penn., at his home on Arlington Road.

— A shipment of 60,000 trout from the State Fishery Commission was received here last Tuesday to be distributed among the brooks hereabouts.

— We did not see much tree planting last Saturday, Arbor Day. Perhaps some was done, but not much, probably. Arbor Day don't count for much here.

— The housecleaning days are here, the saddest of the year for the male portion of the family. They bring many discomforts, and generally pretty poor living.

— Mrs. Louise Bangs of Chicago visited friends in this city last Tuesday. Her son Lester is a student in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University.

— Assessor Arthur Gage don't care if a month's tax listing does reduce his avoirdupoise 10 or 15 pounds. Says he had just as soon lose that much as not.

— Next Sunday a collection will be taken up at St. Charles church for the benefit of the California churches injured and destroyed by the late earthquake and fire there.

— The Walnut Hill Athletic Club are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening May 7. Fine talent have been engaged for the concert.

— The first car on the rejuvenated Lowell & Woburn street railroad was seen rushing down Winn street on last Tuesday forenoon. That meant that regular service will soon begin on that line.

— The party given by Mrs. W. A. Prior to her Sunday School class and friends last Saturday, at her home, 602 Main street, was keenly enjoyed, especially the fine supper served by that lady.

— In the opening game of the baseball season played here last Saturday the North Woburns beat the Saugus A. C. in the handsomest kind of style. It was a smart contest from start to finish.

— Open street cars ran on the B. & N. line here last Sunday. It was not what one might call a real summer open car day, but the schedule demanded them, and the Superintendent kept step with it.

— Miss Grace Callahan, a member of the Bostonians, as cornetist, is at home from New York for a week's vacation with her sister Charlotte, a Cambridge teacher, and other relatives. Grace is a prime musician.

— Last week's Weather and Crop Reports for New England stated that the average weather during April had been above normal. That may be true, but it would be hard to make a good many people believe it.

— For the High School graduating exercises the following have been chosen: Validictorian, Anna M. Maguire; Salutatorian, Chester J. Conn; Historian, Stella W. Eames; Class Prophet, Arthur R. Gage.

— The parents of Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor of the First Baptist church in this city, whose home is at San Jose, California, escaped personal harm from the destructive earthquake there, but not so their house and furniture.

— A 16-page copy of the San Jose, California, *Mercury*, published on April 24, and received from Mrs. Julia P. Lewis, who is visiting in Gilroy, 30 miles south of San Jose, gives all of the news at hand of the San Francisco disaster, the destructive work of the earthquake at San Jose, Gilroy, and other points in Santa Clara Valley, and is an issue of the paper that people will do well to preserve for future reference

— Yesterday was all right for a day in May.

— The Swedish Lutheran church held their May Festival last evening. It was very much enjoyed.

— Last night a banquet was served at the M. E. church in honor of the Methodist team who won the silver cup in the Church Basketball League of Woburn.

— McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, are not complaining of a lack of business at their store. They say trade is good, and not only say so, but their countenances speak, it. They are a good and popular firm of drug and medicine dispensers.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road, this city, now visiting at Birmingham, Alabama, last Saturday, telegraphed $20 to Treasurer Buck for the California Relief Fund, which was indeed a generous donation. But she has acquired the giving habit.

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Five Cents Savings Bank, contemplates with entire satisfaction the planting of large numbers of trout in the brooks about here. It means more and better fishing for him when business at the Band isn't rushing.

— Applications have been made at the JOURNAL office for information as to the status of the city flagpole, and the probable date of flying "Old Glory" to the breeze on the Common. The quests for more light have been made in vain. "Large bodies move slow," the adage says.

— Clan MacKinnon turned over the profits of their late excellent concert, amounting to $58.20, to the local California Relief Fund. This sum was what was received from the sale of tickets over and above expenses, and nobody can say but what it was a handsome gift to a worthy cause.

— It is possible, of course, but not probable, that homemade green peas will grace the tables and satisfy the longings of Woburn people on Bunker Hill Day this year. The weather has been too cold, and the spring is too backward, to found a reasonable hope for them at that rapidly approaching date.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has recently been elected a Director of the Board of Trade in the city of Worcester, which, for a comparatively new comer, should be regarded as an honor to and by him. He'll fill the bill, for Mr. Hammond is a wideawake, brainy business man, sound at heart, and public spirited.

— Another copy of the Santa Cruz (Cal.) *Sentinal*, per courtesy of its Editor, Mr. C. W. Waldron, a New Englander, gives further particulars respecting the work of the earthquake in that city and neighboring places, from which it appears that the people there are chockful of grit and determination to go right ahead and do things.

— Under the auspices of the Lend-a-Hand Club the Wakefield Dramatic Club are to play "Bread on the Waters" in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Wednesday evening, May 9, for which the JOURNAL solicits a liberal patronage. The drama is an entertaining one, and the Wakefield Club are surpassed by no company of actors.

— The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the usual place Monday afternoon April 30, at 3 o'clock. There was a fair attendance After the regular business of the meeting had been disposed of, the Secretary read an article on non-alcoholic medication, proving liquor did not have as much power as a stimulant in sickness as it was once supposed.—PRESS SUPT

— A few lines from Miss Ida A. C. Jacobs, whose home has been at Alameda, across San Francisco Bay, for quite a number of years, speak of the safety of the Chamberlains, Freeman Blake, Brown, and other Woburn people who went through the earthquake and fire at San Francisco. Miss Jacobs was formerly, for some years, a teacher in the High School of this city.

— The May Party for the benefit of the Floating Hospital and the children from the Dorothea Dix Hall Association, both most worthy charities, is to be given this evening in Lyceum Hall. It promises to be a grand success, for which many prominent women have been hard at work for a month past. A fine entertainment is to be provided for the great crowd expected to attend.

— Winslow D. Conn, U. S. N., son of Editor Conn of the *Times*, who for seven months has been stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, in the Steam Engineering Department, has been ordered to the works of Neafie & Levy, Philadelphia, for duty in connection with the new cruiser St. Louis. Winslow is a thoroughly skilled engineer, and one of the smartest young men in the U. S. Navy.

— At the semiannual election last week St Charles C. T. A S. chose the following officers: Rev. James F. Doherty, Spiritual Director; Robert I. Byrne, President; John A. Purtell, Vice President; Neil J. Doherty, Treasurer; William P. Callahan, Financial Secretary; Martin J. Boyle, Recording Secretary; Robert I. Byrne, Thomas F. E McPartlin and Martin Hogan were elected the Board of Trustees.

— Mr. Philip M. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown of this city, who has, for several years, been in the diplomatic service of the country, is visiting his parents and other relatives here. His first engagement was as Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, Turkey, where his health became impaired and he was transferred to Guatemala, Central America, where he is now stationed, and the climate of which has restored him to perfect health.

— The weather on Mayday was just about right for moving. To give variety to the work and help keep the tempers of movers sweet and placid on that particular date it quite often rains and drenches the loads of goods in their transit from one tenement to another, and produces unfavorable conditions of roads, replacing dry surfaces with mud, often to the detriment of household properties, etc.; but such was not the case last Tuesday; for a better day for the annual flitting could hardly have been produced. Even cold food caught on the fly was not so very bad, either.

Get SCOTT'S Emulsion

When you go to a drug store and ask for Scott's Emulsion you know what you want; the man knows you ought to have it. Don't be surprised, though, if you are offered something else. Wines, cordials, extracts, etc., of cod liver oil are plentiful but don't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has always been better than any substitute for it.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

— The Middlesex Central C. E. Union held their Spring Rally at the First Baptist church last evening.

— The combined choirs of St. John's church, Cambridge, and Trinity church, Woburn, will sing under the direction of Mr. Walter N. Kilburn at the Sunday evening service at Trinity church. The service will be "Choral Evensong," with sermon by the Rector.

— On Wednesday evening, April 25, 1906, Mr. Thomas J McColgan and Miss Catherine Ann Cox, of Winchester, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Henry A Walsh at the St. Charles parochial residence, attended by Miss Delia McColgan as bridesmaid, and Leslie N Cox as groomsman. A reception followed the ceremony at the residence of Mr. and Mrs Henry J. Cox, 205 Washington street, Winchester. On the same evening the bridal pair left for a wedding tour, which was to include a visit in New York. Among the large number of beautiful and useful presents received by them was one of $50 cash, from Dr. J. M. Harlow.

— The 89th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Mary Gerrish Strout, mother of Mr. Charles M. Strout of this city, Mr. Howard M. Strout of Brockton, Mr. Oscar L. Strout of Boston, Mrs. Lombard of Belfast, Maine, was observed in a fitting manner at the home of her son Oscar at Upham's Corner, on April 29 Her children were with her; a reception was held in her honor, at which many beautiful floral tokens of love and memory were received and greatly appreciated by the venerable lady. She was born at Durham, Maine, April 29, 1817, and lived there, with her husband, the late Merrill W. Strout, until 1870. They were respected residents of Woburn many years. Mrs. Strout retains her faculties to a remarkable extent.

— The Woburn Woman's Club are wideawake to every good word and work. Keenly appreciating the pressing needs of the victims of the great California disaster, they resolved to do something handsome for their relief and at once set about to make up a purse of money with that end in view. The success of the movement was swift and complete. Instead of drawing on the treasury of the Club for $100, the sum they set themselves to raise, an appeal was made to individual members with the highly gratifying result that, in an incredible short space of time, $125 was raised for that praiseworthy purpose. Of this amount $100 was turned over to the local California Relief Fund, and $25 donated to the Federation of Clubs, who were, also, engaged in raising money for the sufferers of the Pacific Coast. This was doing splendidly! If any Woman's organization in this vicinity have done better, a word from them would remove the doubt that we have in mind concerning their ability to make any such report.

— The cutting down of the knoll several feet and nicely grading of what is left of it on the south side of the B & M. tracks between Main street and Church avenue by the Railroad Co. will soon be completed, as, also, a smoothing of the bank on the north side. The large amount of stone is carted by the city to the crusher on Powderhouse Hill free of cost to the R R Company. Well grassed over, some think the work will improve the appearance of the place, and, therefore, approve of it. Others are of a contrary opinion. Realizing that true art abhors dead flats, straight lines, and smooth surfaces; that, instead of these, it cleaves to undulations, curves, and variety; they claim that the former condition of the knolls was susceptible of embellishment, by flowers, shrubs and running vines, more pleasing to the artistic eye and taste, and more satisfying to the common observer, than is possible under the alleged "improvement." However, it is not a matter worth getting excited over.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company are feeling the effects, in a beneficial way, of the opening of the fishing season down in the State of Maine. They are experiencing a gratifying increase of travel, mostly in the sportsmen line, to the lakes, ponds, rivers and brooks abundantly stocked with salmon, trout, bass, perch, and other fine eatable fish, in that anglers' paradise, and are uttering no complaints thereat. Cobbosseecontee Lake was officially opened to fishermen last week; about the same date the ice left Lake Maranacook; Sebago is free to line and hook; it is expected that Cheesuncook will be clear of ice in a few days; Schoodic, Moosehead, Rippagenus, Wastaquoik, Mattawaumkeag, and other popular resorts, are waiting visits from Massachusetts and New York fishermen, crowds of whom are in constant flow to those retreats in the wilds of the Pine Tree State. But the Boston & Maine are equal to the demand on their rollingstock, and the anglers are delighted with the fine traveling accommodations they take great pains to furnish the sportsmen.

— It is believed today that a coal strike is unavoidable.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson left here yesterday for a fortnight's visit at Lakewood, N. J.

— Miss Edith C. Jones of Swampscott is passing her vacation week here with Miss Marian T. Hosmer.

— Mr. Hubbard Copeland has returned from his California trip and is at his store again. The outing evidently did him good.

— The May breakfast provided and dispensed by the Social Benevolent Society in the vestry of the First Congregational church from 5 30 to 8.30 a. m. last Tuesday morning was a great and gratifying success gastronomically, socially and financially. The long, handsomely arranged tables groaned under the weight of rich and delicious viands, around which gathered scores of ladies and gentlemen, with keenly whetted appetites for the substantials and delicacies set temptingly before them. The high tide of spirits among the guests was in unison with the happy, and quite unusual, occasion; "the feast of reason and flow of soul" was considerably above par and a fitting accompaniment of the rare feast spread out, in generous measure, on the tables. Hilarity prevailed and at times drowned the clatter of knives, forks and spoons, and spiced the good cheer and palatable edibles to which the whole city had been invited. Thus vivacity, life, zest and interest was imparted to a public breakfast that has never been surpassed, and seldom equalled in quantity and quality, in the long and honorable history of this town. The demand for tickets exceeded the supply by 100, or so.

Boston Theatres.

NANCE O'NEIL,

who created a most memorable furore in Boston and was acclaimed as the greatest actress of the day by Boston critics, has returned from her Australian tour and will open her Boston engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday evening, May the 7th, in Ibsen's masterpiece, "ROSMERSHOLM." Nance O'Neil is one of the most picturesque actresses on the stage to-day, and by hard work has attained the front rank in her profession.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Much curiosity and interest has been aroused by the announcement that the Boston Stage Society is to present a dramatization of "The Light that Failed" at the Castle Square Theatre next week. This play, a version of Rudyard Kipling's famous romance of the same name, has been given here only once before, and that by Forbes Robertson, the distinguished actor, for only a few performances. It will therefore be given at the Castle Square for the first time by a stock company and at popular prices. The many familiar with Kipling's story do not need to be reminded of its powerful dramatic element, nor of its mingled humorous and pathetic nature. Others who have never been charmed by Kipling's wonderful skill will be glad of this opportunity to see "The Light that Failed." A week from Monday, "The Admirable Crichton," J. M. Barrie's great play originally produced by William Gilette, will be revived at the Castle Square Theatre.

Fortunate Missourians.

"When I was a druggist, at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong to-day. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Surest Cough and Cold cure and Throat and Lung healer. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Miss Fosdick's Concert.

Those who remember Miss Emma Fosdick's successful concerts several years ago will be pleased to learn that she is to give another in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening May 14, that promises to be equal in merit to any of those in the past.

A mandolin orchestra, led by Miss Fosdick, composed of her pupils, will be a leading feature. Miss Irene Worthen will accompany with the piano. The artists who need no introduction to Woburn audiences are: Miss Maud H. Littlefield, violin soloist; Mrs. C. G. Robbins, soprano; and Mr. Louis Schalk, baritone. Mr. LaRue Vredenburgh of Boston comes well recommended and should instruct and please all his hearers.

I anticipate the success of this concert and hope Miss Fosdick will feel gratified at the results shown, as her own efforts as well as the money proceeds, will be devoted to new additions in the First Baptist church.—X.

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for Biliousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful Tonic. At McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. 50 cents.

High School Base Ball League Games.

The games in which the Woburn High School Baseball team will engage during the present season are as follows, they having already played, on April 28, against Saugus; and on May 1 against the Readings:

May 5, *Saugus at Woburn.
May 9, Medford at Medford.
May 12, *Stoneham at Woburn.
May 17, Arlington at Arlington.
May 19, Tufts Dental at Woburn.
May 23, Medford at Woburn.
May 26, *Peabody at Woburn.
May 29, Revere at Revere.
June 1, Fort Banks at Woburn.
June 5, *Peabody at Peabody.
June 7, Open.
June 12, Open.
June 16, *Reading at Woburn.
June 18, Wakefield at Wakefield (a m)
June 20, *Stoneham at Stoneham.
June 23, Winchester at Woburn.
*League games.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le-Roy, N. Y.

BOSTON LETTER.

Great Work by Gov. Guild on San Francisco Relief.

FIRST VETO MESSAGE RECEIVED

The Twelve o'Clock Law Has Many Restrictions.

The week has been an extremely busy one at the executive department. Ever since the earthquake in San Francisco both Governor Guild and his assistants have been working overtime. The relief committee work has all been additional to the usual duties of the office, and both Governor Guild and Lieutenant Governor Draper have given a great deal of time and attention to the matter.

Thousands of suggestions have been received in regard to this work, some good, some bad, and some indifferent, but they have all been considered and answers been written to those who broached them.

The governor has always put in long hours, arriving at his office early in the morning and usually working until 6 o'clock or later. During this relief work he has been at his office several nights as late as 11 and 12 o'clock, and the amount of work he has accomplished is marvellous.

Every day he sees a very large number of people, even if able to give them but a few minutes each. He makes it a practice to see everybody who really has business with him and desires to see him personally. No governor in recent years has made it so easy for people to secure an interview.

Legislative Progress Is Slow

The legislature at the present time is not making as great progress in its transaction of business as many think it should. There are many measures upon which hearings have been given and which have not yet been reported back to the house for action. There are something like two hundred such matters sleeping in the hands of committees which ought to be reported in order that the two branches might take them up for active consideration. Several times within the past week or two the house has adjourned for lack of business when, if these measures had been on the calendar, they might have received immediate attention. It may be said in all fairness, however, that the legislature is doing as well this year as it averages to do in other years, but the sessions might be shortened if the committees showed greater readiness to report on matters at the close of hearings.

A Boston newspaper, within a few days, has suggested the name of Colonel William A. Gaston in connection with the Democratic nomination for governor this fall. The statement is made in the article referred to that the movement for the nomination of Mr. Gaston is proceeding quietly and implies that it is probable that he will be nominated.

It seems hardly reasonable to suppose that this is the fact. Mr. Gaston has already made two attempts at the governorship as the Democratic candidate and failed each time. It is difficult to see wherein he is any stronger today than he was when he ran three years ago. If he is nominated it will be because he is willing to make substantial contributions to the campaign fund and not because the party leaders think him as strong at the polls as some other men who might be named.

Will Whitney Run This Fall?

It has been quite generally believed that Henry M. Whitney of Brookline would be candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Whitney ran for lieutenant governor last fall, and after election he was mentioned by several of the Democratic leaders in connection with first place on the ticket this year. He, himself, intimated that he would not again be a candidate, but it is the general impression that the Democratic leaders expect him to be nominated and believe that he will accept. In that case it is possible that former Congressman John R. Thayer of Worcester will be Mr. Whitney's running mate in the second place.

If District Attorney John B. Moran of Boston carries out his plan made some time ago of being a candidate for governor himself on his own platform and with the backing of his own party the situation will be considerably complicated. Mr. Moran stated to newspaper men a number of weeks ago that this was his plan, and that he did not expect the backing of either of the two leading parties. He evidently expected to run for governor as he ran for district attorney and depend upon the voters themselves for his nomination and support.

Governor Guild has sent in his first veto message, and it is a strong one. The veto was of an act relative to the examination of applicants for appointment to fire departments, and in the view of the executive it would in no way encourage discipline nor stimulate generous rivalry in the service of the commonwealth, but on the contrary would encourage none but the shirk and the worthless. In a word, according to the governor's idea, it would allow the appointment of men who are in utter ignorance of local data or of fire department work and of illiterates. He believes it would help to break down the merit system in Massachusetts and is like many other measures of this kind that have been vetoed by his predecessors. He admits that it was offered in perfect sincerity but were it practiced it would have only evil effects. For that reason he returned it without his approval.

Temperance People and Legislation

The temperance people have very widely criticised the action of the house in regard to temperance legislation under a mistaken idea that the temperance laws were being in some degree abrogated. A careful analysis will show that the changes in the law were not designed to injure the temperance cause but rather to help it. The only measure which can in any way be looked upon as an extension of the liquor traffic is the 12 o'clock law, and that is so hedged about by restrictions that it is as mild a measure as could be devised. The change was demanded by the great business interests because they wished to remove Boston especially from the imputation of provincialism. Boston is the only important city in the civilized world where it is impossible for guests at hotels to get something to drink with their food after 11 o'clock, and temperate, conservative men asked for this change in the law.

The other important so-called liquor measures before the legislature are the abutters law, the screen law, the pharmacists law and the express law These last two are distinctly temperance measures and were asked for by the temperance people. The pharmacists law allows pharmacists in no-license towns and cities to sell intoxicating liquor on a physician's prescription. This does away with the necessity of pharmacists taking out a sixth-class license, a license which the temperance people have always objected to. The express law gives the licensing authorities in no-license cities and towns the power to issue permits to carry intoxicating liquors to certain expresses. It is to be hoped that this will largely do away with the illicit sale of liquor in no-license places by expresses which exist only for that purpose.

Will Correct Abuses

The screen law and the abutters law were agreed to by all the men representing temperance interests in the house. They are not intended to make the sale of liquor any easier, but are expected to remove certain abuses which have grown up. Under the abutters law the levying of blackmail on liquor dealers was a very common occurrence. Under the change in the law it is expected the blackmail will be stopped, and none of the rights of the property owner to object to the placing of a saloon near him have been injured. Under the late interpretation of the screen law it was impossible for druggists who hold sixth-class licenses to put their wares in their windows or for hotels to keep drawn shades or curtains in their bedrooms and toilet rooms. It was simply to obviate absurdities such as these that these two laws were passed.

Thus it will be seen that of these five important measures two were downright temperance laws, two were agreed to by all sections of the house and were passed with little or no dissent, and one only can cause any dissatisfaction to the temperance people. They must remember, however, that, until within a few years, saloons and hotels were all kept open until 12 o'clock; that the present change in the law applies only to such hotels as the licensing authorities see fit to grant this additional license to; that this extra hour's sale on week-days only, costs $500 and is limited to sales in the dining rooms; and that a referendum is attached so that each city of a certain size may decide for itself whether it wishes this extra hour or not.

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

IF YOU KNEW

How Much Better Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread

is than the ordinary baker's bread you would insist on the grocer giving it to you.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Massachusetts Relief Fund for San Francisco

Headquarters of the Massachusetts Relief Association for California have been opened at

161 Devonshire St, Boston   Telephones: Main 1160 and 1161

Contributions of money should be sent direct to

Messrs. KIDDER, PEABODY & COMPANY, General Treasurers.

All non-perishable supplies and clothing will be received at the Fitchburg Freight Division, B. & M. R.R., Warren Bridge, Charlestown, or the B. & A. R. R. Freight House No. 2, Door No. 5, on Albany Street.

Information cheerfully given in regard to contributions of money, food, clothing, etc.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

His Excellency Curtis Guild, Jr.
Lieut.-Governor Eben S. Draper, *Chairman*
Mayor John F. Fitzgerald
Robert Winsor
James J. Storrow
Gen. Frederic B. Carpenter
Wm. D. Sohier
James J. Phelan
Frank G. Webster
Edward F. McSweeney, *Secretary*

PREPARE FOR Spring Cleaning.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Ethical Helpfulness of the Spiritual World."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Communion and Reception of Members.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor followed by Communion.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M, Epworth League.
7 P. M., Vesper Services. Music by choir assisted by Professor S. J. MacWatters of Boston University.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, April 26, by Rev. Stephen A Norton, Albert Ashton Philips and Minnie Louise Chapman, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 28, Catherine O'Keefe, aged 65 years.
In this city, April 29, Bridget Callahan, aged 58 years.
In this city, April 30, William Henry Shea, aged 11 years, 3 months, 27 days.
In this city, May 2, Adelaide A., wife of Alfred F Finch, aged 68 years, 6 months, 27 days.

Literary Notices.

McCLURE'S begins a new volume with May. If the forthcoming numbers are to be gauged by this first one the readers of this magazine have a rare treat ahead of them. Two interesting series begin: Rudyard Kipling's Robin Goodfellow—His Friends, and the Life Insurance articles by Burton J. Hendrick In The Centurion of the Thirtieth, Kipling comes back to us more the wizard than ever. No one who reads English should miss these stories. The Story of Life Insurance gives both sides of the case, and contains the information which for a year we have been trying to glean. The first instalment is The Surplus: The Basis of Corruption. There are facts about the Before the Deluge officers that will make you open your eyes. George Edward Woodberry contributes Great Masters of Literature, The Flight from the Fatherland, the instalment of Carl Schurz's Reminiscences of a Long Life gives us another chapter of exciting adventure. Clara Morris, in An Actress on Guard tells us some of the secrets of a successful actress's soul. John McAuley Palmer has more of Col. Lumpkin, and Stewart Edward White offers Cyclone Bill's Yarn. There are other dramatic and humorous stories.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

ONLY VELOX
USED IN OUR
Printing Dept.
See window display card
1906 KODAKS
BLUE PRINT POST CARDS
LEATHER POST CARDS

Whitcher's **PILL BOX**
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, 9 15, 10 15, 11 15 A M, 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A M, then hourly until 1 15 P M, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P M.

The line now being operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M, and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A M and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq at 8 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10.45 †11 15 P M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P M.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00 9 30 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass, Feb 15, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary J. Wyman, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn, of Burlington, in said County, dated March 23, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2261, Page 429, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises

On TUESDAY, May 15, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely: Southwesterly by Winn street, about ninety-two (92) feet; northwesterly by land of Timothy Calnan, about one hundred and thirty-one (131) feet; northeasterly by land of Hattie E. Dodge, and by land of James O'Connor, about eighty (80) feet; southeasterly by land of George W. Duren, about one hundred and forty (140) feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and outstanding tax titles, and to other municipal liens, if any. Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of the sale.

JOHN WINN, Mortgagee.
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, April 17, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edmund C. Poland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Clara A. H. Poland, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

People are Surprised

even after all they have heard of THELMA when they learn for themselves how fine a perfume it is. They are surprised even here where they expect things to be unusually good We try to tell the plain simple truth about everything, but it is hard to do THELMA justice without appearing to exaggerate

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.
WOBURN

BUTTER
— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6

CONCERT!

GIVEN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
AND MANDOLIN PUPILS
FOR BENEFIT OF
First Baptist Church, Woburn
— ASSISTED BY —
Mrs C G Robbins, Soprano
Miss Maude H Littlefield, Violin
Mr Louis Schalk, Baritone
Mr La Rue Vredenburgh, Reader
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN
Monday Evening, May 14, 1906
At 8 o'clock
All Seats Reserved.
Tickets 35 & 50 Cts

For sale at A W Whitcher's on and after Monday, April 30

TRY
GOWING'S
HOME-MADE
SAUSAGES

FOR SALE AT

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

WOBURN
Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining to gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,

314 Main St., · Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

BLACKLISTED BY THE DRUG TRUST

Twenty years ago we began to fight the Drug Trust.

In all these years we have constantly and consistently sold all drug store goods at the lowest possible prices.

Every year we have been obliged to fight that element of the drug trade which is bound to raise prices to the consumer.

The effort of this Drug Trust to make the medicine-buying public pay high or regular retail prices for their goods is an insult and an imposition to the intelligent people of America.

For example: In the following list the Drug Trust forbids us to sell lower than their prices. Nevertheless we shall continue to sell these goods at our prices, and merely wish to give the public an idea of what the monopoly wishes to do.

	Regular Price	Our Price		Regular Price	Our Price
Paine's	1.00	.73	Pheny o Caffein	.25	.17
Wills' Pills	.25	.19	Laxative Bro. Qui.	.25	.15
Miles' Remedies	1.00	.83	Hill's Cascara Quin.	.25	.19
Miles' Pills	.25	.19			

Because of our determined efforts to thus protect your pocketbooks, because under no circumstances will we take a stand that will compel us to charge you extortionate prices for goods, a combine formed by other dealers, for the sole purpose of raising prices, has persuaded wholesale dealers and manufacturers to blacklist us; in other words, not to sell us any goods.

We want your co-operation. It is essential to our business. It is essential to your interests. All far-seeing purchasers of drug store goods must realize that the time has come when this monopoly must be fought to a finish, and we propose to stand for the people's rights, no matter how great the expense, in establishing fair prices, within the reach of all, for this class of goods. Our large volume of business enables us to maintain these prices, and we solicit the continued patronage of the purchasing public to support us in our fight against high prices.

JAYNES & CO.
TRADE MARK
4 STORES
BOSTON, MASS.

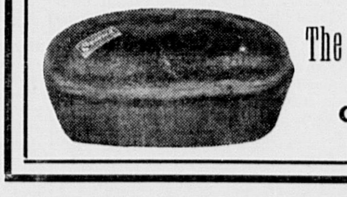
50 Washington St., cor. Hanover
143 Summer St., cor. South
Annex, 129 Summer St.
877 Washington St.

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

The Bread that Mother Used to Make

takes a back seat when compared to CREAMALT. We know that this bread is different and better than the best bread you ever ate in all your life, but we want you to know it.

Fresh daily at all grocers.



The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
CHARLESTOWN

1906 SPRING STYLES

IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of
Best Clothing
for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)
Ladies' Tailored Costumes
Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

Commissioning Service.

Miss Mary C. Fowle, a member of the First church, is under appointment of the American Board and is to sail soon for Constantinople and her field in the interior of Turkey. Next Sunday evening A Commissioning Service will be held at the Congregational church, Prof. Edward C. Moore of Harvard University will preach the sermon and, as Chairman of the Prudential Committee of the Board, will present the commission to Miss Fowle. Miss Lamson of the Woman's Board will also be present and give a brief address. Rev. Dr. Farnsworth, the grandfather of Miss Fowle, will offer the prayer of consecration. Dr. March will extend greeting.—*Rev. Dr. Norton in Journal April 27.*

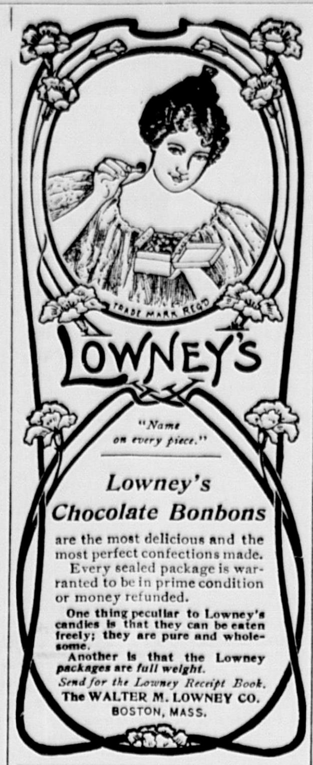
In pursuance of the above notice the following programme was carried out at First church on Sunday evening, April 29, 1906:

Organ Prelude, Mr. Hood.
Hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war."
Invocation.
Scripture Lesson.
Solo by Miss Trecartin.
Sermon by Prof. Edward C. Moore, of Harvard University, Chairman of Prudential Committee of A. B. C. F.
Hymn, "Lord, speak to me that I may speak."
Presentation of Commission by Prof. Moore.
Prayer of Consecration, Led by Rev. Dr. Wilson A. Farnsworth.
Greeting from the Woman's Board of Missions, Miss Kate G. Lamson.
A Farewell Word, Dr. Daniel March.
Hymn, "Ye Christian Heralds go proclaim."
Benediction.

Accepting the invitation of Pastor Norton many people entered the church parlor and bid Miss Fowle goodbye and Godspeed on her journey to the missionary field in Turkey.

Miss Fowle is the daughter of Rev. James L. Fowle, a native of Woburn, and for many years a missionary in Ceserea, and a niece of Messrs. Luke Warren and George E. Fowle of this city.

Miss Fowle is a native of Turkey, but came to America in 1895 to complete her education. She graduated from the Woburn High School in 1899, from Holyoke College in 1903, and taught school in Florida for a year, or more. Her brother Charles W. Fowle is teller at the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and two others are at Williams College.



LOWNEY'S
"Name on every piece."

Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons

are the most delicious and the most perfect confections made.

Every sealed package is warranted to be in prime condition or money refunded.

One thing peculiar to Lowney's candies is that they can be eaten freely; they are pure and wholesome.

Another is that the Lowney packages are full weight.

Send for the Lowney Receipt Book.
The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Assessors' Notice.

WOBURN, May 1, 1906.

To the Inhabitants of the City of Woburn, and all other persons liable to pay taxes therein:

You are hereby required to bring into the Assessors of said City of Woburn, on or before Friday, June 15th, 1906, true lists of all polls and personal estate not exempt from taxation.

Any person neglecting to furnish the Assessors with a list of all their personal property within the time specified will be doomed at a legal meeting of the Board of Assessors, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth and Ordinances of the City, which meeting will be held during the month of June.

Schedules may be obtained at the office of the Assessors.

Persons holding estates in trust, whether for minors or otherwise, are particularly requested to furnish the Assessors with statements in relation to such estates.

Where estates of persons deceased have been divided during the past year, or have changed hands from other causes, the Executors, Administrators, or other persons interested, are respectfully requested to give notice of such changes at the office.

All persons and corporations, except corporations making returns to the Insurance Commissioners, as required by section nineteen of chapter one hundred and eighteen of the Revised Laws, are hereby required to bring in to said Assessors on or before said June 15th, 1906, unless the Assessors for cause shown extend the time to the first day of August, 1906, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, benevolent, charitable or scientific purposes on the first day of May, 1906, or, at the election of such corporation, on the last day of its financial year last preceding said first day of May, and to state the amount of receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year last preceding said days.

We call the attention of tax payers to the following extracts from the laws of the State by which the Assessors will be governed:

Revised Laws of Massachusetts, Chapter 12:

SECTION 45. A mortgagor or mortgagee of real estate may bring into the Assessors of the city or town in which it lies, within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as mortgagor or mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes two or more estates, or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shall include an estimate of the interest of the mortgagee in each estate or part of an estate. The Assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgagor or mortgagee separately in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year on such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee therein has not been assessed to him.

SECTION 46. They shall receive as true, except as to valuation, the list brought in by each person, unless on being thereto required by the Assessors he refuses to answer on oath all necessary inquiries as to the nature and amount of his property.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors will be in session on the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1906, from 9 o'clock to 11.30 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.; also on the evenings of June 5th, 7th, 12th, 14th and 15th, from 7 to 8 o'clock, to receive returns of taxable personal property and polls.

FRED J. RICE,
ARTHUR E. GAGE,
THOMAS H. DOLAN,
Assessors of the City of Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Board of Public Works

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

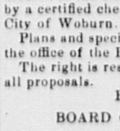
Sealed proposals for the construction of a brick Fire Station at Central Square, will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works, Municipal Building, until 12 o'clock noon of Wednesday, May 16, 1906.

All proposals to be marked "Proposals for Construction of a Fire Station," addressed to the clerk and to be accompanied by a certified check for $200 payable to the City of Woburn.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Board.

The right is reserved to reject any and all proposals.

Per order,
BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.
James A. McAvoy, Clerk.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

WINCHESTER

If reports are to be relied on, there is to be great activity in the building line here this season.

There is good stuff in the High School baseball team. They'll make their mark this season.

A May Festival is to be held in Town Hall at 2 30 p m on May 5 Great preparations for it are underway

The leading speaker at the meeting of Epiphany Club on May 9 is to be Prof E. C. Black of the Boston University.

The seventh anniversary of their present house of worship was duly celebrated by the Unitarian Society last Friday evening.

Calumet Club voted last Saturday evening to lend a helping hand to the California sufferers. They never fail when duty calls.

The people of this town responded nobly to the call for California donations. They didn't hesitate a moment to shell out liberally

This is the house cleaning season and the women are busy. And so are the menfolks trying to keep out of the way and devouring cold victuals

Mr. S. W. Twombly was a member of the Committee of Arrangements for the reunion of the members of the House of Representatives of '71 Club, which was held at the United States Hotel last Wednesday He is along in the 80s.

Deaths from Appendicitis.

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 25c. Try them.

AN OLD LEGEND.

The Ancient Story of Lilith, Adam's First Helpmeet.

The old Talmudists had a queer legend concerning the first pair created by the Almighty. According to the story, Lilith was Adam's original "helpmeet" and Eve was the after consideration. The Talmud says that Lilith was created just as Adam was—out of the dust of the earth. Soon after the breath of life had been breathed into her ears (you will remember that the Bible says "nostrils" in Adam's case) her entire nature changed to such an extent that she became a veritable demon. About this time the devil came along, and, recognizing in Adam's wife all that was necessary to make a first class governess of the infernal regions, persuaded her to quit the first man and go with him into the "upper regions of the air." To us this seems like a queer place for the location of hell, but that is the direction the pair is said to have taken when they left Adam as the sole occupant of the garden. At home with the king of the sulphurous domain, she became the mother of devils and then deserted Pluto and became a "specter of darkness."

After this transformation her sole delight appears to have been in the destruction of innocent babes. It is even said that our word "lullaby" is a corruption of the oriental term, "lilla abi," which means "avaunt," or "begone, Lilith."

HORSESHOE NAILS.

The Way They Are Turned Out by Expert Workmen.

Three million separate shoe nails are often cast from a ton of metal. Of the smaller sizes 2,000 nails are molded in a single mold, and an expert workman will make eighty molds in an ordinary working day, thus turning out 160,000 separate nails.

When the metal in a liquid state is poured into the mold it runs through the sand in passages provided in the molding process. The whole of the nails are cast together and are, when removed from the sand, connected by a network of iron one with another. In this condition the iron is as brittle as glass, and very little force is required to separate the nails from the network which holds them together.

They then have to undergo the process known as annealing. They are mixed up with hematite iron ore, which is in a powdered state, put into iron pots and placed in an annealing furnace, a sort of kiln. Here they remain for some days, care being taken to so regulate the heat to which they are subjected that the iron will not be remelted, but brought very nearly to that condition. The action of the raw iron ore upon the brittle casting is marvelous. After cooling it can be bent without risk of breaking, and it becomes a useful and serviceable article.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Standing For a Seat In Parliament Is Expensive.

Although there are strict laws against bribery in the English elections, standing for a seat in parliament is by no means an inexpensive matter. Even a small constituency will cost not less than $3,000, and the expenses run from that up to $10,000.

At one election a candidate paid out on an average of $50 for each vote, but this is regarded as the record price, the cost running as low as $1 a head.

The purchasing of a vote disqualifies the candidate, even though he may be innocent of any participation in the bribery, and as a result candidates and their workers—"agents" they call them in England—are most careful that their actions shall be above suspicion.

Dinners may be served a constituency, but payment even to the women of a family is regarded as bribery, and the candidates are compelled to trust to speeches, house to house convasses and literature, both for hand distribution and in the form of posters.

Friends.

Never judge a person by his relatives, but by his friends. One isn't responsible for his relatives. Be they good, bad or indifferent, they are thrust upon him, but friends are self chosen, and what they are so is the person.

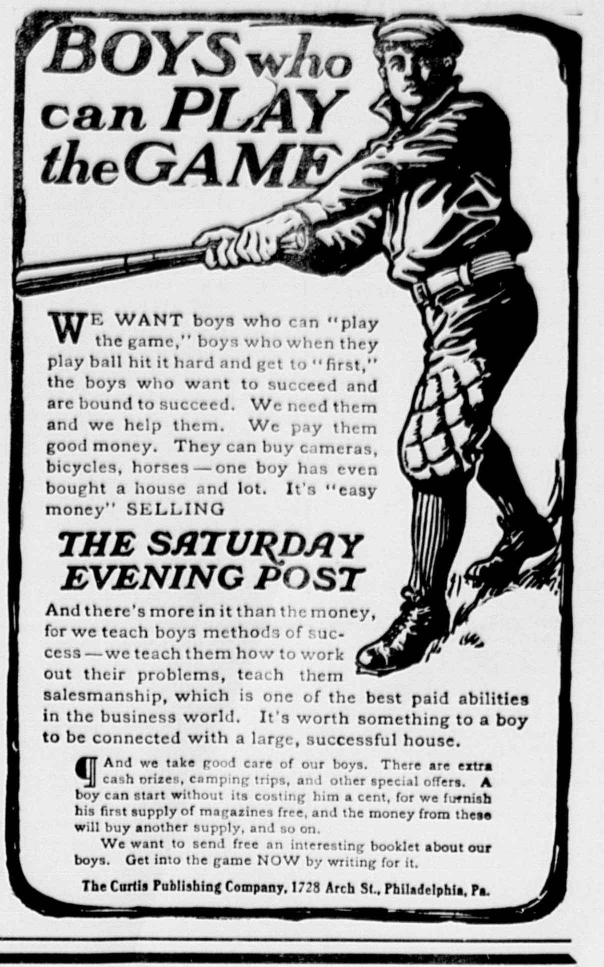
Appetizing.

"Mary, bring Dr. Preachit some more jelly."

"Shure, mum, an' I spilt the whole lot on the pantry floor, mum, and yez has eat all I could scrape up, mum."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.



BOYS who can PLAY the GAME

WE WANT boys who can "play the game," boys who when they play ball hit it hard and get to "first," the boys who want to succeed and are bound to succeed. We need them and we help them. We pay them good money. They can buy cameras, bicycles, horses—one boy has even bought a house and lot. It's "easy money" SELLING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And there's more in it than the money, for we teach boys methods of success—we teach them how to work out their problems, teach them salesmanship, which is one of the best paid abilities in the business world. It's worth something to a boy to be connected with a large, successful house.

¶ And we take good care of our boys. There are extra cash prizes, camping trips, and other special offers. A boy can start without its costing him a cent, for we furnish his first supply of magazines free, and the money from these will buy another supply, and so on.

We want to send free an interesting booklet about our boys. Get into the game NOW by writing for it.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 1728 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-2

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Camphorine - - - -

A Camphor, Lavender and Cedar Compound, an effectual and economical substitute for Camphor, Carbolic Acid, Tar Paper, and other Protectors against Moths, Mildew and Insects. Prevents and destroys Buffalo Bugs.

One Pound Package 15c.
MOTH BALLS 5 Cents. lb.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.
417 Main Street, Woburn
We Deliver Free by Messenger.

When You Have Company

You want your table to look its prettiest. Snowy linen, a few flowers and some of our silverware and cut glass will give your guests many pleasant thoughts of their visit.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Something New!

Orange Ice Cream
Cut, wrapped and packed in pint Bricks ready to carry home, always on hand at

CRAWFORD'S
412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Silas of Hebron Valley

By M. J. PHILLIPS

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

John G. Davidson, with his cleanly shaven, comely face, cleft chin, blue eyes and firm jaw, might have been, from appearances, an actor. He might have been mistaken for a popular preacher or a professional baseball player. His age was, apparently, anywhere between thirty and fifty years.

He had the air of good living and prosperity which the man of the world is supposed to wear.

All guesses as to his profession, however, would probably have gone wide of the mark. He was senior member of the firm of Davidson & Cole of Wall street, a firm which bore a rather shady reputation. Even now he was hurrying home from a hunting trip in Maine, which had been cut short by the tip, irregularly received, of a big "killing" to be made the next day on the Stock Exchange.

In other words, Davidson & Cole were preparing to garner several hundred thousand dollars because the Hillmans and the Silvers were about to close in a death grapple for the control of the New York and Western. Each faction held about one-third of the stock. Speculators and investors held the other third, mostly in small blocks. The Silvers needed the road, it was said, to stifle its chances of becoming a dangerous competitor. The Hillman crowd desired it for those very possibilities.

The stock was down to 37; but, according to the information gleaned by the brokers, the Silvers were prepared to pay 150 if necessary for the shares constituting the balance of power.

Despite the suspicion which attached to him on Wall street, Davidson's face was one people instinctively liked and trusted. When, at a remote junction point, Silas Ashlar entered the smoker of the train, shaking the snowflakes from his ulster—it was midwinter and storming—he took the seat beside the broker.

Ashlar was twenty-five, and his good natured face, unchiseled by the stress of city life, was round and immatured, yet withal there was native shrewdness in it and frank honesty.

Davidson was a man to inspire not only confidence, but confidences. Besides, he was in the mood for conversation. In the course of half an hour the country youth was unburdening himself to this agreeable stranger as he had never talked to his closest friend.

"I live over to Hebron Valley, in Vermont," he said. "I'm clerk in old man Briggs' general store; been workin' there since I was fourteen. The old man wants to retire now, and I'd like to buy the business."

"I see," rejoined Davidson politely.

Silas beat a tattoo with clumsy fingers on the window sill and smiled with embarrassment before he proceeded. "There's—there's a girl, you know."

"Indeed. Briggs' daughter, I suppose?"

"No; Jennie Gardner. We're—we're engaged, you see. That's why I want the store."

"Feel as if you'd ought to be set up in business before you marry, eh?" queried the broker, smiling a little.

"Well, no; I don't," replied the young man reluctantly, "and Jennie don't; neither does her ma. But her father—he's John Gardner, the banker there at Hebron—he don't like me; thinks I ain't got money enough, I guess. Then there's another fellow, the postmaster. He wants Jennie to marry."

Davidson's interest quickened. "Why don't you run away with the girl?" he asked.

"She won't do it. She's afraid of her father. So is her mother, for that matter. He's a hard man."

"He'd be satisfied to let you marry if you owned the store?"

"Yes, and that's just some more of his meanness," returned Silas. "He thinks it's impossible for me to buy it or he wouldn't say so. All I got's $500. Briggs wants $2,000. I'm goin' down to New York to see if I can't raise it. I've heard of money being made pretty quick on Wall street"—

"They'd get your hay in about twenty minutes on Wall street," responded Davidson decisively. "I know, because that's where I hang out. But see here, Ashlar. I've got a little sporting blood in my veins, and I've been under dog myself. Suppose I help you down this tu'-penny banker?"

"Say, if you only would!"

"Very well. Let's have your five hundred. There's something on for tomorrow, and maybe I can clean up your little pile for you during the excitement. Are you willing to trust me and take the chance?"

Ashlar's answer was to draw, with trembling fingers, a bulky envelope from an inner pocket and pass it over to the broker, who tore it open and counted the contents dexterously. There was $500 in the package in well thumbed tens and twenties.

The broker stowed the money away and produced a bit of pasteboard. "There's my address," he said, handing the card to Ashlar. "You come to that number day after tomorrow at 10, and I'll have some news for you."

When at dusk Ashlar, bewildered by the appalling noise and confusion of the big city, ventured from the railway station into the street he suddenly felt that he had done a foolish thing in intrusting all his money to a perfect stranger, but the remembrance of Davidson's face with its undefinable attraction reassured him. "I was a darn fool for ever thinkin' of this thing," he muttered. "They'd surely beat me if I tried speculatin' by myself. I guess Davidson is square."

The New York and Western episode on the Stock Exchange next day was merely a skirmish in the great industrial warfare which goes on ceaselessly in that slit in the granite called Wall street. A few profited; scores were ruined. Before Davidson & Cole had loaded up irretrievably with the stock Davidson smelled danger and had begun to let go.

His suspicions proved justified. The story of the fight for control was a clever fake, which had already caught many small firms. It developed that the Silvers and the Hillmans had long since come to an amicable agreement in regard to the road.

"Then we're out about $65,000," said Lucius Cole the morning after the skirmish as he sat with his partner in their private office.

"About $65,000," agreed Davidson, "and if I hadn't got wise until a half hour later we'd have been down and out today."

A clerk ushered in Silas Ashlar. The country youth was haggard with anxiety. "The morning paper says we were hit hard," he began. "My money"—

"Your money's all right," interrupted Davidson. "I had your little old $2,000 salted before the balloon ascension. Here's your check." He handed Ashlar a slip of paper.

Silas for a few moments was dazed by the good news. Then he began to stammer his thanks, but Davidson waved them aside. "Not a word, now, Silas. I want just two promises of you—that you'll never monkey with the Stock Exchange again and that you will go home and fix up a wedding within two weeks. Do you agree?"

There were tears in the young man's eyes. "If Jennie says the word we'll be married inside of twenty-four hours. This money shuts her father up. I don't want any more Stock Exchange business either, you bet. I've been too worried the last two days. God bless you, Mr. Davidson. If you ever come to Hebron Valley I'll try to show how much you've done for us."

A dark flush mounted Cole's thick neck and overspread his face as the grateful Ashlar left the office. "Are you crazy, Davidson?" he demanded angrily. "What the devil did you give up that money for? The fool hayseed would have believed anything you told him." Although meant as a sarcasm, a note of anxiety crept into his high, excited voice at the next question. "You ain't turning honest, are you?"

There was more bitterness than humor in Davidson's smile as he replied: "It's a little late in the day for that, isn't it? But I'll tell you why I did it, if you want to know. Did you ever stop to think why I wasn't married?"

"Oh, a girl away back, probably."

"Dead right, Lucius. Her folks thought I didn't have money enough, so they sold her off to a tight fisted grubber with a few hundred dollars and a heart like a hickory nut. It's her daughter Ashlar wants to marry. Her husband doesn't like him, and he put the same stumbling block up to the boy that was laid in my path—money."

"Well, I ain't kicking, am I?" snarled Cole, with a change of front which would have puzzled any one but his partner.

"You're senior member of this firm, and you can make an ass of yourself if you want to. But while I was about it I'd have got the boy more than a measly two thousand!"

Herbert Spencer's Painted Carpet.

Herbert Spencer once had a carpet which began to fade when it had only been down a few months. It consisted, or, rather, had consisted, of clusters of blue flowers on a drabbish ground Now, with the principal color gone, it had become far too dull for the taste of that lover of brightness. He therefore conceived the unique idea of having each flower stamped over with red ink. For this purpose he invented a small tin tray, which was made so that it stood quite flat on the floor to prevent any possibility of the ink being spilled or dropped about. Bent in it were little wells about as large round and twice as thick as a halfpenny These depressions were filled with the liquid. The sempstress—whom he was always glad of an excuse to employ because she was so hardworking and so poor—was soon set to carry out his plan. Down on her knees she had to go, and as she was decidedly stout it was no light task. With a cork cut the exact size and dipped in ink she pressed firmly down on each flower, thus leaving it as if covered with red cherries. No wonder it took her over a week, working all day, for the carpet was from twenty-five to thirty feet long and proportionately wide.—Harper's Magazine.

One of the Vagaries of Memory.

A child of American parents was born in Spain, and, although the language of the family was English, she learned to speak Spanish fluently. She then removed to America and went into a boarding school where French was the only language spoken. Of course, hearing no Spanish, the child gradually seemed to forget it. Her knowledge of French was perfect, and that she used as well as English. When she became an elderly lady her health failed her, and she sank into a condition of physical and mental weakness. After a time her attendants observed that she seemed not to understand anything that was spoken in English, but conversed in French with ease. At last she lapsed into a long interval of semiconsciousness, during which she understood nothing. During the last days of her life she suddenly rallied, and her command of Spanish came back to her, so that she talked fluently in it and thoroughly understood it. As a case of mental lapse and peculiarity of memory this is considered quite worthy of note.

How Would You Like This Butter?

The Moor prepares butter in an original way and gets a different taste from the usual one. Fresh butter ("sibida," as he calls it), as known by us, he despises and uses only for cooking. It must be old if it is to be liked. After it has lain in a hole in the ground for some years and has got a certain appearance it becomes a delicacy. To make butter a goatskin is turned inside out. It is filled with milk, bound tight and tied to a tree. There it is beaten backward and forward till the butter is made. That is why you cannot get butter in Morocco without hairs all through it. The butter is then laid on pieces of wood and the maker goes to sell it. Possible buyers lift the dirty cover, put in their fingers and take out a taste and if the goods do not please close it down again and the salesman pursues his way.

Ingrowing Toe Nails.

It has been found by some that the copious application of dried powdered alum is sufficient to cure most cases of ingrowing toe nails. The applications are not painful, and the inflamed tissue is dried up, and a hard, resistant, nonsensitive bed is formed for the nail. The toe is wrapped in a cloth soaked in soap and water for twenty-four hours beforehand, and then the powdered alum is poured into the space between the nail and its bed, using cotton to keep the alum in place and repeating the application daily. The suppuration, if any exists, rapidly dries up, pain and discomfort are almost immediately relieved, and, the application being repeated for about five days, a cure usually results.

Crushing a Bore.

An Englishman, complimenting Americans on their skill at postprandial oratory, went on to discuss the possibility of boring an audience. He said the severest reproof for a bore which he recollected was that administered by the great Talleyrand while driving with a friend who kept telling him stories. As they passed through the streets of a continental town, which in those days were policed by many sentries, they observed one sentry yawn at his post, and Talleyrand said to his friend: "Hush! We are overheard."

Spoiled His Scheme.

Among the creditors of an insolvent firm was a New Yorker who had a balance of $285 coming to him. This man wanted his money. He was a good talker and persuaded the firm to pay him off in case he could get the other creditors to grant an extension of time. So he called a meeting of the creditors and talked to them eloquently about the prospects of the firm getting on its feet again if it only had time. He seemed to have won out when a little old man in the back of the room rose and in a squeaky voice declared that he, for one, wanted his money and did not want to wait for it. "Don't you think it is rather selfish of you to interfere with this plan, in which all of the other creditors have agreed?" asked the first man. "We are willing to wait for the amount of our claims. Every one of us, including myself, believes that this firm should have plenty of time. How much is your claim, anyway?" In the same piping voice the little old man answered: "They owe me $185,000. How much is your claim?"

The Tomb Spider.

The people of Italy believe in the existence of a wonderful creature which for the want of a better name is called the tomb spider. The entomologists know nothing of this queer beast and declare that it only exists in the fancy of the superstitious persons and those whose curiosity or business makes it necessary for them to explore old ruins, tombs, catacombs, etc. According to the popular account, the tomb spider is of a pure white color, has wings like those of a bat, a dozen horrid crooked legs and a body three or four times the size of that of the largest tropical American tarantula. The accounts of this queer insect and his out of the way places of abode are by no means common, and on that account the information concerning him which we will be able to give is very meager. Any Italian will tell you that such a creature exists, however, and that he is occasionally met with in old mines and caverns as well as in tombs and subterranean ruins.

Goldsmith's Showy Clothes.

Goldsmith was ludicrously fond of showy clothes. When he sought to take orders in Ireland he tried to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches. While studying medicine in Edinburgh he wore "rich sky blue satin," "fine sky blue shalloon" and silver hat lace. Before Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick he strutted about bragging of his bloom colored coat. and when his reputation had been made by his two principal poems he blazed forth in purple silk small clothes, a scarlet greatcoat and a physician's wig. He carried a gold headed cane, and a sword hung by his side, a weapon so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb who passed him in the strand called out to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it."—Sartorial Art Journal.

A Woman In Morocco.

All the life of a woman in Morocco is really passed behind the walls of its prison-like houses. She sees nothing, knows nothing, is wholly sunk in ignorance. She has no social life, no afternoon "at home." A writer says: "Most of the ladies' calls are roof to roof visitations, and very nimble they are at getting over the low partition walls, even dragging a ladder up and down with them if there are high ones to be crossed. The reason is that the roofs, or, rather, terraces, are especially reserved for women folk, and men are not even allowed to go up except to do repairs, when the neighboring houses are duly warned."

Strange Pledges.

London pawnbrokers are frequently asked to take strange things in pawn. The other day a Holborn pawnbroker lent $100 on a fine horse, which one of his daughters rode until it was redeemed. The same pawnbroker once took in pledge a medical chest of poisons that were strong enough to kill 10,000 men. It was, however, a valuable deposit, as some of the poisons were very rare. A Kensington (England) pawnbroker about three weeks ago lent a sum of money on a number of autographs of dead celebrities.

Before and After.

Mrs. Mann—Before we were married Charles used to bring me candy when he came to see me. Now I have to buy my candy myself or go without. Mrs. Grimes—That's just the way with the men. Mrs. Mann—But, then, I don't mind it. I buy better candy than he used to buy, and as it is his money, just the same as in the old days, the new arrangement is more expensive to him than the old one.

A Criterion of Age.

Birmingham—Your daughter is to marry a young man named Hill, I believe? Manchester—Yes. He belongs to one of the very oldest families in the country. Birmingham—I didn't know that he came from a particularly old family. Manchester—Oh, yes. You often hear people use the expression, "As old as the Hills."

Absentminded.

Smith—Brown is getting to be quite absentminded of late, isn't he? Griffin—Why, I haven't noticed it. Smith—Well, he is. The other day he happened to look in a mirror at home, and he asked his wife what she was doing with that fellow's picture in the house.

Not a Philanthropist.

A.—The man does a great deal for the poor, it is said. B.—Nonsense. He would not even give his daughter to me as my wife.

The universal and absolute law is that natural justice which cannot be written down, but which appeals to the hearts of all.—Victor Cousin.

Her Dearest Wish.

"Darling," he said, "now that we are married, what is your dearest wish?"

She gazed into his eyes with a sweet, confiding look and said:

"That you will try to have the jeweler take this engagement ring back so you can get me one with a diamond at least half as large again."

Inexperienced.

"Johnny, if you eat all six of these apples you won't have any appetite for your dinner."

It is needless to state that it was Johnny's bachelor uncle who made the remark. No man with experience in grocery bills would have made such an error.

By Heart.

Gladys—How is it one never forgets a love affair? Aggie—Because that is something you always learn by heart. —Illustrated Bits.

There is only one sort of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.—La Rochefoucauld.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 6.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xiii, 24-30, 36-43—Memory Verse, 30—Golden Text, Gal. vi, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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This is the second of the series of seven parables in this chapter and is found only in Matthew. It sets forth another phase of the course of this age while the kingdom is rejected and the mystery continues, and it is so fully and clearly explained by our Lord that there can be no mistake as to its meaning. In the parables of the sower, the tares, the mustard seed and the treasure a field is mentioned in the last three and implied in the first. "The field is the world" (verse 38) holds good of the three in which the word "field" is used and refers to the earth on which we live. In the phrase "the end of the world," in verses 39, 40 and 49, the word for "world" is different and means the "age" in which we live—"this present evil age" of Gal. i, 4, the time covered by the parables—and has no reference to the end of this planet, but to the end or consummation of this age, which is only one of many. In Eph. iii, 5; ii, 7, see the reference to other ages and ages to come. In Mark xvi, 15; Matt. xxviii, 20, we have the words again, "Go ye into all the world," everywhere on the planet where people live, and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," the consummation of the age. In all the planet the seed is to be sown during this age, but only a part will bear fruit, according to the parable of the sower. Some will believe, and some will not believe, and we can only hope to save some (Acts xxviii, 24; I Cor. ix, 23). Then, according to our lesson, the children of the kingdom and the children of the wicked one will be found together up to the end of the age, for the devil will be sowing his tares and carrying on his work against God and man until he shall by the power of God be cast into the bottomless pit at the end of this age. I do not know any Scripture which teaches us to expect what is called a converted world in this age. We might as well expect a converted devil. Why people will not believe what God has said about the course and consummation of this age is strange indeed, but no more strange than John, who leaned on Jesus' bosom, not believing that Jesus was to die and rise again the third day. See Luke xvii, 26-30; Rev. i, 7, and say before God if you believe those words and, if not, why.

In the last lesson the seed was the word of God, but in this the good seed is the children of the kingdom. The incorruptible seed of the word is reproduced in and by those who receive it, who thus become children of God (John i, 12) and experience in their lives that except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, and also that we who live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh (John xii, 24; II Cor. iv, 11). It is a dark, ungodly world in which we live, and we who have become children of God and children of the kingdom are to let our light so shine that men may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven (Matt. v, 16). All who are not children of God are children of the wicked one, and many of these get into the so called church, and, never having been born of God, they are the tares among the wheat, having outwardly the same appearance and often occupying prominent places in the church, like Judas Iscariot, who was treasurer for the twelve. Our Lord says that it shall continue to be so till He shall come again to set up His kingdom. There are just the two chief sowers—the Lord and the enemy, the devil.

It is plain from this and other passages that the end of this age is beyond the time of the completion and taking away of the church. At the end of the age, the harvest of our lesson, the tares are gathered first to be burned, but we know that before Christ can come in power and glory, bringing His saints with Him to judge and reign, He must have taken them to Himself. Such passages as I Thess. iv, 16-18; I Cor. xv, 51, must precede in the order of time such as I Thess. iii, 13; Col. iii, 4; I Cor. vi, 2. The age runs on, and the mystery of iniquity fully develops, and the man of sin is manifested after the church has gone to meet her Lord and be forever with Him. There will be a vast multitude saved after the church is taken—the multitude of Rev. vii, 14—the church being represented by the redeemed of Rev. v, 10, and all the unsaved of that period, as well as the mere professors of this part of the present age, shall have to experience the awful doom of verse 42 of our lesson and xxv, 41, and II Thess. ii, 8, 9. Who can tell what it will mean to perish, to suffer the torments of Luke xvi, 23; Rev. xiv, 10, 11? But what a comfort to know that God is not willing that any should perish and has at indescribable cost provided a redemption for all, so that none who hear of it need perish! (II Pet. iii, 9; John iii, 16.)

The shining forth as the sun of verse 43 brings to mind Dan. xii, 3, and also I John iii, 2. He is the Sun; the Lord God is a sun and shield (Ps. lxxxiv, 11), and we shall be like Him. But let us not forget that there is a possibility of being His and yet saved as by fire (I Cor. iii, 14, 15). While men slept the enemy sowed his tares. If God's men were wide awake the enemy might not get in so many tares. But too many of the children of God are asleep, like Jonah and Samson. Let us give heed to Rom. xiii, 11; Eph. v, 14.

Pills.

It is a popular notion that all pills are or are intended to be aperient. That is an error. There are many official pills—that is, pills made from authorized recipes and sold by all druggists—that are very distinctly not aperient. Thus there is a sulphate of quinine pill, whose action is tonic. Phosphorus pill is a nerve food. Sulphate of iron pill is a blood food. Squill pill is an expectorant. In fact, the pill form is a very convenient one for giving medicines and can be applied to nearly every drug, with the exception of things essentially liquid, as the mineral acids.

Went Him One Better.

"A woman went marketing in Faneuil hall," said a Boston minister. "She stopped before a stall where were displayed fowl so aged as to seem almost unsalable. 'What do you sell those for?' inquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens. 'We usually sell them for profits, marm,' was the curt response. 'Oh,' said the woman, 'I thought they were patriarchs.'"

Quality Versus Quantity

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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Throughout the block it was known that Mrs. McGinnis was as unsociable as she was thrifty. While the other women leaned from the windows of the tenement and gossiped or hung clothes across the court and quarreled over the length of line, Mrs. McGinnis went quietly about her own business without a word to any of them. Indeed, some of her neighbors looked at her with awe, for in a tenement where everything is known the news soon spread that Mrs. McGinnis went out by the day to wash for people who moved in high circles of society.

Life went very cheerfully for Mrs. McGinnis. She had many things to be thankful for. Her two rooms were as neat as energy and soap could make them, her husband was sober and industrious, and they were putting away a tidy bit in the bank each month. She was thankful, too, that there were no little McGinnises to be "pothering" about and mussing up the kitchen. She was not fond of children. When any of the little red headed O'Shaunessys, who lived across the hall, were particularly clamorous Mrs. McGinnis was wont to remark that she was glad she had none of "the loikes of them" to stay at home and take care of.

As it was, she set off blithely each morning with her scrubbing dress done up in a bundle and carried under her arm. Sometimes, through the generosity of her employers, she would return with a much larger bundle. Such occasions were gala nights, and Mrs. McGinnis could hardly wait to get home and open the wrappings on the kitchen table. There would be cuffs and socks and trousers as good as new for Mr. McGinnis, and such waists and skirts for herself that she was able to set the styles for the whole neighborhood.

Her only near rival in this was Mrs. O'Shaunessy, who appeared one Sunday in a red plush hat nodding with green plumes. The following week Mrs. McGinnis went to church in a pink satin waist that had once been the bodice of a reception gown. It was elaborately trimmed with chiffon and artificial rosebuds and had elbow sleeves which displayed Mrs. McGinnis' muscular arms, ruddy from much contact with strong suds. Yet if there was anything ludicrous in the picture she presented she was entirely unconscious of it, and the gorgeousness of her apparel settled her supremacy as a leader of fashion.

But the feud between herself and Mrs. O'Shaunessy still continued. Mrs. O'Shaunessy used to strut up the aisle "for all the wurruld like an owld hen" with her numerous progeny trailing behind her, and she would shoot a glance over her shoulder at Mrs. McGinnis. Were not large families just as stylish as pink satin waists?

One evening Mrs. McGinnis came home with a larger bundle than usual. "Shure, it's a whole new wardrobe we'll be having," she said breathlessly. "I'm that excited I can hardly cut the strings! Here's waistcoats for ye, Pat, and some neckties and a foine silk hat. Faix, you'll look loike the mayor himself in it! And here's a dress for me. Silk lined it is too! Oh, it's myself that will make a fine rustle when I pass that O'Shaunessy woman! And maybe there's a waist to go with it!"

"Is it this ye mean?" said Pat, and held up something that neither of them had noticed—a small black velvet suit with lace cuffs and a wide lace collar. There were little black silk stockings, too, and patent leather slippers with gilt buckles.

Mrs. McGinnis looked at the outfit speechlessly.

"Ye might sell it," said her husband.

"Indaid, and I'll not," said Mrs. McGinnis.

"Ye can give it to Mrs. O'Shaunessy, then," hazarded Pat. "'Twill fit one of her youngsters."

"Is it out of your mind you are?" cried Mrs. McGinnis. "To think I'd be giving this suit to the loikes of them! What would her red headed spalpeens be doing with a lace collar and cuffs, I'd loike to know?" And Mrs. McGinnis snorted indignantly. To her mind these clothes were meant for a princeling, and none but a princeling should wear them.

That night, as she lay sleepless, she was haunted by visions of a little figure in a black velvet suit. Now he sat by the kitchen table, his fair hair shining under the lamplight; now he was walking by her side to church, so aristocratic that none of the tribe of O'Shaunessy could hold a candle to him. Suddenly unguessed longings and tendernesses began to stir. She wondered how it would seem to have some one to cuddle in the twilight, to feel a drowsy head against her breast. It would be sweet, she thought, to wake him in the morning and see his face all warm and flushed with slumber, his curls in a tangle about his neck. Later, when he was older, he would go to school and stand first in his class, while the little O'Shaunessys would be always, always at the foot. And, soothed by this pleasant reflection, Mrs. McGinnis fell asleep. Yet even her dreams were broken by the patter of tiny feet in patent leather slippers with gilt buckles.

With morning came a resolve which she did not see fit to impart to Pat, and by noon she set resolutely off on her quest, carrying a letter from the priest in one hand and dress suit case in the other. The sister at St. Margaret's Orphan asylum was accustomed to many startling requirements, but surely none were ever more astonishing than Mrs. McGinnis' demand for a boy to fit a black velvet suit! As to his age or parentage Mrs. McGinnis did not seem to care. So long as the suit fitted that was all she asked.

Then followed a strenuous half hour for some of the little orphans. There were many boys of assorted sizes. There were thin boys and fat boys, dark boys and fair boys, but a good fit seemed hopeless. Mrs. McGinnis watched the proceedings with a troubled eye. "Look at him," she would wail. "He's that chunky he'll be bursting the seams if he moves an inch!" or again, "Begging your pardon, 'tis no bean pole I'm after wanting!"

She tried two more asylums, with no better results. Despair settled down upon her. Was the surprise she had planned for Mrs. O'Shaunessy never to be? Must she go home baffled and defeated and give up all hope of the sensation she had planned to create? And a deeper feeling than all these tugged at her heart. The world seemed so full of children, and there was not even one for her! A sob rose in her throat as she began to fold up the velvet suit.

"I'll be laving you with many thanks," she said huskily to the sister in charge, "for there's not wan of them that fits the suit at all, at all!" And even as she spoke there appeared before her the vision of her last night's dream—blue eyed and with crisp curls of gold—only this child was dressed in a checked gingham pinafore instead of velvet.

The child smiled engagingly at Mrs. McGinnis, who felt a great wave of love and longing sweeping over her. Such a broth of a boy! Here at last was one who would fit not only the velvet suit, but a niche that had long been vacant in her heart.

"What is your name, dear?" said Mrs. McGinnis tenderly.

"Norah," said the child.

It was not at all the answer Mrs. McGinnis had expected, and the good woman gasped. But there was a wistful sweetness about the child which was not to be resisted. The love light of awakening motherhood shone in Mrs. McGinnis' eyes.

"Will you be my little gurril, darlint?" she whispered.

The night that Norah finally arrived Pat was as delighted as his wife. He thought he had never seen a "prettier little colleen." The next morning was Sunday and the McGinnises entered church somewhat late, Pat in the lead, wearing a tall silk hat and stepping very jauntily, Mrs. McGinnis next, moving with a notable rustle, and by her side a beautiful little girl whose black velvet coat, heavily trimmed with lace, was the admiration of all beholders. It was a day of triumph for Mrs. McGinnis. She beamed on the whole world. She even beamed on Mrs. O'Shaunessy when they met face to face on the church steps.

"The top of the morning to you, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," quoth Mrs. McGinnis. "It's well you're looking this fine day, and all your family. Shure, it's a large one, there's no denying it! But (with a glance of pride at Norah) it's myself that has always preferred quality to quantity!"

Ayer's Pills

Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Gave Him His Time.

A Kentucky congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that state some years ago. Just before the sheriff adjusted the noose he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not," began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and"—

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff. "Who's that?"

"John Blank," volunteered some one, naming a rising young politician, who has since represented his state for a number of years in the house of representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned man to the sheriff.

"They say it's John Blank."

"I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado calmly remarked. "Well, he can have my time, all of it, but go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."—Lippincott's.

Glycerin Was Considered Useless.

No commercial commodity can show a greater increase in value, pecuniary or utilitarian, than glycerin. Originally a waste product eliminated in the manufacture of soap, candles and medicinal plasters, a nuisance to the manufacturer and a source of obstruction and pollution to river and sewer, it is now largely in request in almost every branch of industry. So great is the demand that the candle and other works can no longer yield the required supply of this commodity, and we now not only manufacture it on a large scale, but import it. It is used in medicine, in the arts, in perfumery, in the manufacture of beer, in calico printing, in the preparation of leather and as an antiseptic. Large quantities are annually absorbed in the production of nitroglycerin, dynamite and other explosives.

The Man With a System.

"Charley looked very sick when he returned from the races," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What was the trouble?"

"He said his system was out of order."—Washington Star.

His Great Discovery.

Hix—I don't believe half our rich men know when they are well off. Dix—Where did you get that idea? Hix—At the courthouse. I was down there this morning looking over the tax lists. —Chicago News.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offense, rather than at the time.—Sydney Smith.

Artist Ziem's Queer House.

Ziem, the artist, was a queer character. He lived in a house at the top of the Rue Lepic on Montmartre. His house was his castle in the literal sense of the word. It was difficult to obtain admission, for the painter had an upper window out of which he always looked when the bell rang and interrogated his would be visitors. He had a basket which he let down by a cord to receive packages or messages, and he slept in a wonderful swinging bed. His house was a veritable museum, illuminated Persian manuscripts being part of his collection. Some of these were worth thousands of francs, but it was impossible to persuade him to sell any of them. In place of a newel post on his stairway stood the prow of a gilded gondola, and, closely immured in his studio, he painted pictures of Venice and bade defiance to all who came to disturb his peace.

Virtues of the Old Sod.

On the very rare occasions that snakes have been found in Ireland explanation of the phenomena has always been forthcoming. One was brought in a bundle of shrubs, another in a packing case, and yet another—this time a dead one—was introduced by an English visitor. All have proved of alien extraction. Even science cannot disprove the Irish belief in St. Patrick as a pied piper. Here is an incident illustrative of this belief: A son of Erin emigrated to Australia and quickly made a fortune. He was happy except for one trial—snakes. "Oh, for an Australian St. Patrick!" he moaned. And then came an inspiration. He wired for a load of the soil of old Ireland. Only when he had strewn the precious mold around about his dwelling could he sleep in peace!—London Tribune.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Alexander White, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Maunday J. White the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered, of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Dennef otherwise known as Allice Denef, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ann J. Hoban, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Addie F. Blodgett, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. Locke of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Making Bread With Sea Water.

At one time sea water was used in some English seaside places when making bread. Even now villages along the coast line of France utilize it. Fresh rain or spring water is only used for the leaven, pure sea water being exclusively employed for the making and mixing of the dough. By this method no mineral or table salt requires to be added, the natural salt water giving the bread the necessary degree of salinity. But, though sea water does admirably for breadmaking, when applied to other culinary purposes the result is a disagreeable failure. The wheaten bread produced by it, however, is excellent and of great hygienic value. The chloride of magnesium, which imparts the acrid taste to sea water, is decomposed in the heating and therefore does not convey its original disagreeable taste to the bread, while the common salt, of course, permanently retains all its characteristic saline properties. The mineral substances left in the baked bread are considered to be of the nature of very mild regulating medicines.—London Mail.

The Tailor Bird.

The brilliantly plumed birds of the tropical forests are exposed to many dangers, and if they were not gifted with peculiar yet useful instincts they would fall ready victims to their enemies. Chattering monkeys and big snakes steal and eat their eggs, while their offspring are preyed upon by foes on every side. But it takes a sly monkey or snake to get ahead of the tailor bird, a small East Indian singing bird. She hides her nest so skillfully that her enemies cannot find it, no matter how hard they try. This she does by using her long, slender bill as a needle. With the tough fiber of a parasitic plant abundant in the tropics, as a thread she sews a dead leaf taken from the end of a slender and hanging branch, and between these leaves she builds her nests, where neither monkey nor snake can approach, because the branch will not bear its weight.

A Miniature Inland Ocean.

One of the queerest sheets of water in New England or within the limits of the United States, or the world for that matter, is the celebrated "Snow's ocean" in the state of Maine. When calm it is to all appearances an ordinary pond of no great dimensions, but observations and investigations made more than a century ago prove that the little body of water is a veritable ocean. It is located in Orrington, near Bangor, and its peculiarity is that, although situated among some high hills some distance from ocean or river, it has tides which rise and fall as regularly as do those of the great Atlantic. Many so called scientific examinations of this miniature ocean's bed and surrounding banks have been made, but so far no tenable explanation of the phenomenon has ever been given to the public.

Last of the Aristocrats.

"The old French aristocracy dies with me," cried the Princess de Valmont on her deathbed. She was a bitter old soul, who, born of a long line of uncontaminated ancestors and married to a noble of equally superfine strain, had, through her husband's death in financial difficulties, to marry her five children to "abominable persons" of high character, but with the blight of trade or industry in their blood. Her last years were made mournful to her by this pitiful descent, and just before her grandiose last utterance, looking with a bitter smile at her children and grandchildren in tears round her deathbed, she broke silence in the following terrible reflection: "We have here," counting on her fingers, "representatives of carriage making, wholesale grocery, confectionery, coal mining and the stock exchanges, and all grafted on the old tree of the De Valmonts."—New York Herald.

Wise men, though all laws were abolished, would lead the same lives.—Aristophanes.

Business Cards.

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Labor In Old Times.

Twelve hours in winter and fourteen in summer was a fair average day's work, but in Lyons in 1571 the printers worked from 2 o'clock in the morning till 8 or 9 in the evening. In other trades the working hours were often from 4 in the morning till 9 at night or from 5 to 10. Workers in the same metier generally lived together in the same street, but the maitre artisan had his own maison. The ground floor was his shop or workshop; above was his bedroom, which was also the sitting and eating room; a small room adjoining accommodated his children, and above was a garret where various commodities were stored.—Brisson's "Work and Workers."

Capsicum.

The capsicum plant, from which the different varieties of pepper are produced, is indigenous to the tropical regions of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. It grows wild almost as well as under cultivation in all these countries, and in each is used by the natives as a seasoning for food. Its extensive employment has suggested to medical theorists the thought that it must be considered as a natural tonic for the stomach in tropical countries.

Box 516

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M.

RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 [illegible] 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06 2 40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m., 2.50, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 5.40 p. m
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 3.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20 2 30 3.50 [illegible] 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct [illegible] a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester, 8 45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

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Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at [illegible].30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible]'s Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets
66	Corner [illegible] Streets
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and [illegible]
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private
612	Main St., opp. Jones's Stable. Private.
91	[illegible]

One blow [illegible]
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Three blows [illegible]
22, [illegible]

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SUZETTE'S SOLUTION

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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It was only a few minutes until train time, and the woman who all the morning had been wandering restlessly about the house forced her reluctant consciousness to the realization of the fact that soon, very soon, Suzette would be here. Suzette, after her four years at an eastern college, was coming home. And what was she, Helena Crosby, going to say to the girl? It was in answer to Helena's own urgent appeal that the girl was coming—that and Sanford's letter. Despite the warmth of the sweet June day Helena shivered. What was she to say?

Sanford's letter spoke for itself. In clear, unmistakable terms it begged Suzette to give up that long dreamed of year in Europe and come back and marry him. His anxiously awaited promotion had arrived. He was at last in a position to ask the fulfillment of their boy and girl pledge. Helena knew well enough what the letter contained. Had she not practically dictated the substance of it?

And Suzette's only answer had been a noncommittal telegram, "Starting for home today."

Did she mean to marry Robert or did she not? That was the question which over and over again rose feverishly to the sister's mind. Since Suzette was sixteen and Robert twenty-three, the two had been engaged; or, rather, there had been an understanding between them. Then Suzette had gone to college and Robert had followed his regiment to the Philippines.

Had the trouble begun, then, wondered Helena dully, when a triangular chain of correspondence linked the three? Or was it not until Sanford had come to Helena first to talk about the absent Suzette, then to argue and tease about her own concerns and, lastly, to discuss that never tiring topic of conversation to a man—himself? Helena could not tell, but lightly, unthinkingly, they had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

Sanford, manlike, had wanted to admit the truth and face the consequences, but Helena, her heart a fiery turmoil of conflicting emotions, would not listen. She who, although only a year and a half the elder, had been always mother, nurse, everything to the cherished little sister—she to be the one to destroy that sister's happiness, break forever her faith in humankind?

"Impossible!" cried Helena, her gray eyes dark with anguish, and from that determination she could not be shaken, despite Robert's most impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot hurt Suzette," was her unswerving answer, and at last Robert, desperate, had written Suzette. Since the thing must be met let it be met at once. Let them be married at once and return to the Philippines. It was the only remedy either could see.

And so it was that Helena Crosby could see nothing fair or lovely in the clear, warm sunshine, the rustling bird filled trees. When would Suzette come? And what would be the end? This was all her tired brain could carry.

There was a crisp footfall in the street, a sharp tinkle of the bell, then the sound of Suzette's voice in a low interchange of words; a retreating, heavier footstep. The next moment the girl had sprung into the room. Her arms closed about Helena.

"Why, you darling!" she cried. "Why, Helena, dear," as her quick eye noted the signs of suffering in the elder's face. Helena tried to smile.

"It is nothing, sweetheart," she answered. "Only a touch of headache," falling back on woman's never failing excuse. "Oh, Suzette! How glad I am to see you!"

Suzette laughed, hugging her close. The girl's cheeks were flushed to a vivid pink; her blue eyes, her piquant little mouth, her wavy soft brown hair all seemed alive, a-quiver with youth and joyousness. A breath from the brilliant, blossomy outer world seemed to have strayed in with her. A sob rose in Helen's throat. How soon—ah, how soon would Robert forget!

Suzette, tossing off hat and gloves, turned suddenly and, catching the older girl's hands, pulled her down into the big chair, so often the shelter for them both. Her eyes were serious now.

"Tell me what it all means," she demanded practically. "Why is Robert in such a hurry all at once? He seems to have existed without me hitherto fairly well," with an amused little laugh. "Why, then, this sudden eagerness?"

"His promotion—his return to the Philippines," stammered Helena. It was going to be even harder than she had fancied. If to give up Robert to an invisible, intangible little sister had been difficult enough, the renouncing of him to this radiant, splendid young creature— "He—he thinks best," she faltered. "He"—

"He thinks I will go with him to the Philippines," put in Suzette keenly. "I!" There was incredulous protest in every line of the pretty face.

Helena flushed.

"Why, surely, dear, as his wife"—she began, but Suzette interrupted.

"Not I!" she declared decisively. "No heathen lands for me! It's absurd!"

"Absurd," echoed Helena. "But Suzette, dear—if you love him. Surely you love him?" she insisted strenuously. Suzette's chin tilted resentfully.

"Do I?" she said. "Not enough for that, anyway. After all, I haven't seen Robert in ages, and we were only babies when—when we were so foolish," her own wild rose tint deepening. "He is unreasonable. How do I know whether I love him?"

"But you do!" broke in Helena passionately. "Of course you do; you always have loved him, dearest. And he loves you," bravely.

"Um! Does he?" was the dubious response. "Well—perhaps. But I—listen, Helena," her voice sharpening suddenly. "You—you remember Mr. Williams? I've written about him."

"Yes," answered Helena, surprised. The little face was hidden now on her shoulder.

"Well—well"—came a muffled sound—"he has always known of my engagement to Robert—so when I told him that I was coming home he—he would not let me come alone. He is older than I, a good deal," went on the voice. "He—he cares for me very dearly, though. He wants to take me abroad, to let me study"—

A sudden blind resentment surged through Helena.

"But—but Robert," she urged vehemently. "He cares for you, too; you know he does. He has not so much to offer"—an unreasoning loyalty to the absent soldier sweeping her along. "He—he"—stammering as she remembered.

A warm little arm crept about her neck.

"But you will help me," begged the voice. "You—you will tell him"—

"Tell him what?" uttered Helena sharply. There was fear, almost terror in the cry.

Suzette sat upright.

"That—that I am married," said Suzette distinctly. "Frederick would not take the risk of losing me. And—and so we were married in Denver. He brought me here. He is coming back in an hour. You—you are not angry?" wistfully.

"Married!" gasped Helena. For a moment she remained quite still, seeking to absorb, to realize, the wonderful fact. "You—married!"

"Yes," said Suzette meekly.

"And—and you are happy?" her first thought, as ever, for Suzette.

"Yes," said Suzette, a sparkle of laughter breaking forth.

"And—and Robert?"

"Robert I leave to you," said Suzette. "You must explain"—

But Helena, comprehending at last, sprang toward the telephone. As she watched the girl's face changed, a new and wholly sweet expression crept across the mobile features, revealing unsuspected depths.

"And did you two think that I could not understand?" she breathed, a tender renunciation shadowing the blue eyes. "Did you think I could not guess the truth? Oh, sister, my dearest sister, I leave Robert—to you."

His Substitution.

"My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new Boston High school teacher.

"Well," answered the pedagogue, "your son has been 'exposed' to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

The case of the youth was not hopeless, for most institutions now permit substitutions. A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls a youth who had not studied astronomy, but had taken Greek history. A substitution was granted. He had not studied trigonometry, but he had received outside instruction in practical electricity. The substitution was also accepted.

"But," said the principal, "you do not seem to have taken moral philosophy, or anything I could regard as an equivalent. How about it?"

"That came, you remember, in the spring term, when I was out of school on account of having the typhoid fever, and I did not know but that you would let me make the substitution."

The effect of typhoid fever is excellent on the system, but the principal could not see its moral educational value.

The Wrong Week.

Views of life are apt to be tinged by surroundings and circumstances which may be merely temporary. "Your son is of a cynical and pessimistic turn of mind, I'm sorry to see," remarked the supply minister to Mr. Lane of Centerville, with whom he was spending Sunday. "I deplore that tendency in the young men of today." And the minister looked sober, even severe.

"Well, now, I don't worry about Jim," said Mr. Lane, thoughtfully caressing his jaw. "You see, Addie Piper hasn't fully made up her mind yet to let him know that she intends to have him and not Lon Howe. Soon as he gets his bearings on that point and the girl settles down a bit, there won't be anything cynical or pessimistic left in Jim.

"You're here the wrong week, that's all. Lon Howe had this Saturday night. If you were going to be here next Sunday, you'd notice a consid'able lightening up in Jim's views. His mother and I do every other week."—Youth's Companion.

An Unpleasant Climate.

Karachi, a port in northern India, has a most unpleasant climate. The parched desert country behind Karachi has a terrific heat. Jocobabad, thirty miles away, often records 125 degrees F. The one mail train a day carries a coffin in the hot weather season "for the use of passengers," if need be, and in one year long ago twenty-three European engine drivers died while working their trains. A long journey by train in the hot season is particularly exhausting. Carriage windows are kept shut to exclude the heat, and sometimes not only does the woodwork get hot to the touch, but even the water carried in the tanks on the roof can scarcely be endured with the hand.

Wanted All That Was In It.

Father (whose wife has presented him with twins)—Tommy, you may stay home from school today and tomorrow tell the teacher that you have two new brothers. Tommy—Wouldn't it be better to say that I have only one new brother? Then I can stay home a day next week for the other one.—Fliegende Blatter.

Health Crazes.

The pursuit of health, like the morphia habit or drunkenness, grows on people till it really becomes a vice. Continuous thought and anxiety about one's health is extremely bad for the constitution and undermines it quicker than port wine.—London Queen.

Sure Thing.

Teacher—A miracle is going against the natural order of things. Are miracles performed today? Bright Boy—Yes'm. Teacher—Name one. Bright Boy—Well, mamma says that papa is always turning night into day.—Life.

ORIGINAL JACK HORNER.

He Really Existed and Got a "Plum," but Was Not a Good Boy.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue.

When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and as the documents were very valuable and the road infested with thieves it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents, the finest filling a pie ever had, and intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended.

But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small.

So the boy broke off a piece of the pie and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth, innocent enough, wondering how it could have found its way there tied up in pastry, and arrived in town.

The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells abbey were missing.

The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks.

But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

MATERIALS OF THE BODY.

Elements That Go to Make Up the Ordinary Human Being.

A person weighing about 160 pounds is made up of the following elements:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
Oxygen	88.00	Carbon	44.00
Hydrogen	14.00	Calcium	3.50
Nitrogen	3.50	Phosphorus	1.60
Chlorine	1.60	Sulphur	.20
Fluorine	.20	Potassium	.16
		Sodium	.14
Gases	107.3	Magnesium	.10
		Iron	.09
		Solids	49.79

The gaseous elements exist in our body in a state of very great condensation, since under ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure eighty-eight pounds of oxygen would occupy a volume of more than 1,000 cubic feet and fourteen pounds of hydrogen one of 2,600 cubic feet. The above mentioned elements forming an infinite variety of compounds and constantly undergoing chemical transformation go to make up the human body, which is in a constant state of decay and renovation. This, however, is not apparent to the eye, and one of the great enigmas of animal life is the permanence of form maintained despite the continual change of substance. This change is so rapid that, according to the calculations of Liebig, Moleschott and other eminent physiologists, the greater part of the material of the body is renewed every twenty or thirty days and not, as generally assumed, only once in seven years.

Nervous Folks and Diet.

As a rule, salt meat is not adapted to the requirements of nervous people, as nutritious juices go into the brine to a great extent. Fish of all kinds is good for them. Raw eggs, contrary to the common opinion, are not as digestible as those that have been well cooked. Good bread, sweet butter and lean meat are the best food for the nerves. People troubled with insomnia and nervous starting from sleep and sensations of falling can often be cured by limiting themselves to a diet of milk alone for a time. An adult should take a pint at a meal and take four meals a day. People with weakened nerves require frequently a larger quantity of water than those whose nerves and brains are strong. It aids the digestion of these by making it soluble and seems to have a direct tonic effect.

Sulphur Baths For Rheumatism.

Sulphur baths are of value in rheumatism. Take one tablespoonful of burnt lime. Mix into a paste with one wineglassful of cold water, and let it remain for ten minutes. Then stir into one gallon of water. To this add one ounce of milk of sulphur. Raise to the boiling point in a suitable vessel and keep boiling for ten minutes. Now transfer to the bath, and add two gallons of hot water. Use when pleasantly warm. Keep from the face, as the particles of sulphur, etc., are intensely irritating to the eyes.

Made a Sale.

The sad faced man, with the small, square valise, inspected the woman of the house a moment and then turned away from the kitchen door.

"It ain't no use arskin' you if you've got any corns that need curin', mum," he said. "I can see as you're wearin' shoes three sizes too large."

"Come in," replied the matron.

The Case With Him.

Mrs. Henpeck—They can't punish bigamy too severely. No one should have any sympathy for the man who takes one wife too many. Mr. Henpeck—The idea, Maria! Do you think I should be sent to jail?—Philadelphia Press.

Fitting.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes; he must be what they call a stowaway.

The man who stands in his own light must expect to be thrown in the shade.

Divided.

Helen, a little girl of four years, came to her mother with a look of pain on her face and said, "Mamma, I have two bad headaches."

"Two headaches?" said her mother. "How can that be?"

"Well, I have one above each eye."—Judge.

The roots of the yucca are extensively used as a substitute for soap in many parts of Mexico and Central America.

The Eye.

Is there anything so wonderful as the eye? I do not care how cold the weather may be the eye never fails. In the wildest of Montana blizzards, when the thermometer registers 30 degrees below zero, when the feet and fingers freeze, when the throat freezes, when even the torso, swathed in sweaters and chamois skin vestings, freezes; when the nose and ears are frost bitten, when the hair even crackles in the blast—when all is lost apparently, the eyes suffer no pain, but continue to perform their normal functions. The people of the most inclement, most frigid regions of the extreme north bundle up everything but their eyes. In Canada you may have a man to rush at you all of a sudden and slap a handful of snow on your ears or nose or mouth, but he never attacks your eyes. The eyes are never frost bitten. They seem to suffer only in a strong wind which carries in its current some irritating substance, as sand in the desert or fine "coriander seed" in the polar regions. And yet, notwithstanding this, the eyes are the most sensitive of our several organs.—New York Press.

The Word "Kaffir."

Very curious has been the history of the word "Kaffir." Sir Henry Rawlinson once said that the loveliest oriental lady he had ever seen was a Kaffir slave at Kabul. When she had loosened her golden hair she could cover herself completely as with a veil. This name of Kaffir is as worldwide as Islamism, for it is the name of "unbeliever" applied by true Mohammedans to those that refuse the faith. The Portuguese found it applied to the negroes of east Africa by their Arab predecessors and handed it on to the Dutch and to the English. The Kaffir slave at Kabul belonged to one of those black clad mountain tribes in the heart of Afghanistan, who till 1895 defied their Moslem neighbors and on their dizzy precipices gloated on their idolatry. These Afghan Kaffirs claim to be descended from the Greeks who came with Alexander in his conquest of the east.

A Puzzling Trick.

Take a piece of writing paper about three inches square and with a lead pencil, the point of which has been dipped in water, draw a circle, a square, a triangle or any other geometrical figure. Put the paper carefully on a pan of water, letting it float and leaving the surface dry. Carefully drop water on the surface of the paper until the space within the figure is filled. The moistened pencil lines will keep it from flowing outside the figure. Now place the point of a pin over some point in the figure near the edge. The pin point must penetrate the surface of the water, but must not touch the paper. At once the paper will float around until the pin points directly to the center of the figure. See if you can find out why it does this.

Mixed Fare For a Jury.

A Maine jury had been out for some time on a case, and, as the supper hour was approaching, the presiding justice sent an officer to inquire if the jurors wanted their supper served in the room. It seems the jury stood 11 to 1, and the young man who was standing out against the rest of the panel answered the sheriff's knock at the door. In reply to the message from the judge the odd juror sent the following: "You tell the judge he can send one supper for me and eleven bales of hay for the eleven jackasses that are in here with me."—Boston Herald.

The World's Water Supply.

A German scientist predicts that the time will come when there will not be water enough remaining on this globe to support human life. We are left to suppose that our shrinking sphere will form caverns in its interior into which the oceans will sink. For a similar reason, as some astronomers believe, there is no man in the moon, the former waters on its surface, if there ever were any, having retired into its cavernous interior. We have no evidence at present of subterranean hollows of any extent, and the earth's crust is continually adjusting itself by earthquake dislocations to the pressures within and without. Besides, nature has provided this planet of ours with a rather large water supply. Nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface—or 144,712,850 square miles—are covered by the ocean, which is reckoned to be of an average depth of at least two miles. The globe must contract enormously and leave some huge cavities before our oceans disappear. At present its crust by no means resembles a rigid arch. It is a wavy curve, the tops of its mountains more than five miles high and the lowest of its sea floors more than five miles deep. We may safely count on several millions of years before the last man has not a drop to drink.

None can tell where the diamond goes to in combustion. When burned it leaves no ash and not a trace of the once brilliant stone.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

UNDER A HAYSTACK.

The Scene of a Famous and Eventful Prayer Meeting.

The most famous prayer meeting ever convened in this country was held in the summer of 1806 on the grounds of a farmer adjacent to Williams college, Williamstown, Mass., says Leslie's Weekly. It was held by five students. They were querying what they could do for the benefit of mankind. A thunderstorm occurred, and they took refuge under a haystack and continued the meeting. Seemingly the students alone for the time being knew of the meeting. For years the place was unmarked and the event uncommemorated. But those students originated the foreign missionary movement in this country for the benefit of all lands and peoples. Subsequently Williams college acquired the property, named it Mission park and erected a monument commemorative of the great result. It consists of a shaft of granite twelve feet in height, bearing a globe three feet in diameter, representing the world. The legend on the shaft is, "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." Underneath are the names of five students who had a part in the meeting—Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green. This memorial is an object of interest to every visitor to Williamstown, and at every commencement a religious service is held beside it.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

Their Charms and Perfumes and the Shaving of Heads.

Life has exceptional difficulties for the babies of Arabia, especially for those who are of sufficiently high rank to be brought up according to all the ancient customs of their race. A royal baby's first toilet there consists in winding a bandage about its body after it has been carefully bathed and perfumed.

If the child be a girl, on the seventh day of her birth, holes, usually six in number, are pricked in her ears, and when she is two months old heavy gold rings are attached to them, to be worn throughout her lifetime except during periods of mourning for relatives. On the fortieth day the baby's head is shaved, and the disposal of the hair is regarded as a very weighty matter. It must not be burned or carelessly thrown away, but buried, thrown into the sea or hidden away.

The fortieth day marks a turning point in the child's life. Heretofore it has only been seen by few, but now it may be seen by anybody and is regarded as fairly launched on the tide of existence. Several charms are attached to its body for protection against the "evil eye" Everything the child uses is perfumed and covered at night with jasmine and before it is used fumigated with amber and musk and sprinkled with attar of roses.

THEIR WEAK POINTS.

The Fears and Superstitions of Some Famous Men.

All great people have had their follies, which is another way of saying that all have their weak points. Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was not without a superstition. He was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost. If by any chance he did so he would immediately step back and re-enter with his right foot foremost. He was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence.

Julius Caesar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder and always wanted to get underground to escape the dreadful noise.

Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he placed his foot on one he would cry out with fear. Like the great man he was, he tried to overcome his weakness, but he was never able to do so. And Byron would never help any one to salt at table, nor would he be helped himself, and if any salt were spilled he would immediately get up and leave.

The Mosquito's Stab.

The mosquito's eating apparatus consists of a lancet, inclosed in a sheath, somewhat on the principle of the instrument used by physicians. Connected with this there is an injector for throwing into the wound a subtle poison, which thins the blood, after which the fluid is drawn up by a pump and swallowed by the mosquito. Altogether the mandible of the mosquito is a singularly complicated mechanism and well repays microscopic study.

How Are You Heeled?

Mentality is marked on the heel. Only those with pronounced brain ability have lines there sharply seen. Others have them as mere markings. If there is a network of small lines upon the heel, it means great versatility. People who draw, paint, play and dabble in the languages have many heel lines. A smooth surface of heel denotes a placid, nonworking brain.

Ambition.

It is the perpetual effort to attain the ideal that enlarges the whole life. The moment the ambition begins to wane or tends to become sordid or selfish the individual begins to shrivel.—Success Magazine.

Only as a Last Resource.

Luck is a good enough thing to trust to after you've done everything else to invite success.—Kansas City Times.

For the Land's Sake.

The farmer was fertilizing his soil. A lady from the city stopped to gaze at him.

"What on earth is that?" she asked.

"A new fertilizer, ma'am."

"For the land sake!" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am," said the farmer.

Not Worth While.

"Perhaps if I were to boil it down," suggested the space writer.

"Wouldn't do any good," said the obdurate editor. "Take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, and it would still be nothing but water."

Pampered Stomachs.

Even though it takes pork four hours to leave the stomach and six more to be dissolved and absorbed in the small intestine, what does that matter so long as it is completely assimilated by the end of that time, as it is in 90 per cent of all digestive canals? It is the slowest, but one of the surest foods that we have to give off all its energy to the body. Its very slowness is what gives it its splendid staying powers for hard work, whether muscular or mental. As a matter of fact I have seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast bacon than by any kind of drug or restricted diet. An adult alimentary canal which cannot digest bacon or ham is not to be regarded as healthy, and, instead of humoring and giving in to a weak digestion, it should be braced up and, under skilled supervision, educated to take what is given it and make no fuss. Stomachs can be spoiled by giving them too little to do almost as easily as by giving them too much. A healthy stomach fit to cope with the emergencies of life must be able to digest not only that which is digestible, but much that is difficult of digestion, and this is the standard which should be aimed at in dietetic therapeutics.—Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in McClure's Magazine.

Got a Cheap Dinner.

Verily the duchy of Baden possesses a Solomon in the person of one of her magistrates. He is the burgomaster of a village in a street whereof a cyclist ran over and killed a goose. The owner of the bird demanded 3 marks damages. The cyclist thought 2 ample. The case came before the chief magistrate, who gave his judgment as follows: "The plaintiff declares that if paid 3 marks he will make no claim for the dead goose. The defendant, who is willing to pay 2 marks, also makes no claim for the body of the goose. Defendant, hand me 2 marks, and you, plaintiff, hand me the goose." When both had obeyed his commands he produced 1 mark out of his pocket and handed all three to the plaintiff. The goose he kept for himself and doubtless ate it with the good digestion which comes from the knowledge of having pleased everybody.

Arsenic.

Arsenic has been known from very early times as a deadly poison. It is believed to have been the means employed by Nero to remove his enemies, and there is little doubt that it was also known to and employed by Messalina and Agrippina. During the middle ages it was extensively used as a secret poison, being sold by alchemists and poisoners of Italy under the name of "widow's powders" or "succession powders." Its properties were definitely ascertained and made public by Brandt in 1733. The plant from which asafetida is produced is a native of Persia, Afghanistan and northern India. In all these countries the inhabitants use it as a seasoning for their meat and vegetables, much as red pepper is employed by the natives of Mexico and South American states. The odor is not deemed by them in the least offensive.

Aiming a Revolver.

It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to handle a revolver as if it were a rifle—that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sight into a line. This is all well enough for shooting gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field. When training troops to use the revolver they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and specially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtainable in this way.

A Poser.

A Missouri judge tells how he quieted a barber who had a lotion for sale. The barber had just shaved him and before letting him up wanted to sell him the lotion to use on his face when he shaved himself. "Is this what you use on your customers?" asked the judge. "No," replied the barber; "it is so expensive I cannot afford it." "If you can't afford when you get 10 cents for shaving a man," replied the judge, "how do you expect me to afford it when I shave myself for nothing?" The barber was nonplused and gave up the sale.

Not Himself.

Mistress (to head gardener, who has been ill)—I'm glad to see you out again, Bates. Bates—Thankee, mum. But I ain't anythink like right yet. Why, when the wind blew these 'ere pots over, hinstead of a-callin' the hunder gardner to pick 'em up, blessed if I didn't start a-doin' of it myself!—Punch.

Silhouette.

Silhouette was the name of a French minister who endeavored to raise the revenues by taxing the nobility. In consequence he became very unpopular, and, the fashion of profiles in black coming in about the same time, they were called in derision silhouettes, the nobility claiming that they had their portraits done in black because they were too poor to have a full picture taken.

He Remembered.

Mrs. Jones—Do you remember that night in June, Henry, when you first asked me to marry you? Mr. Jones—If you refer to that first, last, single, solitary and only occasion upon which I ever asked you to marry me, I do—and you never gave me another chance, either.

An Unhappy Medium.

Housekeeper—You're a big, healthy man. Why don't you go to work? Tramp—Lady, I'll tell yer me trouble. I'm an "unhappy medium." Housekeeper—What do you mean by that? Tramp—Well, yer see, I'm too heavy for light work an' too light for heavy work.

He Started It.

"Why are you going about with a lantern and a cynical smile?" asked the bystander.

"Don't interrupt me," returned Diogenes. "I am the original investigating committee!"—Washington Star.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1906.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK LAW.

The temperance people of this State have reason to respect Governor Guild for the stand he took and persistently held to on the 12 o'clock liquor bill, the enactment of which was demanded by the rumsellers of Boston. His position was right, and he firmly contended for it until the Legislature got round to see it as he did, and acknowledge it by passing the bill with the amendment he insisted on, and a referendum.

As enacted the provisions of the law apply only to Boston, and this is as it should be. Boston is a foreign city in the character of its population and government, and must have different laws from the rest of the State.

The 12 o'clock law of itself doesn't amount to a great deal, one way or the other; but it was made a test of strength by the contending parties; in fact, a principle was involved in the contest; and in this light it became of prime importance. It was temperance against anti-temperance, and with the Governor's help, by bringing sound common sense to bear on it, the former won the day.

Next fall Governor Guild will be all the stronger at the polls for having taken the stand he did on this measure. His action will not hurt him in Boston, for the rumsellers there got all they asked for; while outside of that city his course will strengthen him amazingly, and a largely increased majority next November will prove it.

NO CHANGE.

Ever since the railroad rate bill has been under consideration by Congress the newspapers have been telling the public a great deal about the backing and fidding of President Roosevelt on the Hepburn measure, and a few people, who are ignorant of his character, have been led to think he was a whiffler and didn't know his own mind concerning it. A dispatch which he sent to the Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania State Grange the other day showed how much dependence can be placed on the average newspaper report. It was, in part, as follows:

"I am happy to tell you that not only am I standing on my original position as regards rate legislation, but it seems likely that Congress will take this position, too. The Hepburn rate bill meets my views, as I have from the beginning stated. The Allison amendment is only declaratory of what the Hepburn bill must mean supposing it to be constitutional, and no genuine friend of the bill can object to it without stultifying himself. * * * the Hepburn bill with the Allison amendment contains practically exactly what I have both originally and always since asked for, and if enacted into law it will represent the longest step ever yet taken in the direction of solving the railway rate problem."

NO COAL STRIKE.

If the reports from the seat of war are to be taken as true, then a coal strike no longer threatens the country. The trouble has been settled, and next Monday, May 14, has been determined on as the date on which the miners are to return to work.

As near as can be figured out the miners have failed, and operators won their case. The controversy has cost a great deal in money, loss of wages, etc., which the general public will perhaps have to pay by way of increased cost of coal.

No matter, it is well that the quarrel is ended, and a disastrous strike averted.

SOMETHING OF A BREEZE.

Representative Herbert S. Riley of this city, who is a member of the State Redistricting Committee, has set the Essex county politicians by the ears by insisting that the portion of Middlesex county embraced in the Middlesex-Essex Senatorial District shall be cut out and a new District formed that will not include that territory. His plan upsets the calculations of quite a lot of Essex statesmen, who are kicking up something of a bobbery over it. It is said that the Essex county politicians are the smartest and most unscrupulous in the State, but Committeeman Riley is right, and that generally prevails.

☞ Biddeford, the chief city in York county, Maine, with about 16,000 inhabitants, is having experience with the browntail moth, but, unlike a city we wot of not 1000 miles from Woburn, it handles the work of destruction in a businesslike manner. The crew of four men have just completed their job of visiting every street, thoroughly examining every tree and bush thereon, and destroying every moth nest found. According to the report of the *Journal* of that city, the four men—2 climbers, and 2 on the ground—worked 27 days, cut down and burned 6,290 nests, and the entire expense was just $270! Woburn has spent more than $10,000 fighting the moth, with no perceptible diminution of the number of them, while Biddeford, with a larger population, has spent $270 and cleaned the city of the moth plague.

☞ No town or city, according to its size, in this part of the State contributed more liberally to the relief of the California sufferers than Woburn, and but few did as well. The full amount given by our people and turned over to the Boston bankers last Saturday by Treasurer Buck was $3,411.52, of which generous sum the teachers and pupils of the public schools gave $153.67. About 325 donors made up the amount in sums ranging from 25 cents to $150, showing that the desire to aid the people of the West was general and heartfelt.

☞ John B. Moran, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk County, is just now "going for" the Legislature in great shape, induced thus to act by reports of bribery and corruption on the part of many of its members set afloat by Tom Lawson. It would seem as though the source of his information would hardly justify Attorney Moran in rushing a grand jury investigation of the General Court.

☞ Last Friday Mayor Linscott made a change in the assignments of heads of Board of Public Works Departments by appointing James H. Kelley Commissioner of Public Property and Grounds, and Michael J. Kennedy Commissioner of Highways, or changing the positions of the two on the Board. Mayor Linscott took this action for what he, no doubt, considered to be for the best interests of the city, meaning no reflection on either of the gentlemen, or their work as Commissioners. Mr. Kelley had been Commissioner of Highways for several years, and Mr. Kennedy of Public Buildings and Grounds, for a less period, a position to which Com. Kelley was assigned last week. It was simply a change of places on the Board for Kelley and Kennedy.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Milk Inspector.
F. P. Lewis—Recital.
H. C. Hanson—For Sale.
Wetherald Ad'g Ad.—Dr. Jaynes.

— Attention is called to the change of Linnell's market ad.

— May 11, 6 A. M.: 32 deg. above (freezing): clear: wind N. W.

— The North Woburns and Readings play ball at Reading tomorrow.

— There was another heavy rain Sunday and during the night following.

— Montvale chapel came up nobly with subscriptions for the California sufferers.

— Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum gave an address before Towanda Club last Monday evening.

— Boston prices for coal: stove and chestnut per ton, $6.75; egg, $6.50; furnace, $6.25; pea, $5.

— Walnut Hill A. C. gave a fine concert and ball last Monday night. The attendance was large.

— Continuous cool weather since the budding of the trees insures big crops of apples, pears and peaches this fall.

— Commissioner Kennedy will give the city some fine roads as soon as he gets the hang of the new schoolhouse.

— Following close on the heels of Memorial Day, May 30, comes Bunker Hill Day, June 17. Up with the Flag!

— Mr. and Mrs. Fort Staples of 43 Franklin street have been entertaining Mrs. McElheney of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

— Bernard Harkins's hack was hit by an Edison Co. auto last Tuesday and some of its rigging considerably damaged.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church are to provide a salad supper for the delectation of the public on May 24.

— Memorial Day is approaching, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, is to deliver the address.

— Don't be in a hurry to buy your next winter's supply of coal. It will be cheaper by-and-bye, the Boston papers say.

— Suspension of school sessions at the Academy last week did not last long. They were proper, though, under the circumstances.

— The large, fine vehicle, hauled through the streets by a lusty horse, in which waffles are cooked "while you wait," and sold as ordered, is a boon.

— Judge and Mrs. Charles D. Adams of N. W. have gone to their summer home, Willow Road, Nahant, where they will remain until late next fall.

— The Emma Fosdick concert in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, May 14, should be kept fresh in mind, for it is going to be a great musical treat.

— Cars on the Lowell & Woburn electric road will run directly through to Sullivan Square without change on Pleasant street, this city, and vice versa. That will be a good thing, too.

— Wallace Bulfinch reports that his relatives, Mr. Samuel R. Dolliver and brother, merchants in San Francisco, and families are well and hearty, notwithstanding the tough experiences they have just gone through.

— A manual of the First Baptist church of Woburn containing Articles of Faith, Bylaws of the church, Church Covenant, etc., revised and adopted for 1906, has recently been printed for circulation among the members.

— In the May number of *Donahoe's Magazine* appears a short story entitled "The Little Rook" written by William H. Feeney of this city. It is a creditable production, and will, we dare say, be read with interest by his friends here.

— After a somewhat protracted and pleasant visit with her sons at Birmingham, Alabama, Mrs. Carrie E. Dow has returned to her fine home on Arlington Road. Her sons are engaged in business in the enterprising iron city of Birmingham.

— A call and enquiry at the popular fruiterer's store of Angelo Crovo will yield abundant proof that strawberries were never so cheap in this city as they are this season. And it can be added with perfect truth that they were never of better quality.

— An interested observer encounters a more buoyant feeling among business men here than that which depressed them during the winter. In the matter of trade and work it is thought that Woburn's face is turned towards the morning.

— J. W. Smith, Section Director of the N. E. Section of the U. S. Climatological Service, in his report dated at Boston, May 7, says: "the average temperature of the past week was from 4 to 8 degrees higher than that for the week ending April 30."

— Gateman Callahan is having his premises at the Church avenue crossing fixed up in applepie order. New posts for the crossing signs, repairs on the signal building, and other improvements give the scene of his daily labors a fair and substantial appearance.

— Despite the rain, Trinity church was filled on Sunday evening, at the Choral Evensong service rendered by the choirs of St. John's, Cambridge, and Trinity, Woburn, under the direction of Walter N. Kilburn of Cambridge. The singing of the choirs was spirited and finished, while the tenor soloist, Mr. Bicknell of St. John choir, was especially good.

— Promptly on the promised hour cars began regular trips on the Lowell & Woburn electric road yesterday, to the undounded joy of everybody on the line between Woburn and Lowell, especially of the good people of Burlington. It is sure to be a great road for business.

— Dealers are requested to take especial notice of the advertisement of milk and vinegar Inspector McDonough in this paper. It will be seen that milkmen, vendors of oleomargerine, etc., must procure licenses before they can do business legally, which is a new statutory wrinkle.

— Alderman B. H. Nichols and wife left here last Tuesday for Hope, Me., where they will remain about a week. The Alderman owns a farm in that town which is near Penobscot Bay, and a close neighbor of Camden, a popular summer resort. He goes down to look after his farming interests there.

— The season for spraying the gypsy and browntail moths with deadly poisons, and receiving good wages for the same, is now on. Lively work may be expected. Woburn has a great spraying machine that must necessarily terrify the moths out of their wits when it gets into operation, and cause them to fall an easy prey to the destroyer.

— Mr. Thomas C. Quinn, Editor and proprietor of the New York *News*, a native and former resident of Woburn, and family came to town last Sunday to visit Mrs. Quinn's parents who reside at 283 Salem street, this city. Mr. Quinn enjoys a high rating among New York Editors and newspaper men generally.

— Cars on the L. & W. road are to make half-hour trips. The day ones are to be manned by motorman George Millett and conductor Larry Cummings; and by motorman Herbert Prairie and conductor John Desmond—all 4-year men. The night crew are motormen Morris Power and William Carroll; conductors A. O'Brien, Patrick Doherty.

— "The leather industry has practically left Woburn."—*Winchester Star*. And Woburn appears not to be much the worse off for it. Although not rapidly, its population increases from year to year, and there has, as yet, been no halt in it; the schools grow; modern improvements are taken on; and peace and plenty reign. What more would you have?

— Mr. James H. Linnell, Manager of Linnell's market, and wife, and Mr. Henry H. Leathe and wife left here for Boston Saturday afternoon to join a Nason Washington excursion party which left the Hub at 3 p. m. that day. The excursion is a 10-days one, at the end of which period Messrs. and Madams Linnell and Leathe will return to their homes in this city.

— At the annual meeting of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association the following officers were elected: President, Clarence Littlefield; Vice-President, Frank E. Tracy; Secretary, G. H. Newcomb; Financial Secretary, George H. Brauer; Treasurer, Edward E. Stowers; Auditors J. C. Larock, J. N. Bates, W. G. Stretton; Trustees Burial Lot, John F. Kenney, James H. McGovern, W. R. Greenleaf. The Association has a cash balance in the Treasury of $2,596.55.

— The following piece of news from Newton appeared in the Boston papers last Monday morning. Rev. Frank P. Johnson is of Woburn, his parents residing here: May 6—In the absence in New York of Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn, who recently resigned as rector of Grace church, after a service of over 30 years, the pulpit was today occupied by Rev. F. P. Johnson of New Orleans, who is to be assistant rector for a time. There was a large congregation, despite the inclement weather.

— The annual report for 1905 of Superintendent George I. Clapp of the public schools, which is excellent in all respects, gives a page of interesting matter concerning the Industrial School at the Warren Academy building, and demonstrates its usefulness as an institution for acquiring practical knowledge. This school, and the commercial department of the High School are considered two of the most important branches of our system of education, and deserve to be liberally maintained.

— A lean and discouraged larder at 15 Church avenue had its spirits greatly revived and elevated, and was made to smile and rejoice, and feel grateful for the possession of friends, last Tuesday by a liberal donation of the staff of life from the generous hands of Mr Walter A. Hanson, a prosperous farmer and respected citizen of Burlington whose agricultural and livestock productions have no successful rivals. A replenished and happy larder returns its sincere thanks to Mr. Hanson for his fine and timely gift.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint was greatly surprised and grieved when he came to his store on Monday morning to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Frank McKenzie, a pressman at the merchant tailoring establishment of G R. Gage & Co., aged 40 years, on Sunday, May 6. McKenzie was not feeling well when he left his business Saturday evening, but it was thought by Mr. Flint that nothing serious ailed him. Heart failure, following a severe chill on Saturday night, however, resulted in his death on Sunday evening.

— An attempt was made last week by Lowell parties to organize a Union of the employees of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company operating the lines radiating from this city, but it was a failure. The meeting called for the purpose was fairly well attended, and the Lowell agents argued warmly, but anything like an enthusiastic Union feeling among the motormen and conductors was conspicuously absent, and nothing in the line of organization was accomplished. They seemed to think that the readjustment of work and wages desired by them can better be effected by individual effort than in any other way, in which they were doubtless right, and the formation of a Union was indefinitely postponed. The Company have first-rate men on their lines here, and can afford to pay them topnotch wages. They serve their employers and the public faithfully and well; their duties are not of the easiest; and for the faithful performance of them they deserve a fair remuneration.

FOR BOTH

One disease of thinness in children is scrofula; in adults, consumption. Both have poor blood; both need more fat. These diseases thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them; cod liver oil makes the best and healthiest fat and

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the easiest and most effective form of cod liver oil. Here's a natural order of things that shows why Scott's Emulsion is of so much value in all cases of scrofula and consumption. More fat, more weight, more nourishment, that's why.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and $1.00 :: :: :: :: All druggists

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Miss Gertrude Wood has sent in her resignation as postoffice clerk, which means, we suspect, hymenial festivities and orange blossoms on Salem street early in June.

— "Mr. Vredenburgh has a rare voice—a wonderful voice—with a vibrant, sympathetic, and, withal, a flexible quality that only great actors possess." Mr. V. is to read at Miss Fosdick's concert May 14.

— This has been a cold week. Frigid north and west winds have prevailed, cut people to the marrow and shriveled them up. April and May will pass for cold, uncomfortable months.

— Mr. F. Percyval Lewis plans to give an organ recital Tuesday, May 22. Further details next week. He is preparing a program of French masterpieces, which are melodious and brilliant. He will be assisted by a popular and talented soprano.

— We have, all along, expressed the opinion that there would be no coal strike, and to fill bins in fear of one would not be wise or economical. Time and events have proved the correctness of our prophesy. The conditions were not favorable for a strike, and public sentiment was opposed to one, which latter consideration, no doubt, had not a little influence in bringing about a settlement of the troubles. Boston dealers have put prices back to those of a year ago, and there is no reason why local dealers should not do the same.

— The Warren Academy Industrial school is in operation, with Principal Carter at the head, an excellent corps of teachers, and good attendance. The School has been doing business several years and has proved its great value many times over. Its utility is questioned by no sensible person. Its pupils become adepts in woodwork, sewing, cooking, and other mechanical and household arts, besides forming habits of industry, and a liking for work—a love of doing things. It is one of the best institutions for acquiring practical, everyday knowledge that there is in the city. It continues to the first of August.

— Last Wednesday Mr. George H. Newcomb, Treasurer of the Woburn Commandery, 68, U O G C., received a check of $1000 from the Supreme Commandery at Knoxville, Tennessee, with instructions to deliver it to Mabel E West on her appointment to the office of Administratrix of the estate of her father, the late James A. West, who was killed a few weeks ago by a railroad train at Central Square. Mr. West was a member of the Order and the check was given in payment of the amount due on his policy, the same to be distributed among the heirs of the deceased, of which Mabel E. is one. The obligation was discharged by the Supreme Commandery with commendable promptness.

— President Fitzgerald of the Depot Hack Trust is fearful that the resumption of operations by the Lowell & Woburn Street Railway Co. will have a bad effect on the business of the Trust inasmuch as it will be sure to reduce their Burlington trade to a vanishing point, and seriously interfere with that of the West Side. The pretty village of Cummingsville is a source of large income to the Trust, but it is feared that its inhabitants who visit the Centre will take and leave the Burlington electrics at Sheridan street and walk thence to and from their homes. This would mean a serious curtailment of the receipts of the Trust, which is a condition not pleasing to contemplate. Burlington and Cummingsville are prolific sources of the Trust's revenue, and it may be that business on the L & W. will rob them of it, or materially reduce it.

— Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, who was bred at San Jose, California, where his father and mother still reside, has no doubt but that the new San Francisco will be a better built city than the one destroyed on April 18 by earthquake and fire. He knows San Francisco thoroughly, its ins and outs of construction, and having given considerable attention to the effects of the quake and fire, concludes that steel will cut a large figure in the work of rebuilding. He finds that the steel structures—the skyscrapers—escaped destruction and emerged from the ordeal comparatively unharmed, while those of brick and stone, however thick and solid the walls, and much less in height, were overthrown and crumbled to pieces. The accounts which Dr. Williams receives indicate that San Jose, his former home, although hard hit by the earthquake, is rapidly recovering from the blow, and that, too, without extraneous aid, which its inhabitants respectfully decline.

— Dr. Lane's health is improving; so much so that he is able to be out and around again. He has had a serious time of it.

— "Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Boston" is the sign borne by each car on the Lowell & Woburn street railroad. Looks kind o' nice.

— At the meeting of the Middlesex East District Medical Society last Wednesday evening Dr. H. G. Blake of this city was elected President.

— Mrs. H. M. Aldrich, Treasurer, reports the net proceeds from the Floating Hospital May Party, May 4, at $242.50, which was record breaker.

— Burlington's contribution to the California Relief Fund was $272.50, equal to twice the amount contributed by Woburn according to population. The old town did nobly.

— Inspector McDonough will be likely to make milk merchants, vinegar venders and oleomargerine operators toe the mark this year. He will stand no "foolin'" from anybody.

— Miss Mary C. Fowle sails today from New York for the field of her future missionary work in Turkey. She is a most estimable young woman, deeply imbued with the true missionary spirit.

— Police Officer French appeared on the street yesterday for the first time since experiencing a sudden and severe attack of acute indigestion a week ago. He was looking somewhat pale and appeared to be a little shaky on his props.

— Albert Thompson, the artist, has just finished a portrait of the late Miss Murray, which may be ranked with his best work. He has been able to give expression to the gentle courtesy and calm strength which were so characteristic of that estimable lady.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge visited here yesterday and, besides looking after her real estate interests, met some of her old friends and neighbors. She advertises her home place on Eastern avenue for sale, one of the best residences in this city.

— The large dwelling on Church ave. owned by Miss Kenney, is about to shine with a new coat of paint. Editor Hobbs of the JOURNAL lives there, and will be as proud as the peacock when the blinds are hung and the latchstring is again out to callers.—*Times*. Thanks awfully!

— Thomas J. McColgan is President of the St. Charles C. T. A. Society, and with the other officers, the names of which were published in these columns last week, was duly installed on the evening of May 4, by George T Rosenberger and Thomas W. Batt of St. Mary's Temperance Society of Cambridge.

— For the benefit of all parties interested we feel constrained to publish the fact that the District Court, a few days since, on complaint of Mr. Griffin Place, imposed a fine on Mr. Charles E. Taylor for keeping noisy dogs that annoyed the complainant and wife of nights. The law is plain on the subject, and a person who will persist in violating it deserves no pity if haled before the Court and fined. There is no greater nuisance than baying hounds in the still watches of the night.

— The May Party in aid of the Floating Hospital and Dorothea Dix Hall Association on May 4 was a highly gratifying success in every sense of the word. The entertainment was all that the most exacting critic, or lover and patron of literary, musical or terpsichorean amusements could ask for, each feature, or number on the programme, being executed in the best possible fashion, the small folks performing their parts most admirably. Each one deserved special mention and commendation, but the limited space at our command in these columns will not admit of the performance of a task so pleasing to us. A great many people gathered in Lyceum Hall to enjoy the performances, with which all expressed great pleasure. The Party was productive of a goodly sum of money for the noble charities to aid which it was designed, and every person interested in the Floating Hospital and Dorothea Dix Hall was glad of it. The ladies who managed the affair and worked hard for its success were entitled to, and received, unlimited credit for its pleasing and profitable outcome.

Fortunate Missourians.

"When I was a druggist, at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong to-day. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Surest Cough and Cold cure and Throat and Lung healer. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Are All Right.

San Francisco, May 25, '06

Editor of Woburn Journal:

To all inquiring friends will you please state that we are all right. The house we lived in was wrecked by earthquake, and later in the day burnt down. We lost most everything except what we had on, some things in a trunk, and a few blankets, which were handy as we camped on a vacant lot, but are under cover now.

Mr and Mrs D Lewis Penn,
Present address 283 Rose Ave.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The Castle Square patrons have been longing for a revival of "Jim the Penman." It is some years since they have seen this masterpiece of melodrama, and they know that its romantic story of the forger who passed himself off as a respectable member of society is certain to be powerfully and thrillingly acted by the present Castle Square stock company. "Jim the Penman" is, indeed, one of the strongest and most intensely interesting dramas ever written, and both in this country and in England it has made the reputation of more than one popular actor. In it Agnes Booth, Alexander Salvin, E. M. Holland and many others all had the opportunities of their lives. Its constant succession of dramatic episodes, picturesque and original characters, and wonderful scene wherein the wife of the forger discovers her husbands rascality give it a constantly enthralling interest. At the Castle Square, the cast will be arranged to bring out the fullest dramatic effects, the leading roles being in the hands of Howell Hansel and Lillian Kemble. For the week of May 21, "Christopher Jr" will be played by the Castle Square stock company.

BOSTON LETTER.

Democrats Plan to Make Tariff Leading Issue This Fall.

BRADFORD FOR GOVERNOR.

He Announces His Candidacy and Reform Platform.

It is plainly evident that in the coming campaign in this commonwealth the tariff will be an issue to a larger extent than in a great many years. The southern leaders in congress believe in a tariff as near to the free trade basis as it is possible to go. Northern Democratic congressmen hold similar opinions, but do not express them as openly by reason of the strong sentiment in the north in favor of a protective tariff. They realize that this feeling in this section is not confined merely to the Republican party, but that a great number of intelligent wage earners of Democratic proclivities regard the protective tariff as the mainstay of the working men's high wage in this country.

For that reason Democratic congressmen in Massachusetts and those Democrats who would like to be congressmen disguise their real sentiments under phrases like tariff reform and a revenue tariff.

The last state Republican platform declared in favor of immediate revision of the tariff. In line with that declaration the Republican delegation in congress from Massachusetts has used every endeavor to have the subject of tariff revision taken up at the present session of congress. This effort, however, has been unavailing by reason of the fact that a considerable majority of the members of the house do not deem it wise at the present time to unsettle business and manufacturing by changing the tariff schedules.

Illogical John R. Thayer

Former Congressman John R. Thayer of Worcester, while admitting that the Massachusetts delegation has done what it could, shows his partisanship and his illogical trend of mind by asserting that in the fall election the independent vote of the state will be found on the side of the Democratic candidates if they make proper nominations.

The position of Mr. Thayer is apparently this—that Republican members of congress from Massachusetts, having used every known effort to induce congress to revise the tariff at this session, the people of the state should reward these efforts by turning these members down next November. Mr. Thayer is nothing if not illogical.

It is almost as fatuous as that advice offered in 1894 by Mr. Josiah Quincy to the voters of the state not to elect Republicans to congress, as they would have no influence in the next congress, which, he assumed, would be Democratic. As a matter of fact the next congress was Republican by an overwhelming majority, and Massachusetts had no more use for his advice than it will have for this other suggestion of John R. Thayer that Massachusetts, favoring tariff revision, should punish those Republican congressmen who have used their best endeavors to secure it.

Business Interests Realize Situation

The business interests of the country realize better than anyone else the unsettled condition of affairs during the process of tariff revision. Even when revised by those who believe in a protective tariff it is not a pleasant process, and when revision is placed in the hands of those hostile to protection the results have been exceedingly serious, industrially, financially and in a business way. The business stagnation, industrial depression and financial panic which accompanied the Cleveland administration from 1893 to 1897 are too fresh in the memories of the people that they should desire a repetition of those experiences. When the tariff is revised it should be revised by those who have the interests of our own wage earners and of our own manufacturers at heart.

So far as the Democratic party is concerned the tariff issue is a dishonest one. They fooled the people of this state in 1892 and they will try to do so again. At that time they made free raw materials their campaign cry, and they won on it. Did they carry out their pledges? They did not, and they knew they could not when they entered upon their campaign. They knew the south would never submit to free coal, or free iron ore, and they did not, for their congressmen insisted upon protecting these, even though they were free traders, so far as northern products are concerned. As a Democratic congress is always controlled by southern Democrats by reason of a preponderence in numbers, northern congressmen would have very little voice or part in the framing of a tariff bill in the event of a Democratic congress.

Bradford Would a Governor Be

Massachusetts seems likely to have a surplus of candidates for governor this fall if the present rush continues. Of course, everybody knows that Governor Guild will be a candidate for renomination. The Democrats may nominate Henry M. Whitney or William A. Gaston. It has been announced that District Attorney John B. Moran of Boston intends to be in the field, and now comes Gamaliel Bradford, a lineal descendant of Governor Bradford of Plymouth colony, and shies his castor into the ring along with the rest.

Mr. Bradford is a man of some deliberation, much enthusiasm and with a whole basketful of ideas. He knows what he wants and hopes the voters of Massachusetts are like-minded.

In a letter to these same esteemed voters Mr. Bradford announces his candidacy, nails his flag to an elaborate platform and places himself in the hands of the people as a candidate for an independent nomination for the governorship next fall.

The main plank, and, in fact, the entire platform, of Mr. Bradford's campaign is reform in the state government. He hopes the newspapers will devote their space freely to this issue which he has raised as they did in the fight against biennial elections in this commonwealth 10 years ago.

Mr. Bradford is a very sanguine optimist, and he hopes to be elected, although his friends are somewhat sceptical.

Words Are Cheaper Than Wind

Affairs in the city of Boston attract a great deal of attention throughout the state. Probably no executive in recent years has been so prolific in promises of good government in the Hub as Mayor Fitzgerald. Coming from a confirmed machine politician and spoilsman these promises have a foreign sound, and the public have watched intently to see if there were to be any redemption thereof. The colossal graft connected with the painting of the offices of the mayor early in the year showed how much these promises were worth.

Now a new city collector has taken office and following the fashion announces that he intends to give a business-like administration of the position. He declares that chronic loafers who are scarcely ever seen in the office except on paydays will not be tolerated, while those who attend to business will be properly treated. It is very easy indeed to make promises. The fulfilment of these promises is another matter. Talk is cheap. What people are looking for today is performance rather than promise.

For several years enormous overtime payments have been made to employes of the office for alleged overtime work. Some men have drawn in extra compensation nearly as much for this class of alleged work as their salaries amount to. If all these practices are wiped out by the new collector he will be justified in talking.

Violated Civil Service Law

Mayor Fitzgerald has appointed John J. Douglas of East Boston deputy superintendent of ferries. This appointment will not be permitted to stand if the civil service commission can prevent it. The appointment comes within the civil service laws of the commonwealth, and Douglas is not eligible for it, while the mayor insists that Corporation Counsel Babson holds that it is outside the civil service.

As everybody knows, the corporation counsel in the city of Boston is the law officer of the city. He is appointed by the mayor and for that reason is supposed to produce any kind of law which that official calls for. This has been the record of the office for the last 15 years.

The civil service commission declares that this appointment of Douglas is in direct violation of the civil service act. The commission will, therefore, proceed to hold an examination for the position of deputy superintendent of ferries some time next month. If the appointment of Mr. Douglas is confirmed by the board of aldermen the commission will take the matter to the courts and test its legality.

Democratic administrations at city hall have never had any love for the civil service law and have ignored it in every way possible. The civil service commission has got its dander up and will compel the politicians who run city affairs to keep within the law or get into the courts.

Brains, Experience,

the finest, purest materials, and baking skill make Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread better and different from the ordinary baker's bread.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Lloyd's Historic Bell.

The bell used to insure silence at Lloyd's, in London, when the arrival of an overdue vessel is announced to the anxious underwriters is of naval origin. It belonged to the Lutine, which was wrecked near the Zuyder Zee toward the end of the eighteenth century, when England was at war with Holland. As it was customary in those days to send bullion and specie by men-of-war, the Lutine carried a valuable consignment of specie, and the underwriters at Lloyd's were able to arrange with the Dutch government to salve the cargo and recoup themselves for their loss on insurance. Over £50,000 was recovered, and among other relics brought to shore was the Lutine's bell, to ring out good cheer for anxious underwriters who hear the safe arrival proclaimed by Lloyd's crier as silence follows the ringing of the bell.

Leather and Shoes.

The leather that makes the most comfortable shoes and the most lasting as well is the old fashioned tan bark cow leather, greased good and hard every Saturday with tallow fat. Oil is the life of leather, and a shoe should be oiled at least twice a month, as it readily evaporates. The man who walks a great deal should change his shoes every other day if he can afford it, and he should make some sacrifice to do it, as the benefit to his feet will be immeasurable. Shoes should fit the feet well and snugly. The feet should be the last part of a man's anatomy to tire from walking, and they won't if the proper care is taken of them.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Gigantic Spanish Palace.

The "eighth wonder," as it is usually called, is the gigantic palace of the Escurial, which stands in the ancient kingdom of Toledo, Spain. It is confessedly the most wonderful edifice in the world, whether in dimensions or riches. It has 1,860 rooms, 6,200 windows and doors, 80 staircases, 73 fountains, 48 wine cellars, 8 organs and 51 bells. Its circumference is 2,800 feet, or almost exactly a half mile. It was dedicated to St. Lorenzo, the saint who is said to have been broiled on a gridiron, and on that account its foundations were laid off in imitation of the shape of that kind of a piece of kitchen utensil.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Spiritual Efficiency."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Vesper Services. Professor Samuel J. MacWatters of Boston University will sing.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In Winchester, May 5, by Rev. S. A. Newton, Alton Leslie Greenleaf of Winchester and Minetta A. Murphy of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 6, Frank MacKenzie, aged 50 years, 10 months, 2 days.

In this city, May 6, James Dwyer, aged 43 years.

In this city, May 6, Catherine Bowe, aged 63 years.

In this city, May 4, Daniel O'Donnell, aged 47 years.

In this city, May 4, William Burke, aged 8 years, 2 months, 6 days.

In this city, May 9, Mary Elizabeth, wife of William E. Hagen, aged 33 years.

In Boston, May 3, Emma F. Whitman, aged 44 years, 4 months, 18 days.

FOLDED HANDS.

Dear patient hands that toiled so hard for me,
  At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard and yet I could not see
  That she was dying.

Poor rough, red hands, that toiled the live-long day,
  Still busy when the midnight oil was burning:
Oft toiling till she saw the gray
  Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands
  And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And gaze with her among the twilight lands,
  Some whispered words repeating.

I think tonight that I would love her so,
  That I could tell my love to her so truly,
That e'en though tired she would not wish to go
  And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart, that had so weary grown,
  That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping;
How still it is to sit here all alone
  While she is sleeping!

Dear, patient heart, that deemed the heavy care
  Of drudging household toil its highest duty:
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
  Along with duty—

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold!
  (How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud about them silent fold
  And leave me weeping.

[Original.]

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes it were almost enough,
Just to be alive, with thee;
Of God's great worlds to be a part,
Where winter winds no longer chill,
And air is sweet with growing things,
And thou art very near.

Sometimes, dear heart, 'tis very sweet,—
Though thou of life eternal art,
And I of earth am still.

—*Florence Christian Bailey*

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for Biliousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful Tonic. At McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. 50 cents.

(Communicated.)

Don't Delay.

The cycle agents, should advertise now, because people are beginning to consider what their 1906 mount shall be.

The nursery men should do likewise. Garden and flower beds are being planned, and "the early bird," etc.

Barbers, now is your chance. The mild, spring weather means death to the luxuriant growth of "spinach" adorning the faces of many of our fellow citizens.

Dry goods are specially needed in wet weather, and so are rubbers.

Druggists, it is also high time for you to be getting that "tired feeling" medicine ready for sale.

This beautiful spring weather ought to mean increased business for everybody in Woburn.

Other things being equal, the dealer who advertises will surely get the trade.—X.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le-Roy, N. Y.

ONLY VELOX
USED IN OUR
Printing Dept.
See window display card
1906 KODAKS
BLUE PRINT POST CARDS
LEATHER POST CARDS

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, 9 15, 10 15, 11 15 A M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A M., then hourly until 1 15 P M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P M.

Returning leave Malden Sq for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A M and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00. 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY. Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass, Feb 15, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by John McDonough, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated October 15th, 1885, and recorded with Middlesex South District deeds Book 1724, Page 98, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on,

SATURDAY, June 9th, 1906,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Winn street, there measuring forty-two and one-half feet; northerly by land of Hannah Banks; easterly by a ditch at land formerly of Joshua E. Littlefield; southerly by land now or formerly of Eli Cooper.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the year 1906, and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., May 11th, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edmund C. Poland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Clara A. H. Poland, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.
Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c per pound.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

BUTTER

— IS —

Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hou
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

CONCERT!

GIVEN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
AND MANDOLIN PUPILS
FOR BENEFIT OF
First Baptist Church, Woburn
— ASSISTED BY —
Miss Florence White, Contralto
Miss Maude H Littlefield, Violin
Mr. Louis Schalk, Baritone
Mr. La Rue Vredenburgh, Reader
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN
Monday Evening, May 14, 1906
At 8 o'clock
☞ All Seats Reserved.
Tickets 35 & 50 Cts
For sale at A W. Whitcher's on and after Monday, April 30

GOOD THINGS WITHIN SIGHT

and worth eating is our stock of high-grade MEATS and Poultry. Carefully selected in the first place, kept in a freezing temperature and in sanitary surroundings, no wonder every housekeeper keeps our Meats in sight and within reach.

They mean family health, good eating, *money saved by our low prices.* For juicy steaks, tender chops and fragrant hams, deal at

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

If You Are in Doubt

about the kind of perfume to buy, tired of the old-fashioned odors, come and see what we have to offer. We are not prejudiced, our line is large. Very likely we'll mention THELMA, because that's the most popular perfume we've ever sold. We want to please you and if we can't it will be the first time we ever failed to please a patron.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

has that richness of flavor that is entirely lacking in all other bread. You will notice this the first time you eat it.

You will eat more bread at your meals if you buy CREAMALT.

It has twice the food value of any other bread.

Insist that your grocer send you CREAMALT.

Fresh every day at all grocers.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON

CITY OF WOBURN.

Assessors' Notice.

WOBURN, May 1, 1906.

To the Inhabitants of the City of Woburn, and all other persons liable to pay taxes therein:

You are hereby required to bring into the Assessors of said City of Woburn, on or before Friday, June 15th, 1906, true lists of all polls and personal estate not exempt from taxation.

Any person neglecting to furnish the Assessors with a list of all their personal property within the time specified will be doomed at a legal meeting of the Board of Assessors, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth and Ordinances of the City, which meeting will be held during the month of June.

Schedules may be obtained at the office of the Assessors.

Persons holding estates in trust, whether for minors or otherwise, are particularly requested to furnish the Assessors with statements in relation to such estates.

Where estates of persons deceased have been divided during the past year, or have changed hands from other causes, the Executors, Administrators, or other persons interested, are respectfully requested to give notice of such changes at the office.

All persons and corporations, except corporations making returns to the Insurance Commissioners, as required by section nineteen of chapter one hundred and eighteen of the Revised Laws, are hereby required to bring in to said Assessors on or before said June 15th, 1906, unless the Assessors for cause shown extend the time to the first day of August, 1906, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, benevolent, charitable or scientific purposes on the first day of May, 1906, or, at the election of such corporation, on the last day of its financial year last preceding said first day of May, and to state the amount of receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year last preceding said days.

We call the attention of tax payers to the following extracts from the laws of the State by which the Assessors will be governed:

Revised Laws of Massachusetts, Chapter 12:

SECTION 45. A mortgagor or mortgagee of real estate may bring into the Assessors of the city or town in which it lies, within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as mortgagor or mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes two or more estates, or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shall include an estimate of the interest of the mortgagee in each estate or part of an estate. The Assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgagor or mortgagee separately in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year on such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee therein has not been assessed to him.

SECTION 46. They shall receive as true, except as to valuation, the list brought in by each person, unless on being thereto required by the Assessors he refuses to answer on oath all necessary inquiries as to the nature and amount of his property.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors will be in session on the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1906, from 9 o'clock to 11.30 A M., and from 3 to 5 P M; also on the evenings of June 5th, 7th, 12th, 14th and 15th, from 7 to 8 o'clock, to receive returns of taxable personal property and polls.

FRED J RICE,
ARTHUR E GAGE,
THOMAS H DOLAN,
Assessors of the City of Woburn.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Organ Recital

Of modern French music by
Mr. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS
Assisted by
Miss Helen Wetmore, Soprano
Unitarian Church,
TUESDAY, MAY 22, 8.30 P. M.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Literary Notices.

Young Office Holders, by Frank H. Sweet, for the May number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, has a timely interest. It describes the duties of the boys and young men who serve as pages in the Capitol. Women of the Revolution, relates instances of heroism and incidents showing the courage of the women who aided in securing American independence. An article on the Papal Wars of the Nineteenth Century, takes up the part played by the Irish Brigade in the Papal service. Seumas McManus tells of the ways in which Donegal youths and maidens spend the evenings; and Ben Hurst has a paper on the Emperor of Austria and the Archduchess Maria Valeria. The Rev. John Talbot Smith discusses the Laughing Play. There is a generous supply of fiction, poetry, biographical sketches, and department information, in the May DONAHOE'S.

The biggest new idea in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May is embodied in Charles Ferguson's suggestion that the Nation shall charter university-cities and allot them liberal shares of the arid lands now being made fertile by irrigation. With far-seeing swift sanity and glowing eloquence, Mr Ferguson pleads for a chance here to show the world how to build at once scientific cities and useful universities. This article deserves and will doubtless receive close study. Other special features of the number are: Haydon Jones, Newspaper Artist, The Pink Countess, a greeting to the American people from General Reyes, War Minister of Mexico; Adventures of a Special Correspondent, Affairs at Washington, lavishly illustrated, by Joe Mitchell Chapple; An Anglo-Saxon Revolution, Note and Comment, by Frank Putnam. The stories are: A Member of Company B, The Lawyer and the Man, Captain Emery's Revenge, and The K K K, a very quaint and charming serial novel by Judge C. W Tyler of Tennessee. There are poems, a Home department full of timely household suggestions, a brief article on gardening and a variety of other interesting text and pictures.

Deaths from Appendicitis.

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 25c. Try them.

WINCHESTER

There are bicycle thieves in our midst, and the police are searching for them.

The monthly vesper services at the Congregational church are well attended. They are interesting and elevating.

The evening services on Memorial Day in Town Hall are to be on an elaborate scale. There is to be an oration, war songs by children, musical solos by professionals, and other entertaining exercises.

On account of generous donations by its members, our Calumet Club took no action on the proposition to vote a sum of money for the relief of the California sufferers. Which was approbated by the general public.

Congressman McCall has announced his candidacy for reelection to a seat in the National House of Representatives, so, it seems, we are to enjoy the pleasure of voting for our distinguished citizen again this fall, a privilege which all will highly prize.

If the water meter bill becomes a law, or has already been enacted, its provisions will fall heavily on this town. Our water supply comes from outside the town's boundaries, hence falls within the purview of the law. To equip all buildings with meters would entail a big expense on the inhabitants.

Politics are quiet here. The politicians are waiting, with considerable interest, not to say apprehension, the outcome of the Representative redistricting of the county, for there is no knowing, as yet, where Winchester will land. The general hope is that it will not be tied to Democratic Woburn.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

(Communicated.)

Household Words.

Mamma, can't Johnny quit calling me names?

Goodness, gracious! how much money do you want, anyhow?

No, Sarah, I shan't allow any young men coming to see you until you are out of school. So there!

Don't forget to have some coal sent up right off.

What did you do with that half dollar I gave you last week?

Mamma, Willie's pinching me.

John! come in to your dinner before everything gets cold.

Children, aint you up yet? If you're not down here in five minutes I'll be up there with a stick.

Yes, dear, ten dollars will do, but fifteen would be better.

Now I lay me down to sleep.

Did any one see my hat?—*C. B. L.*

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

SEA GULLS' EGGS.

They Are Good to Eat and Taste Like Plovers' Eggs.

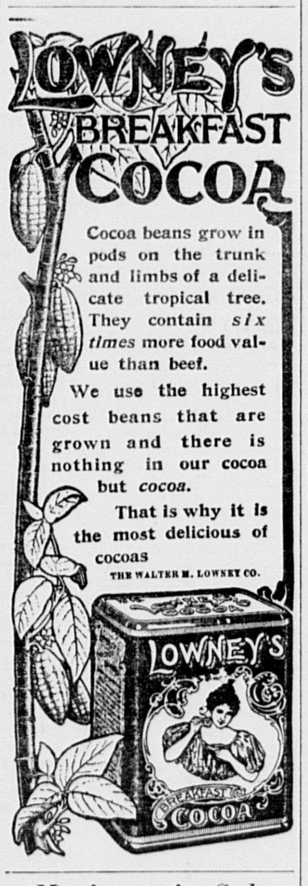
"I'd like to have a mess of gulls' eggs now," said the epicure. "They beat a hen's egg all to pieces, and nine people out of ten eat gull eggs for plover eggs and don't know the difference.

"In England from March to May there are hundreds of men who make a living by gathering gulls' eggs and foisting them on the public for plovers' eggs. The fens and salt marshes of the English coast are as valuable on account of the gulls' nests as vineyards or orchards. These fens rent at a high rate, and keepers protect the eggs from thieves the same as keepers on noblemen's estates keep out poachers.

"Early in March the gulls pair. They lay their eggs in the salt marshes in a hollow or a tuft of grass. The nests in the best marshes touch. You can't take a step without crushing eggs under foot. These eggs, olive colored, plashed with green and gray, sell at wholesale for 7 cents apiece. They are called plovers' eggs.

"Each nest has, as a rule, three eggs. When the first set is taken from her the female bird lays another set, and if this one is taken too she lays a third set, which is always left to her to hatch, or otherwise she and her kind would never return to the marsh again.

"Many of the owners of these marshes make $2,500 apiece in the spring by selling for plovers' eggs their gulls' egg harvest."—New York Press.



Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa.*

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neil C. Olsen, otherwise called Niels C. Olson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated February 25, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1959, Page 410, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, June 5, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots three hundred and seventy-one (371), three hundred and seventy-two (372), three hundred and seventy-three (373), three hundred seventy-four (374), and three hundred seventy-five (375), on Felton street, as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, owned by the Montvale Land Company, (said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan —. Said lots measure thirty-five (35) feet in width, by seventy (70) feet in depth, and contain two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet, excepting lot numbered three hundred and seventy-five (375), which is irregular in shape and contains 2450 square feet, more or less, to the canal property line.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1905 and 1906, and to other municipal liens if any; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ELLA M. HAZELTINE AND SARAH H. RICE,
Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, May 11, 1906.

CITY OF WOBURN

NOTICE

All persons selling Milk, Cream and Oleomargerine must have a license on or before the first of June next.

PATRICK T. MCDONOUGH,
Inspector of Milk and Vinegar.

THE LODGE.

In Many Towns It Has Become the Great Social Center.

The lodge has become the social center of many a town. It is so to a greater degree perhaps in the west than in the east. On the plains distances between population centers are greater, the ties of old family acquaintance are lacking, the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders admit men and women to their membership on the same terms adds to the strength of the social claim; it also brings about odd situations.

"I am going downtown tonight," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge too."

"Yes," agreed the husband. "We belong to the same lodge."

This very equality brings about a comradeship that in the newer communities makes easier the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion or defer to his judgment. But on lodge night when you enter the portals—a lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal"—you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

A DROP OF WATER.

It Is a Midget World Teeming With Struggling Life.

In a single drop of unfiltered water may be seen in miniature the tragedy that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death dealing competition, with all its mystery and woe.

It was a French biologist who invented the method by which this wonderful state of things is demonstrated. He called the method the "hanging drop slide," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary pond is placed in a hollowed out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thinner glass. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear and apparently pure water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world in itself. Multitudes of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms with tremendous swishing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

Alcohol In Cold Weather.

A scientist thus explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in the polar regions: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. Alcohol is not turned into fuel in the muscle and nerve cells, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is therefore dangerous in the extreme cold because it assists the throwing off of heat in a great degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated red-hot and then all the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbohydrates in the food; but, besides this, the indispensable production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of the food of men. In the tropics they eat little fat and much fruit, while the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion.

The Papal Tiara.

According to Brewer, the tiara of the pope is a composite emblem. The primary meaning is purity and chastity, the foundation and lining of the crown being of the finest linen. The gold band denotes supremacy. The first cap of dignity was adopted by Pope Damascus II. in 1048. The cap was surmounted with a high coronet in 1295 by Boniface VIII. The second coronet was added in 1335 by Benedict XII. to indicate the prerogatives of spiritual and temporal power combined in the papacy. The third coronet is indicative of the Trinity, but it is not known who first adopted it. Some say Urban V., others John XXII., John XXIII. or Benedict XII.

Gulielmus and the Devils.

Gulielmus Parisiensis, the author of one of the most famous works on demonology, figures on what he terms "a basis of exact computation" to prove that "the regions of the air, the caverns and dark places of the earth" are inhabited by 44,435,536 devils. Where on earth this visionary writer obtained the material upon which to base such an "exact computation" has been an enigma to all of the later writers on demonology, witchcraft and kindred subjects.

Beau of Fort Sheridan.

Once a man who had the reputation of never having been beaten for the position of orderly came from another regiment. Private Haarscher and the newcomer, as luck would have it, were detailed for guard the same day. The whole garrison turned out to see which one the adjutant would pick for the coveted place. To all outward signs there was no difference in the neatness and soldierly appearance of the two men.

The officer spent about twenty minutes examining the rifles, belts, cartridge boxes and brasses of the two soldiers. There was absolutely nothing to choose between them in point of neatness of appearance. Finally, as a last resort, the adjutant unbuttoned the blouse of the new claimant for orderly honors. He found a somewhat faded but absolutely clean undershirt.

The officer passed to Haarscher and undid three buttons of his blouse. Haarscher had on a brand new suit of silk underwear that must have cost him a month's pay. It was the other man on that day who walked past post in the hot sun, while Haarscher did "dolling duty" in the shade in front of the commandant's quarters. He was a Frenchman through and through, and he was more proud of it than of anything else save the American citizenship which he had won by enlisting under the American flag.—Chicago Post.

Antidote For Carbolic Acid.

It may prove valuable information to know that alcohol is the antidote of carbolic acid and how to use it. If the burn is external pour alcohol over it; if internal, swallow whisky.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-2

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Camphorine - - - -

A Camphor, Lavender and Cedar Compound, an effectual and economical substitute for Camphor, Carbolic Acid, Tar Paper, and other Protectors against Moths, Mildew and Insects. Prevents and destroys Buffalo Bugs.

One Pound Package 15c.

MOTH BALLS 5 Cents. lb.

McLaughlin & Dennison,

Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

When You Have Company

You want your table to look its prettiest. Snowy linen, a few flowers and some of our silverware and cut glass will give your guests many pleasant thoughts of their visit.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Something New!

Orange Ice Cream Cut, wrapped and packed in pint Bricks ready to carry home, always on hand at

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 48-3.

GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

PROPERTY FOR SALE

1906 SPRING STYLES

IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

Board of Public Works

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

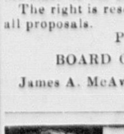
Sealed proposals for the construction of a brick Fire Station at Central Square, will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works, Municipal Building, until 12 o'clock noon of Wednesday, May 16, 1906.

All proposals to be marked "Proposals for Construction of a Fire Station," addressed to the clerk and to be accompanied by a certified check for $200 payable to the City of Woburn.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Board.

The right is reserved to reject any and all proposals.

Per order,
BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.
James A. McAvoy, Clerk.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

PREPARE FOR Spring Cleaning.

Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WOBURN

Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining to gas lighting, Apply at the office of the Company,

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

BERTIE'S INDECISION

By Ina Wright Hanson

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Martha's eyes were troubled as she hung up the receiver.

"Just like Bertie," she mused, taking up her coat, cap and goggles and going slowly up the stairs. "Exactly like Bertie. This morning we were to spend our last afternoon sailing; at noontime he sent a messenger to say he had changed his mind and would come in his automobile; now he telephones that we will go on our wheels to the redwoods."

"Unstable as water, but handsome as a king—ought to be," was her thought a few minutes later. They were walking down the garden path to the bicycles waiting at the gate.

"Here's a flower for you," he said gayly, stooping to pick a pelargonium. "Fitting symbol of you is this Martha Washington. Not a bit high toned, but smiling alike on the rich and the poor; delicately colored, but sturdy for all that, my Martha."

She responded absently to his chatter. She was glad he did not seem to expect much of her in the way of conversation.

"I suppose you have been wondering why I changed my mind so often."

They had walked up hills and wheeled down them and over the level places and along the cool shady path to the redwoods. They were sitting where a streamlet leaped forward to kiss the feet of the ferns; where the redwoods gave out a soothing fragrance. A few steps away was garish sunshine, but here shade and coolness and quiet. Martha's troubled heart lightened, and she smiled winsomely into Bertie's face.

"Why?" she queried.

"Because I am going to ask you something, and I wanted to choose the best place for it. This is the best of all, isn't it, beloved? I want you to marry me, Martha, tonight and go away with me or not go away. I don't know that I care anything about seeing New York, anyway."

"You want me to marry you tonight for fear that by Christmas or September or tomorrow you might change your mind? Thanks for the compliment, and no, thank you, for the offer."

Bertie's face was white. She was savagely glad she had hurt him. He might realize a little of her suffering.

"Do you think I want a husband who changes his mind on a subject as many times as there are hours in a day? What pleasure is there in you, Bertie Harrison, and what confidence can one have? We were to read to improve our minds. You began with William Tell at the arrow scene; then you took a chapter in 'Merchant of Venice;' next you thought Burton Holmes' travels"—

"Don't, Martha," Bertie interrupted. "Probably I shall thank you some time, but just now I can't stand any more than a homeopathic dose."

If Bertie had got furious with her or if he had cried—she felt as if she would not have been surprised to see him cry like a girl—she could have kept on pelting him with her sharp words, but to have him quiet and white—that was something she could not bear. Tears dropped on the Martha Washington in her cold hand.

"Forgive me, dear; I didn't mean"—

"Pardon me, Martha; I think you meant exactly what you said. In the flash of your words I see what I wonder I have failed to discover heretofore. Isn't there a saying that if you can properly diagnose a case the cure is half effected? If I overcome the fault and make a man of myself may I expect your favor, Martha?"

She shook her head.

"I can't have any faith in you, Bertie, but after all you are not to blame. You can't be different. There are too many odds against you. It's hereditary. My father knew your father well. Gemini is your birth sign—two forces pulling in opposite directions. Then your fortune stands in your way and even your name. You can never expect a Napoleon of a Bertie."

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" he said bitterly. "But you remember the best did come out of Nazareth. If you cared for me"—

"I care, Bertie, if that's any consolation. I could wait years for you, but"—

"Well, that's enough. Bertie threw up his cap and caught it as it came down. The red came back into his smooth cheeks. "Now I will fare forth into the world and show you what a man's will can do in spite of heredity and astrology and all the rest. You'll see, Maid Martha."

This sudden change of spirit was so like variable Bertie that Martha sighed.

"I'm sorry I can't encourage you."

It was a year before news came from the absent Bertie. Martha might have inquired from his friends in her own city, but she was too proud. He had turned from her as lightly, as easily, as he had always flitted from one phase of life to another—a butterfly, she thought scornfully. Why should she waste tears on him? So she spent her days among her flowers and books, and if her nights were not always peaceful she gave no sign.

At the year's end a thick packet came to her. With nervous, trembling haste she tore off string and paper and brought forth Bertie's diary.

"And to think I doubted him," she sobbed as she found her name on every page.

He had taken with him to New York $100 of his fortune, pledging himself not to touch another penny of it till a year had gone. He had sought service immediately, beginning with the most menial tasks. How his sensitive nature loathed them none knew better than Martha. He had kept at each employment till he found something a step higher.

At the end of four months he discovered a friend of his father, who offered him a clerkship and gave him freely all the information he needed. It was when he was established in this that he had made his code of rules.

After office hours a two hour walk, dinner, then study till 11, his bedtime. This was not to be varied for six days. Sundays were to be free.

"I am beginning," he wrote, "on Macaulay's history. I swear not to take up anything else till these volumes are finished."

"Can he be strong enough, the dear, brave boy?" Martha wondered as she read eagerly on, but it was when she was smiling over some whimsical, happy thought, written in Bertie's happy expression, that it came.

"Failed!" on a dozen pages. Then one bore bravely a line from Goldsmith, "Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail."

After that was the continuation of the arduous routine. On the last page he had written, "If I do not win my Martha after all, I feel that I shall come somewhat nearer to deserving her!"

Another six months dragged by. The diary contained no clew to his address save New York city, so that Martha could not send him encouragement and loving messages of which her heart was full. She felt that she deserved the suspense, but it was fearfully hard to bear. When it seemed to her that she could endure it no longer, an ominous yellow envelope came to her.

"Bert Harriman seriously ill in B. hospital; constantly calling Martha."

Even in her distress Martha noticed "Bert," not "Bertie," mute tribute to his winning battle against birth signs, heredity and fortune.

Less than a week later Martha sat trembling in the office of B. hospital while a sweet faced nurse talked to give her time to regain her control.

"It was 'Martha, Martha, Martha,' till Mr. Dean, his employer, decided to look through his belongings for a possible clew. We found your name and address and ventured to telegraph. He is rational now, but naturally extremely weak. You may see him, but not for long."

"How did he get the fever?" Martha quavered.

"Overwork. Mr. Dean saw that he was doing too much, but his advice was not heeded. Mr. Harrison would reply that in six months he would take a vacation. Then came the great storm. Mr. Dean warned him, but he would walk for two hours, no matter what the weather. Of dogged persistency to an idea Mr. Dean said he never saw his equal."

The nurse's keen eyes saw that Martha's trembling lips had grown quiet, and she answered the smile in her wet eyes cheerily.

But when at last Martha was by her lover's side she was the weaker of the two.

"I felt all day that you were coming, dear," he said quietly. "You have waited for me, haven't you?"

Fiercely restrained sobs choked back her answer, but she laid her head on Bertie's pillow, and he was content. Next day they awaited the coming of the minister with prayer book and ring.

Seventeenth Century Panegyrics.

George II. inquired why Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost" in prose. One sympathizes more with Stephen Duck, the peasant poet, who read the great epic over "twice or thrice with a dictionary before he could understand the language." We find ourselves somewhat at a loss to understand the language in which were couched the fulsome panegyrics of the late seventeenth century. Dr. Hill selects two which it would be hard to surpass. The first is Dryden's to Roscommon:

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by a British peer!

Cant goes almost farther in the second and blasphemy a good deal farther. It is Halifax's lament for Charles II.:

In Charles, so good a man and king, we see
A double image of the Deity.
Oh, had he more resembled it! Oh, why
Was he not still more like and could not die?

This seems unsurpassable. Yet if Dr. Hill had been concerned with the poems of Mr. Richard Duke he would doubtless have secured an almost equally startling couplet in memory of a monarch whose wit has been more often extolled than his virtue:

Good Titus could, but Charles could never say.
Of all his royal life he lost a day.

—Professor W. P. Trent in Forum.

His Ambition.

A new vicar was being shown round the parish by his warden.

"The natives are a hardy lot, sir," he said, "but you haven't seen Peter Sparks. He's the quaintest character in these parts."

This individual turned out to be the sexton, and he was discovered ringing the church bell.

"Is not this bell ringing almost too much for you, my friend?" asked the vicar sympathetically, noting the bent figure of the old man. "You must be a great age?"

"Yessir, yessir," mumbled the ol fellow. "'Ow many years I've tolled the bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. 'Owsoever, I've tolled the bell for five vicars."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the clergyman uncomfortably.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'alf dozen. I think I'll retire then!"—Glasgow Times.

Mermaids.

All the world over there are legends about mermaids. The Chinese tell stories not unlike others about the sea woman of their southern seas. Mankind is taught on the most excellent evidence that a mermaid was captured at Bangor, on the shores of the Belfast lough, in the sixth century, while another caught at Edam in 1403 was carried to Haarlem and kept there for many years.

Woodcraft.

Woodcraft holds the key to nature's storehouse. A camper should know for himself how to outfit, how to select and make a camp, how to wield an ax and make proper fires, how to cook, wash, mend; how to travel without losing his course or what to do when he has lost it; how to trail, hunt, shoot, fish, dress game, manage boat or canoe and how to extemporize such makeshifts as may be needed in wilderness faring. And he should know these things as he does the way to his mouth. Then he is truly a woodsman, sure to do promptly the right thing at the right time, whatever befalls. Such a man has an honest pride in his own resourcefulness, a sense of reserve force, a doughty self reliance that is good to feel. His is the confidence of the lone sailorman who whistles as he puts his tiny bark out to sea.—Outdoors.

Wrongly Named Pests.

The origin of the so called San Jose scale is not certainly known, but it is reasonably sure that it was brought from China about 1870 on some plants imported by James Lick and placed on his property in the Santa Clara valley. By 1880 it had come to be recognized as a serious pest and in that year was found near San Jose and described by Professor Comstock, who named it Aspidiotus perniciosus." That name being too hard for most of us, the pest has become known the world over as the San Jose scale from the place where it was first found by Professor Comstock, very much to the disgust of the people of that city and vicinity, who do not suffer from it in any appreciable degree.—San Francisco Chronicle.

LINCOLN'S WIT.

That and Ridicule Were His Weapons of Offense and Defense.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practiced at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross examine. 'Why J. Parker Green? What did the J. stand for? John? Well, why didn't the witness call himself John P. Green? That was his name, wasn't it? Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal, and, if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?' And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson said, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name, and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

THE GNU IS A PUZZLE.

It Seems to Be a Cross Between the Horse, Cow and Deer.

Did you ever hear of a horned horse? It is called the gnu and is a native of South Africa. The gnu is a puzzle. We have called it a horse, but it is more like a cow. It really seems to be a cross between the horse, the cow and the deer. It has the head and horns of a cow, the tail, the mane and withers of the horse and the legs of a deer. Altogether the gnu is one of the most singular creatures on earth.

The gnu inhabits the hilly districts of South Africa, roaming all over the country in vast herds. As far as travelers have yet penetrated it is found, and it is fortunate that it is so, for the flesh of the gnu forms excellent food. They are, however, extremely wild, and, being very quick in their movements, are difficult to shoot. Upon the first alarm the whole herd scamper away in single file, following a leader. When seen from a distance they look like a troop of horses.

Their speed is very great, and when first disturbed they do not exert it, but kick out their heels and begin butting at anything that comes in their way, exhibiting the greatest fury. Unless hard pressed they seldom show fight, but when brought to bay they will defend themselves desperately. They dart forward upon their enemy with great fury, and unless he remains cool and collected he probably will not escape.

A Ghost Story.

Under the date of March 6, 1806, the Annual Register tells how a butcher of Stretford, in Lancashire, had disappeared during a then recent flood and how rumors spread that an apparition had been seen near a certain local pool of water. Some gave it the form of an uncanny dog, others that of an equally mysterious man who uttered blood curdling yells, and it was told that, even when nothing was seen, cattle refused to drink at the pond, and horses trembled as they passed it. At last a town meeting decided to pump the pool dry. It was done, and there, sure enough, was the butcher.—London Chronicle.

Birds' Names.

There are some odd names for game birds on the Chesapeake. A small shy snipe that flies with a twittering noise is called the horsefoot snipe because of its fondness for the horsefoot or horseshoe crab. It is called also the turnstone from its habit of overturing pebbles in search of food. The telltale snipe bears that name because it always sounds a note of alarm at the sight of a gunner. Chesapeake gunners believe that a single telltale can clear a whole region of game birds. The widgeon is locally called the bald pate, and the willet is so called because of its cry—will-will-willet.

Our First Savings Bank.

The first savings bank established in the United States was in Philadelphia, which opened Dec. 2, 1816. It is said that the first deposit made in this bank was the sum of 3 shillings, handed over the counter by a boy. The bank was entitled, "The Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia." The first bank of this kind established in New York was chartered Nov. 25, 1816, and went into business July 3, 1819.

Not to Be Neglected.

Mrs. Bliss—Here is a letter I want you to post, dear. It is to my milliner, countermanding an order for a hat. Mr. Bliss—Here, take this bit of cord and tie both my hands behind my back, so that I won't forget it.

Defined.

The difference between a speculation and an investment is that it is a speculation when you lose.—Washington Post.

The Clock and the Man.

When a clock is fast you can always turn it back, but it's different with a young man.—New York Times.

They Tipped Him.

Tourist (visiting an ancient castle)—Are there any legends connected with this old castle? Guide—Oh, yes. It is said that in ancient times a stranger once visited this castle and gave no tip to the guide. Thereupon the latter threw the visitor over into the moat. But don't be frightened. Of course it's only an idle legend.

A Warm Time Coming.

History class. Subject, "George II. and the Pelham Ministry." Master—Who said and when, "Now I shall have no more peace?" Small Boy (after a long interval of thought)—Please, sir, George III. on his deathbed.—Punch.

Quite Apparent.

The Tramp—You're one man in a hundred. 'Tain't often I meet anybody that'll talk to me two minutes without askin' why I don't go to work at some trade. The Remarkable Man—Oh, I can tell by looking at you.—Puck.

Happiness is so fragile that one risks the loss of it by talking of it.—Lemaitre.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 13.

Text of the Lesson, Mark v, 1-20. Memory Verse, 15—Golden Text, Mark v, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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This record of the demoniac of Gadara is found in Matt. viii and Luke viii, as well as in Mark v, and in each it follows the storm on Galilee stilled by His word, so there seems to be a connection between the two events. This demoniac was a rather remarkable piece of the devil's property over which men had no control, and it is possible that the great adversary of God and man had an inkling of what was about to happen and would fain frustrate it by drowning the Son of God, for from His birth in Bethlehem to Calvary he was ever seeking to kill Him. The saying of Dr. Weston is worthy of frequent reiteration: The Bible is the record of the conflict between God and the devil for man and his inheritance, the earth. In the record of the storm (iv, 35-41) note the contrast between the great storm and the great calm (verses 37, 39), the fearful disciples and their peacefully sleeping Master (verses 38, 40), their "no faith" and His mighty faith and power, and say if your life is a manifestation of Him or them and see in II Cor. iv, 11, which it ought to be. We see in Him the dominion over all things which was given to the first Adam (Gen. i, 26-28), but lost by sin. It shall be restored to us when we shall have become like Him in the resurrection, and for this the whole creation waits (I John iii, 2; Phil. iii, 20, 21; Rom. viii, 19). "What manner of man is this?" "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" (II Pet. iii, 11.) "The wind and the sea obey Him." Let us be willing and obedient.

Having crossed the sea, He is immediately met by this man, this piece of demon possession, whom no man could bind or tame. Chains and fetters were nothing to him, and he seemed not to rest either by day or by night. Naked as to his body, dwelling among the dead, no living person dare come near him. Matthew says that there were two of them (viii, 28), but possibly one was so much worse than the other that Mark and Luke only mention the worst one. The marvelous manifestations of strength in Samson were of God, but this man's strength was from the devil, and we are living in days when the devil is taking special pains to counterfeit the gospel of God and the power of God. Take heed to II Thess. ii, 7-12, and Rev. xiii; also I Tim. iv, 1, 2. That people are now possessed by demons cannot be doubted by those who believe God, and if God was relied upon through Jesus Christ some marvelous displays of His power might be seen both in children and adults where the case seems ordinarily incurable.

There must have been a beginning to this man's trouble, perhaps some very slight yielding to the evil one, but by yielding more and more the present condition had been reached. Parents who fail to subdue or control the first outbreaks in their children are laying up much trouble for themselves in future. The evil spirits do not doubt that Jesus is the Son of God and that He has power to send them to torment (Matt. viii, 29) at an appointed time, but their belief does them no good. "The devils (demons) believe and tremble" (James ii, 19). No amount of knowledge of Christ can benefit any one unless sin is repented of and Christ is honestly received as a personal Saviour. It is to be feared that many who think they are saved are depending upon their knowledge of Christ and His salvation rather than upon their personal interest in Him and dependence upon His precious blood to take away their sins. The greatest gospel on believing defines what believing is in the first chapter (John i, 12). The demons believe in a place of torment, for they besought Jesus not to send them to the bottomless pit, for such is the meaning of "the deep" in Luke viii, 31. They asked permission to enter into a herd of swine feeding near by, and, this being granted, the whole herd ran violently into the sea and perished. Is there any light here upon the ever increasing number of suicides of men and women, boys and girls? It seems so to me. The Lord is the giver of life and peace, but the devil has the power of death (Heb. ii, 14) and is ever doing his utmost to kill both man and beast.

Jesus did not rebuke the poor, afflicted man, but the demons in the man, and commanded them to come out of him, and the demons, like the wind and the sea in the previous story, obey Him, and the man is at once in his right mind, and soon he is seen sitting and clothed at the feet of Jesus. We do not wonder that the man who had experienced so mighty a deliverance prayed that he might stay near his deliverer, for he might fear the return of his enemies. But instead of granting his prayer he was told to go home to his friends and tell them how great things the Lord had done for him. Here is an answer to the question, How shall I stand—how shall I continue to have victory over the enemy? Confess how great things the Lord hath done for thee; publish the name of Jesus. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x, 10). Contrast the prayer of the healed man with that of the people of Gadara, for they besought Him to depart out of their coasts, and He did so. It was probably their only opportunity to receive life, and they put it from them. He granted the prayer of the demons and the Gadarenes, but denied the request of the man that was healed. Consider this also.

The Evil Eye.

Antiquitie hath held that certaine women of Scythia, being provoked and vexed against some men, had the power to kill them only with their looke. The tortoises and estriges hatch their eggs with their looks only, a signe that they have some ejaculative vertue. And concerning witches, they are said to have offensive and harmeworking eies.—Montaigne.

A Deadly Poisonous Beeswax.

Wax is a substance secreted by bees that is said to be analogous to the fat of the higher animals. In Patagonia, Tierre del Fuego and other portions of southern South America honey is never eaten. In the countries mentioned all beeswax is a livid, whitish, blue color and more poisonous than either strychnine or arsenic.

Rewarded Him.

"Excuse me, mum. I was goin' to try to git you interested in a face lotion that 'ud make the ugliest skin beautiful, but I see you don't need nothin' like that."

"Well—er—I think I'll buy a box of it for a friend of mine."—Houston Post.

LEGENDS OF OLD MINES.

The Value of the Records of Past Production.

American mining engineers are familiar with speculative schemes, based upon the real or supposed former productiveness of the mines upon which they are started. To say nothing of such enterprises as that of Richard Burton, who thought he had rediscovered in Egypt the sources of Solomon's treasure (itself somewhat mythical), there are more recent instances in abundance. The books of Humboldt and Ward on Mexico gave rise in the first half of the nineteenth century to an immense and disastrous investment of English capital in the unwatering of old Mexican gold and silver mines on the strength of reports from "government archives," showing their immense production and sundry legends, accounting for their temporary abandonment. In the prospectuses of such schemes, references to pestilence, war, quarrels among owners, etc., as the causes of the interruption of an almost incredibly profitable business are well known features.

No doubt all ancient evidence, whether historical or legendary, has its value for mining enterprises, but it is well to bear in mind that Mexican miners did not usually leave rich ore when they stopped working a mine, and there is another proposition, applicable to many mines outside of Mexico, yet too often overlooked—namely, the record of past production is a measure not of what is left, but of what is not left, in the ore deposit of a mine.—Engineering and Mining News.

GOOD CHEER AT MEALS.

The Value of Laughter as an Aid to Digestion.

Nothing else will take the place of good cheer and laughter at meals or any other time in the home. There is a vital connection between amiability and digestion—between good cheer and assimilation. Laughter is the best friend the liver has and depression or melancholia its worst enemy. Numerous experiments have shown that mirth and cheerfulness stimulate the secretion of the gastric juices and are powerful aids to digestion. Yet, knowing this, many of us sit as gloomy and absorbed at the table as at a funeral. In many homes scarcely a word is spoken at meals outside of requests for an article of food.

The meal hour ought to mean something besides supplying a mere animal function. The bell which calls the family to the table ought to be the signal for a good time generally, when all cares should be thrown off and everybody appear at his best. It ought to signalize the time for mirth and laughter. It ought to be looked forward to by the members of the family as the recess or nooning is looked forward to by pupils in school as a letup from the strenuous life.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Mushrooms.

An enthusiast on the subject of mushrooms says there is no more reason to mistake a good mushroom for a poisonous toadstool than to confound nightshade with huckleberries. The distinctions are clear and simple and easily learned. Real mushrooms are known by their beautiful pink gills, not reaching the stem, which stem carries a well marked white woolly ring; by the very fleshy down covered top, the delicious and enticing fragrance, the firm, white flesh, sometimes inclined to pink when cut or broken. One or two rules in regard to gathering mushrooms, we are told, will remove all the peril from the pursuit of them. Examine carefully every specimen you gather. If at all doubtful, throw it away. Show it to somebody that knows. Never cook mushrooms unless you know they are gathered by somebody that knows.

Bow Legged Men.

Do not revile the bow legged man, for he plays an important part in the world. It is estimated that 40 per cent of mankind are bow legged, so numerically this class is entitled to great respect. Bow legs invariably accompany a robust physique. We find them one of the conspicuous features of athletes. Comedians are almost always bow legged. Of the bow legged geniuses to which humanity points with pride the most illustrious examples are Caesar, Horace, Napoleon, Wellington, Schopenhauer and Cavour, the celebrated Italian statesman.—London Answers.

The Bright Side.

Words of cheer are words of help; words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we come in contact.

In the Hall of Fame.

"His father is in the hall of fame."

"Why, I didn't know the old gentleman was dead."

"Have to be dead to be in there?"

"Sure."

"Well, he is only in there dusting the busts."

The Limit.

The height of superfluity was voiced the other day by a commuter who said that he regarded a certain man, then under discussion, as the fourth ball to a pawnbroker's sign.—Puck.

Pursue not a victory too far. He hath conquered well that has made his enemy fly. Thou mayest beat him to a desperate resistance, which may ruin thee.—George Herbert.

Officially Confirmed.

The Washington correspondent hastily called up the cabinet officer by telephone.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, Mr. Blank," he said, "but will you please tell me whether or not the rumor that is in circulation as to your retirement is true?"

"Yes, sir," answered the cabinet officer. "It is. I was just about to retire when you called me. Good night."—Chicago Tribune.

A Shortened Courtship.

"Sir, I understand there is a sort of a courtship on between you and my daughter?"

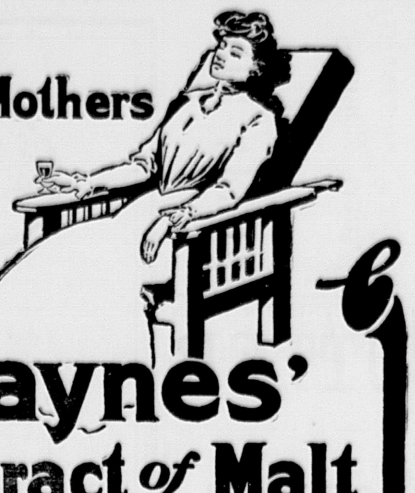
"Yes, sir; I"—

"Well, I don't approve of it; cut it short!"

And that night the young man eloped with the object of his affections.—Houston Post.

How the Coolness Began.

Little Girl—Here's another closet. Hain't we got lots of 'em in our house? Neighbor's Little Girl—Yes. My mamma says there's a skeleton in one of 'em. Let me see it, will you?



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A VERY PROPER WOMAN

By C. B. Lewis

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As a child little Hannah Wray was very proper. As a young girl she was more proper still. As a young lady, even her very proper father, Deacon Wray, and her very proper mother, his wife, never had to criticise or caution. As Hannah kept adding years to her age and was finally spoken of as an old maid her proper father and mother died, and she went to live with her brother Dan.

Dan was hard headed and hard working and not at all a proper person from some points of view, but that did not affect Hannah any. She had been left $3,000 in cash, had never had a beau nor read a love story, and she felt that all she had to do in this world was to keep right on being proper.

One day another proper young woman came to call on Hannah. She wasn't quite as proper as Miss Wray, for she had once permitted a young man to walk home from church with her, but she was trying her best to be forgiven by society for that sin.

When she departed she left a circular on the floor, and Hannah picked it up and gave it a careless look. A moment later she was turning pale and gasping for breath. Two minutes later she was upstairs in her room and blushing as she read. It was a circular from a matrimonial bureau.

Notwithstanding her properness, Hannah had heard of such things, but only to be horrified. She was horrified now. She was also interested. She was horrified that her caller should be in receipt of such literature and interested to know if men and women did really get married through such agencies.

For five minutes she refused to read further than the heading. Then she looked all around her room, gave a shudder and proceeded to devour every word. She even read the circular twice over. It was a call to all those in love to send on 50 cents and receive the names of three persons, with whom they might correspond. On the books of the agency, so it was stated, were the names of heiresses and wealthy widows pining for husbands, as well as widowers with millions and young men needing wives to help them take care of inheritances. The reader was assured that there were governors, senators and railroad presidents making use of the agency.

Hannah Wray found her heart beating faster as she read, and when she glanced at the glass she found that she was blushing. Her first thought was to rush after her friend and restore the circular and cut her acquaintance forevermore. Her second was to keep the circular and read it over again. Of course she acted on second thought. She did more than that. She allowed her mind to dwell on it and romance to creep over her unromantic soul, and after two or three days she could read it without blushing.

That should be the end, however. Never, never would she permit herself to send away 50 cents and receive the names. She stuck to this resolution for three days, and then she sent off the money. It was the first letter she had ever written to any one except a relative. It was the first time in two years she had visited the village postoffice. The day the letter was mailed Dan Wray's wife said to him as he was milking the cow in the barn:

"Say, Dan, something is wrong with Hannah."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"She's got something on her mind. Two or three times today I've caught her looking in the glass and acting girly. I'm not quite sure of it, but I have a feeling that when she went downtown it was to post a letter. What do you think it is?"

"I know she had mumps, measles and the chicken pox the same time I did," replied Dan after thinking things over, "and she can't be coming down with any of those."

"Of course not. Didn't I say I caught her acting girly?"

"And what's that?"

"Why, twisting herself and simpering and trying to blush."

"Well, what's that the sign of?"

"Dan Wray, you don't know beans when the bag's untied. It means that Hannah is in love. Yes, sir; old as she is, she's either in love or wants to be, and it's our duty to keep an eye on her."

"Well, let her love," answered Dan as he turned to his milking, and that settled matters, as far as he was concerned, for a little while.

In due time Hannah received a reply to her letter. She had described herself as single, moderately wealthy and good tempered, and the agency had sent her the names of three rich men who wanted just such a wife as she would make. If the old maid hadn't been so proper she would have opened correspondence with all three of them. As it was, she decided that one was enough. She didn't even decide that until she had struggled with her feelings for three long days.

Curiosity and romance finally got the better of prudence and propriety, and her letter was duly mailed. During the next five or six days she gave herself away to her sister-in-law in fifty different ways, and even the hard headed brother was compelled to notice that a change had taken place.

"What do you think it is, Dan?" asked the wife as he sat on the milk stool again.

"Durned if I know, Lucy. Has Deacon White or any other widower been spooking around here?"

"No, not a soul."

"She keeps primping and looking in the glass and blushing, does she?"

"Twenty times a day. I heard her humming a love song upstairs today, and she's taken to going to the postoffice every night and morning. Dan, I tell you we've got to keep our eyes open. Suppose some rich man should come along and coax her to elope with him."

"I guess you and Han are both safe from that," he laughed in reply, and again the subject was dismissed.

Next day the old maid had her letter. It was postmarked Boston, and never in her life did the way from the postoffice home seem so long.

It was from Quincy Livingstone Lapham, who had got her address from the agency. Quincy was forty years old, a retired capitalist and a widower, and he wrote a letter full of sentiment and a desire to please. If he didn't know hash from codfish, he at least knew how to touch an old maid's heart, no matter what a proper person she was. By the time she had read it three times over Hannah Wray had gone back on her thirty-five years' record. She mentally pronounced him a darling of a man, and she got ready to answer the epistle. After she had written and mailed it Dan winked his wife out into the wood shed and whispered:

"Got any ginger in the house?"

"No. Why?"

"I'll go down to the store and get some. I've been watching Han, and if she ain't in for a time with the billous colic then I can't read signs."

"Nonsense. I tell you she's in love."

"In love with what—the cow?"

"She's in love with a man, you idiot, you. Do you s'pose she'd be humming love songs and standing before the looking glass for a cow?"

"But where's the man?"

"That's what I can't tell you—not now. But I'm going to find out if I lose my head."

She was several weeks in making her words good, but there came a day when she laid hands on all Hannah's correspondence. She had received six letters from Quincy Livingstone Lapham, and five of them treated of love and romance and his desire to see her. The sixth announced that he would visit the village, which was familiar to him, and walk up and down a certain shady lane until she joined him.

"Well?" asked the wife when she had told the contents of the letter.

"I'll be in that shady lane myself!" replied Dan.

And he was. It was in the afternoon, and the village seemed to be asleep. Quincy arrived. So did Hannah. So did Dan. Dan waited until Quincy declared he could no longer live without Hannah and she could no longer draw her breath without him, and then he made his appearance and administered kicks and punches and cuffs until Quincy was beyond his reach. When he looked around Hannah had vanished. She kept to her room for the next three days, and she might have been there yet had not Dan called up to her from the stair door:

"Say, Han, come down to breakfast."

"I'm ashamed!"

"Ashamed, nothing! You are still the properest person for fifty miles around, and I've been owing that feller a lickin' for ten years past. If it hadn't been for him there'd be a patent churn around here. Come down, proper Hannah—come properly down!"

Different.

Mrs. Brown—She seems to have got over the death of her first husband. Mr. Brown—Yes, but her second husband hasn't.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.—Houghton.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord. N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Substitution—And Weddings

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Elizabeth crossed the turf so loathly, so laggardly, she left a waving trail of deep green footprints athwart the dew grayed grass. The line was blotched here and there where she had stopped and half turned about, but from the last and lightest of the blotches it ran straight to the wicket gate in the hedge. The path to the gate led around, almost under the library windows. Therefore she had avoided it. She did not want to be spied upon, and, though the library commonly was empty until long after sunrise, she had come to believe there was no counting on where Miss Prudence Weir would be at any special hour.

The wicket gave upon a lane shady and secluded, yet a public passway notwithstanding both sides of it belonged to Elizabeth's uncle, Dan. He had been trying to close it ever since he bought the old Mears place, but his rustic neighbors had held stoutly to their right of way. So the young man walking slowly along the lane was no trespasser, albeit he walked warily, keeping close to the hedge. Elizabeth smiled shamelessly to see him. Now that she had really brought herself to a clandestine meeting she was all in a happy flutter and amazed at her own hesitancy.

Yet she said, smiling up at her tall sweetheart: "You must go right back, Billy—must. Do you hear? Miss Prudence Weir sleeps with both ears and one eye open. Besides, she gets up early more than half the time. And you know she can make Dandy believe anything in the world, except that he ought to marry her."

"H-m! That's a pity! Skepticism on any other point would be less inconvenient," Billy Medwin panted, hurrying Elizabeth along the lane toward the woods beyond the main traveled road. It was not at all the way he should go to go home, but somehow Elizabeth made no protest.

Soon they were walking through dew sweet shade, with birds singing thin and sweet above their heads. And presently Billy had his arms about Elizabeth and was saying, with his lips in her hair: "Honey girl, I've been thinking—hard. Miss Weir is the lion in our path, and there's just one way to get round her"—

"What?" Elizabeth interrupted, lifting her head a little. Billy looked up among the leaves and colored faintly as he answered: "Oh, we must show Dandy how deceitful she is. She's made him believe it would be sin to let me have you. Don't you think it would shake his faith in her if he knew she was willing to take me herself?"

"Billy," Elizabeth exploded, shaking with laughter, "you wouldn't dare propose to her. Can you live through a breach of promise suit? If only you could do it! But you never in the world can."

"Sure you won't be jealous?" Billy asked, pinching her ear.

She made a face at him as she answered: "Just you try it. Why, even if the worst happened—if you got tangled past getting out—I should have at least the heavenly satisfaction of knowing she had showed herself to Dandy the cat she is."

"Trust me not to get tangled," Billy protested. What else he said is not strictly material to this narrative, although it sent Elizabeth home at last with happy eyes and the color of a wild rose.

* * * * * *

Ofttimes fortune favors the daring. The execution began with his rescue of the pudgy Miss Weir from a runaway that was not in the least dangerous, but which gave her a mortal scare. Of course he went back with her to the gate, stopping there to explain elaborately that he had somehow incurred the displeasure of Mr. Daniel Goodwood and been forbidden the premises. That, of course, gave him excuse to ask if he might inquire by letter after Miss Weir's health. One letter quickly and easily bred another, and from writing it was but a step to meeting, either in the lane or in the wood beyond, and talking of many things.

Miss Weir was rising thirty, just five years Billy's elder, but so light colored and plump she flattered herself it looked the other way. She loved ease and consequence—witness that for five years past she had been trying delicately to marry Uncle Dandy. She had only succeeded in becoming after a sort his social watchdog.

He had a great opinion of Elizabeth, his heiress, and wanted to match her well if she was to be matched at all. Miss Weir had about lost hope of Uncle Dandy when Billy came on the scene. Billy knew pretty well all there was to know of lovemaking. This time he chose to make it in hypothetical fashion. He began impersonally by describing a young fellow who had set his eyes and heart upon one so far above his dessert he had become quite hopeless of winning her and had descended to trifling with mere ordinary girls by way of filling an aching void. Then he pictured the lady. Her eyes were heaven blue, her skin all lily and rose, her hair like spun sunshine, her voice a flute. But that was as nothing beside her loftier charms—her soul, her spirit, her angelic nature—which made a mere ordinary sinner grovel in dust whenever he let himself feel what temerity it was to love her. Thus far Billy got by the end of the second week. Naturally it was but little later that the lady was forced to discover herself in the fair unknown.

Then Billy played finer than ever. He would not speak the worshiper's name; she must guess it. But he would with her permission send her a letter unsigned from the worshiper, one in some faint way setting forth all that was in his heart. And she bound herself to reply to it—reply as her heart directed. Billy had hard work to keep from shouting when he heard that, but by holding himself hard in hand he kept a proper face and hurried off to consult is best chum, also a very ancient "complete letter writer."

Miss Weir did reply from a full heart. Indeed, the heart slopped over a bit—she called names—Billy's name with endearing variations. More, she whistled down the wind his pleas of unworthiness—he was a demigod at least among men—she rejoiced to hail and own him, king of her affections. Marry him? She would be happier as his wife than any crowned queen. His "modest fortune" did not count at all. Her tastes were even more modest—and so on, and so on.

To do the lady justice she knew Billy had really a handsome competence; also that he was no sluggard. And her own position was far from enviable. Moreover, she was dreadfully crabbed over Prudence's tardy settlement. "Here you are a nagging old maid when you ought to be a grandmother—almost," she said now and then brutally. Really the stars in their course fought for Billy—Billy the unregenerate, who as soon as he got the letter put it in his pocket and bore down on Uncle Dandy.

Just what happened between them is to this day a dark secret. Folks outside heard first a lot of growling from Uncle Dandy, followed later on by shouted laughter, but nothing audible until the pair came out together, with Uncle Dandy slapping Billy on the back at every other step. And this was what he was saying: "We've got to hire you a substitute, Billy, and I know just the man. It's Amos Flack—he needs a wife if ever a man did—a preacher, with five of the worst children going. Any endowed proposition will be tempting to him. Besides, I've already detected him casting sheep's eyes up this way. So you trot along and find Elizabeth while I look him up. And be sure you burn that letter. It must be thought to have got lost in transit. You may tell whoever you see there's going to be a double wedding up this way soon."

"Yes, sir; I will," Billy said obediently. "But I shan't tell 'em I had a hand in bringing on both matches."

Sure enough there was a double wedding, with Uncle Dandy playing fairy godfather to both brides.

The Vanity of Man.

Every woman in the car saw him do it, and they told the men of their families about it when they got home, as proof that the weaker sex has no monopoly of vanity. He had on gloves that fitted closely. As soon as he got wedged in between the fat man and the thin woman he took them off. If the performance had stopped there nobody would have given him a second thought, but the removal of the gloves was a curtain raiser for the real exhibition. The minute his hands were bared he took three rings from his inside pocket and slipped them on three different fingers. The rings looked to be the real thing. If they were not they made up in quantity what they lacked in quality, and the man certainly had something to show for his money. He showed it too. The paper he pretended to read was folded and refolded every few minutes, and with every movement of his hands a shower of many colored stars glinted from the three large stones. At Fifty-eighth street the astral display ended. Carefully the rings were removed and deposited in his waistcoat pocket, the gloves were drawn on again, and the man left the car, looking the satisfaction he evidently felt at having made an impression.—New York Press.

The Apaches Are Sun Worshipers.

The Apaches, like many other North American tribes, are sun worshipers. Their myths tell them that the sun is the all powerful deity, and to it all supplications are addressed. On going into battle, planting corn or on starting on a cattle stealing expedition, the sun is asked to look with favor. That they believe in a future world is proved by their custom of killing horses and burying them, as well as their clothing and implements of the chase, for life in the future world. Not only the medicine men but the people claim to hold communion with the Chindi, or spirits of their ancestors. They are also great believers in omens, talismans and amulets, but are very conservative, and it is with difficulty that one gets them to discuss things supernatural. They will not talk about God among their own people with familiarity and scarcely at all with the white man.—E. S. Curtis in Scribner's.

The Center of the Globe.

The city of London is said to be the center of the land hemisphere of our globe. In other words, it is claimed that a radius of 6,000 miles on the curved surface of the earth would describe a circumference inclosing more land, from London as a center, than from any other city on the planet. Several other places have been claimed as the "axle of the globe," C. Piazzi Smith, the famous "pyramid astronomer," endeavoring to prove that the great pyramid is situated on the center spot of the land surface. In ancient times it was claimed that the temple of Delphi stood on the "navel of the universe." Several of the petty oriental kingdoms have at different times laid claims to being "the universal center," and at one time the Chinese claimed that the celebrated "porcelain pagoda" was the center around which the sun, moon and stars revolved.

Rabbit Shooting In France.

Le Sport is answerable for much exhibition of humor on the part of a nation like ours, where killing for fun is brought to perfection, and the story of the Englishman who went rabbit shooting with two Frenchmen in Normandy may or may not be true. They set out, eager for the chase; they sighted a rabbit, and up went the Englishman's gun to his shoulder. "No, no; do not shoot!" cried his companions. "That is Mimi. We never shoot at Mimi." The Englishman, greatly wondering, desisted. A second rabbit crossed their path. He aimed again and was again deterred from shooting. "That is the adorable Lulu," they pointed out. We never shoot at Lulu." Naturally, when a third rabbit darted up, the Englishman made no effort to kill it, much to the distress of his companions. "Shoot, shoot!" they cried wildly. "That is Alphouse. We always shoot at Alphouse."—London Chronicle.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

Punishments That Are Meted Out to British Sailors.

For infraction of regulations some curious punishments are meted out in the English navy. It is an everyday occurrence, says London Tit-Bits, to see half a dozen sailors lined up on deck facing the paint work, holding their hammocks on their shoulders. At first the hammock isn't heavy, but after an hour or so it drags on one's shoulders like lead. Besides, it is not at all entertaining to stare fixedly at a square foot of painted woodwork for an hour or more at a time.

Another punishment that Jack despises is bailing with a spoon. He is placed upon the deck, with two large wooden buckets, one filled with water and the other empty. With a spoon he must dip all the water from one bucket and transfer it to the other, being, meanwhile, the butt of his comrades' jests and jeers.

Sometimes a delinquent is made to walk slowly backward and forward along the deck, nursing in his arms a six inch projectile, weighing a little over 100 pounds. Once a sailor, who laughed at the stammering speech of his commander, was made to stand upon the forebridge, in full view of the ship's crew, and laugh for an hour and a half.

Spitting upon the deck of a man-of-war is strictly prohibited. Cuspidors are placed at intervals along the deck, and these must be used. Upon some ships, when a sailor is caught spitting upon the deck, a small tub is strapped to his chest, and he is made to wear it. Any one who chooses may use this walking receptacle. The offender thus punished rarely repeats his offense.

A POTTERY TOWN.

Chingtechen Is Unlike Any Other Place In China.

For at least 900 years the town Chingtechen, in China, has been devoted to the making of pottery. Everything in Chingtechen belongs to the porcelain and earthenware industry. The houses are for the most part built of fragments either of old kilns or of the fire clay covers in which the porcelain is stacked during firing. The river bank is for miles covered with a deep stratum of broken chinaware and chips of fire clay, and the greater part of the town and several square miles of the surrounding country are built over or composed of a similar deposit.

Chingtechen is unlike anything else in China. The forms, the color, the materials used in the buildings, the atmosphere, are reminiscent of the poorer parts of a civilized industrial center. There are 104 large pottery kilns in the town. The greater part are in use only for a short season in the summer. During this busy season the population of Chingtechen rises to about 400,000 souls, but of this total nearly half are laborers drawn from a wide area of country, who come for the season, live in rows of barracklike sheds and do not bring their families with them.

Visitors to Chingtechen pass along street after street where every shop is occupied by men, women and children, all engaged in the designing, molding, painting or distributing of pottery. The river bank is crowded for three miles by junks either landing material and fuel or shipping the finished product.

Maund and Maunder.

Neither maund, a basket, nor maunder, to whine or grumble, is obsolete. Both are still in common use in South Notts and Leicestershire, at any rate. The former is used only, however, of a particular kind of basket, used for carrying butter to market. The basket is nearly square in shape and has two lids opening from the middle part, where the handle is, and it is called the "butter mawn" (maund). Maunder is usually heard in such sentences as "What are you maundering at?" A Northumbrian will say, "He's a maundering old fool," when the man of whom he is speaking strings words together in a senseless sort of way somewhat akin to maudling.—London Notes and Queries.

The Color of the Ermine.

It is a popular idea that the ermine sheds its brown summer coat and that on the approach of winter a covering of snowy white fur takes its place. This was a natural conclusion, as a possibility of a change in the color of the fur had not occurred to scientists. Experiments, however, have been made, and the brown coated ermine has been placed in a very low temperature. Almost immediately a change was visible in the color of the fur, and without shedding the creature became snowy white.

Smiles.

There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten by their spiritual vivacity.—Lavater.

Threats.

I consider it a mark of great prudence in a man to abstain from threats or any contemptuous expressions, for neither of these weaken the enemy, but threats make him more cautious, and the other excites his hatred and a desire to revenge himself.—Machiavelli.

Too Sweet.

Mrs. Beach—Here is a letter from Charles. Mr. Beach—Read it. Mrs. Beach (reading)—My dearest, darlingest mother. Mr. Beach—Great heavens! The scoundrel needs more money.

He Was the Limit.

Gladys—Yes, she is going to take him for better or worse. Don't you think she is foolish? Dolly—No; he couldn't be worse!—New York Press.

The Clever Girl.

Daughter—I don't want to marry just yet. I'd rather stay at school. Mother—You must remember, dear, men do not wish clever wives. Daughter—But all men are not like papa.

Taming a Rat.

A trapped rat may easily be tamed by allowing no water but that offered in a spoon, for the creature soon learns to recognize the hand which supplies this all important necessary.

THE CHAMELEON.

It Has Two Complete and Independent Nervous Systems.

There are few instances of double birth in which two individuals are inseparably joined together, but among animals it is a common occurrence. A case in point is the chameleon, long famous for its power of changing color.

The nervous centers in one lateral half of the chameleon go on independently of those in the other. Notwithstanding the strictly symmetrical construction of the animal as to its two halves, they move quite independently of one another and convey separate impressions to their respective centers of perception. The consequence is that when the animal is agitated its movements resemble those of two animals, or, rather, perhaps, two halves of animals glued together. Each half wishes to go its own way, and there is no concordance of action. The chameleon, therefore, is the only four legged vertebrate that is unable to swim. It becomes so frightened when dropped into water that all faculty of concentration is lost, and the creature tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication.

The chameleon, moreover, may be fast asleep on one side and wide awake on the other. Cautiously approached at night with a candle so as not to awaken the whole animal at once, the eye turned toward the light will open and begin to move and the corresponding side to change color, whereas the other side will remain for a longer or shorter time in a torpid, motionless and unchanged state with its eye fast shut.—Exchange.

DIET DELUSIONS.

They Come Down to Us From the Old Barbarous Tribes.

Some diet delusions are of most modern date, while others are of most respectable antiquity. Among the latter is that very ancient survival, the notion that particular foods are "good" for particular things or effects.

This is an almost direct descendant of the notion, held with greater or less unanimity by nearly all savage and barbarous tribes, that the flesh or viscera of birds and animals possessing particular qualities will be likely to produce the same qualities in those who eat them.

Thus Nero used to banquet on nightingales' tongues in the hope of improving his voice, and the savage cut out and devoured the heart of the bear, the liver of the buffalo, etc., believing that the strength and courage of these animals would thereby be transferred to himself.

It is probable that the most grewsome of ancestral rites—cannibalism—was largely due to the same belief, although, of course, in Neanderthal days primitive man would have no more hesitancy about eating his enemy after he had killed him than he would in devouring a bear or a deer.

In fact, the early converts of the missionaries in the South Sea islands referred to their favorite dish as "long pig." Every known race has at some time been cannibal.—McClure's Magazine.

Magyar Music.

Of Magyar art music seems to have gained the widest admiration, and it is certain that musical executants of the first order, and in the case of Liszt of unique grandeur, have justified part of the expectations with which musical Europe has long looked upon Hungary. Magyar music can be likened to nothing more aptly than to the exclusively Hungarian river Theiss. Capricious and majestic, teeming with life and silting up for miles, surrounded by charming fioriture of water lilies and alder trees and suddenly again by poisonous marshes and swamps, such is the Theiss, such is Hungarian music—stirring, bewildering, unspeakably saddening, inexpressibly exhilarating. It is the music of rhapsodic souls, of intoxication, of the battlefield, of wild war dances after the victory. But, like the great river, it cannot be regulated.—Nineteenth Century.

Sunlight For All the Leaves.

The telegraph plant of India has a method all its own for catching the sunshine. Each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets. The larger terminal one erects itself during the day and turns sharply down at night, while the other two smaller leaflets move constantly day and night, describing complete circles with a peculiar jerking motion like the second hand of a watch. Occasionally they rest for a period and then go on again, thus bringing every part of every leaf to the full action of the sunlight.

Mere Trifles.

"Folks all well this morning, Tommy?" asked a friend of the family.

"Yes'm," replied Tommy.

"I am glad to hear it. The last time I heard from them your papa was suffering from rheumatic gout and your mamma had neuralgia."

"Oh, yes, they've still got 'em. I thought you meant was any of us sick."

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

WANTED A RAISE.

A Story of Marshall Field and One of His Pensioners.

Among the charities of Marshall Field was a pension list of persons to whom a stated sum was sent regularly each month. With these he was generous, but he disliked being imposed upon. One man, who had in some way impressed Mr. Field with his deserts, had a check each thirty days for $25.

He had gone far from Mr. Field's memory, but remained on the list. His pension made him quite "an eligible party" in the circle in which he lived, and at last he yielded to the blandishments of his landlady, an elderly, prosperous widow, and married her.

"Now, Henry," she said to him next day, "we'll just be having your pay raised. You can't keep two as easily as you can one. Mr. Field is a rich man, and he will understand that. You go down and tell him you need $50 a month now."

Away went Henry, and after much argument and persuasion obtained access to the inner office of the great merchant, where he stated his case. Mr. Field became interested at once.

"A widow, eh?" he inquired, smiling. "Did she ask you or you her?"

"Well, sir," stammered Henry, "I guess she did lead up to it."

"How old is she?"

"About forty, sir."

"Did she support herself?"

"Yes, sir. She has a big boarding house. I boarded with her. I do yet, in fact."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Field. "So you want a raise, do you? Let me see. How much was your pension? Twenty-five dollars? Well, you won't have to pay any board now, so suppose we make it twelve and a half? That will keep you in spending money."—Youth's Companion.

SENTENCE RHYTHM.

Idiosyncrasies of Writers and Speakers In This Respect.

All experienced writers and speakers manifest a personal peculiarity in the rhythm of their sentences. The writer indicates this by the recurrent lengths of his sentences and the speaker by his interpretation. Most of us are unaware of the fact that we have a normal length of sentences and that we retain this length when possible. Recent investigations have discovered this fact, and the evidence is indisputable. The successive sentences admit of variations, but the average length of sentences of any ordinary author is claimed to be ascertainable from the reading of any 500 lines of his typical works.

In English prose and poetry the thought is of the most importance and the form of expression is but secondary. In chanting and in music the thought is subordinated to the form, and in these forms of expression the rhythm is much more prominent than in prose or poetry. It is aesthetically displeasing to have too much made of rhythm in reading prose and poetry, but the highest manifestations of art are present when the rhythmical form is used to express the thought. We do not like to have that which is most important subordinated to the less important, but our aesthetic natures crave rhythm, and when the best expression of thought coincides with the production of rhythm we respond at once with enthusiastic approval.—Walter Dill Scott in Talent.

Trading In Your Own Town.

A right that belongs to every citizen is the privilege of spending his earnings in whatever manner and where he wishes as long as he keeps within the law. No one will dispute the farmer's claim that he can send his money to any place that he wishes and buy goods he needs wherever he wants to. But there is an economic side of the question that should not be overlooked, says D. M. Carr in Home Trade Advocate. The resident of a community should be active in furthering the interests of the place he calls home. He is working contrarily to his own good when he sends his money to the distant city for supplies he knows can be secured in his home town. The dollar sent away goes out of circulation and ceases to be a factor in the building up of the community from which it is sent.

How Snakes Move and Climb.

The vertebrae of a snake are fitted together by a kind of ball and socket articulation, which, however, is capable of only lateral or side to side motion. A snake moves by propelling himself on the points of his scales, which, to him, answer the purpose of ribs. A snake does not climb a tree or a bush by coiling around it, as most people who have not investigated the matter believe, but by balancing himself very evenly and holding on with the points and edges of his scales. A snake on a pane of glass or other polished surface where the scales cannot take hold is almost perfectly helpless.

True In Both Cases.

"There are many stars that are never seen," said the astronomer reflectively.

"Yes, and there are a lot that never ought to be seen, too," returned the theatrical manager, with some emphasis.

It was two days later before the astronomer finally got it through his head that the theatrical manager was not a plain, everyday idiot.

A Distinction.

"I suppose," said the timid young man, "when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute?"

"Oh, yes, I would," replied the widow instantly, "but I wouldn't consider you for a second."

Courtesy goes a long way, but flattery farther.—Schoolmaster.

A Good Character.

A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you and were helped by you will remember you when forgetmenots are withered. Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.

By imagination a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.—Addison.

A BLOOD RED LAKE.

Peculiarity Manifested by a Sheet of Water In Switzerland.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of the Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476, but the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter.

This phenomenon, of course, has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism.

It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The coloring is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists Oscillatoria rubescens. The curious thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed.

THE TURKISH KAIK.

It More Closely Resembles the Gondola Than Any Other Craft.

Crawford, the author, to whose skillful pen Constantinople is indebted for one of the most charming volumes ever issued in its praise, has a word to say about the Turkish boatmen and their vehicle, the kaik.

"Constantinople owes much," writes he, "to the matchless beauty of the three waters which run together beneath its walls, and much of their reputation again has become worldwide by the kaik. It is disputed and disputable whether the Turks copied the Venetian gondola or whether the Venetians imitated the Turkish kaik, but the resemblance between them is so strong as to make it certain that they have a common origin. Take from the gondola the 'felse,' or hood, and the rostrated stem and the remainder is practically the kaik. It is of all craft of its size the swiftest, the most easy to handle and the most comfortable, and the Turks generally are admitted to be the best oarsmen in Europe.

"Indeed, they have need to be, for both the Bosporus and the Golden Horn are crowded with craft of every kind and made dangerous by the swiftest of currents. The distances, too, are very great and such as no ordinary oarsman would undertake for pleasure or for the sake of exercise. It is no joke to pull fifteen or sixteen miles against a stream which in some places runs four or five knots an hour."

Gardening In America.

Gardening in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country goes a-gardening in early youth. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden writing body has repeated until Sir Francis in Elysium must regret he ever made the remark, which none the less is true. Gardening is essentially a middle aged enjoyment, and America being, as nations go, still young, her garden craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, inharmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.—Century.

In the Same Boat.

The Duke of Leeds before succeeding to his title was active in politics. Once when canvassing he came upon an English shoemaker, whose vote he solicited. "Sorry," said the shoemaker, "but I'm not going to vote for any bloomin' aristocrat. I can't afford it. I've got four children to bring up." "That's nothing," replied the duke, "I've got five, and they are all girls." The shoemaker came up and touched him on the arm. "All right, old chap," he said. "You shall have my vote. It seems to me we are both in the same boat, and we'd better stick together."

Doctors and Medicine.

When a doctor does not have much faith in medicine it is a sign that he is a good doctor. The best doctors are those who give good advice rather than medicine; advice that is simple and has common sense back of it. Too many people imagine they can abuse themselves and hire a doctor to make them as well as ever for $2. Nothing in it.—Atchison Globe.

Misunderstood.

Farmer—Where have you been all this time? And where's the old chestnut mare? Didn't you have her shod, as I told you? Jarge—Shod! Law, no, master! I bin a-buryin' she. Didn't I think thee said "shot?"—London Globe.

Aliens In Old London.

Here is a curious report of the aliens in London in the year 1567: "There being a great increase of foreigners in the city, her majesty ordered the lord mayor to take the name, quality and profession of all strangers residing within the city of London." The list was headed by the item, "Scots, 40." Other nations were represented by "French, 428; Spaniards and Portuguese, 45; Italians, 140; Dutch, 2,030; Burgundians, 44; Danes, 2; Liegeois, 1."

Shark's Tail For Luck.

Attached to the extreme end of the bowsprit of a sailing vessel there may sometimes be seen a piece of some material that looks remarkably like leather. This seeming piece of leather is really a shark's tail. It is placed there because the sailors think that it augurs good luck, believing that pleasant voyages will be their lot while it remains there. Instead of the bowsprit the tail is at times nailed to the top of one of the masts.—London King.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1906.

A NEW PARTY.

Denied recognition by the Republican Party of the State, and hopeless of obtaining it in the future, the faithful followers of Hon. Eugene N. Foss of Boston have concluded to organize and equip a new Republican party and set it to work in season for this year's political campaign.

This important step was determined on at a meeting composed of 14 zealous advocates of Canadian Reciprocity held last week, at which a comprehensive platform was constructed and published to the world. The gathering declared that they had stood the cold shoulder until patience had ceased to be a virtue, had endured rebuffs long enough, and now meant to have a Republican party of their own, for membership in which no Standpatters need apply.

These 14 faithful followers of Hon. Eugene N. Foss had no doubt but that, in time, their modest start would grow into a National Republican Party, and drive the present one entirely out of business. At least, such was the talk at the meeting, and Henry M. Whitney, their leader, a stalwart Democrat, thinks so, too.

According to their announcement, the new party starts out under the most favorable auspices, and the most encouraging conditions for ultimate success. They are prepared to successfully repel any further snubbing from the Protectionists, who alone are responsible for the present remarkable prosperity of our country, and for that reason deserve to be squelched.

THE LEGISLATURE.

In the words of the Concord Bard, when the Massachusetts Great and General Court refused to honor the petition of John B. Moran, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk County, for a law giving him the privilege of appointing an indefinite number of Assistant Prosecuting Attorneys for duty in his office, "they builded better than they knew," for, by virtue of that refusal, and absence from the statute books of such a law, and a consequent glut of official business at the Prosecuting Attorney's headquarters, and resultant inability of said Prosecuting Attorney to properly attend to his grand jury cases, the members of the Legislature obtained a respite of one month from confinement within prison walls.

But, if Prosecuting Attorney Moran continues to lend his ear to Tom Lawson, a questionable practice, and that distinguished financial Reformer is allowed a controlling voice in the deliberations of the June grand jury, as now seems probable, every member of both branches of the Great and General Court, including Speaker Cole, will land in Leverett street jail at an early day.

☞ Carl Schurz died at his home in New York City on May 14 at the age of 77 years. He escaped from Germany, his native country, and came to the United States about 50 years ago, and has ever since posed as a Friend of Liberty. In politics, with which he had constantly dabbled since landing on these shores, he was an uncertain quantity, erratic, true and loyal to no party long at a time, but a man who always kept an eye out for the good of Schurz, and oftener missed the mark than hit it, for he was not, with all his brilliancy of pen and tongue, a great calculator, or a profound thinker. Escaping arrest and prosecution for political plotting against his government, he went to Milwaukee and, with the money of friends, for he had none of his own, started a newspaper in that city whose population was almost entirely German. Getting, after awhile, at loggerheads with his fellow countrymen there, and they getting tired of his political vagaries, he quit Milwaukee, drifted to St. Louis, failed in another newspaper venture, and finally landed in New York, where the "Independents," or Mugwumps, took him up and made a great statesman of him. Since then he had been, in turn, a Republican, Democrat, Mugwump, Anti-Imperialist, and a chronic opponent of the established order of things; but, of late years, his reputation as a Great Statesman has been on the wane.

☞ We have received from the Publicity Agent a copy of the reply of President Sullivan of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company to the demand of the Company's employees for an increase of wages, from which the fact is gathered that it cannot be complied with and at the same time justice be done to the stockholders. He sets forth the financial conditions as they now exist and demonstrates the inability of the Company to advance wages and save anything for the owners of the roads. The trouble started with the employees of the Old Colony Company, which is only another section of the Boston & Northern, and the storm centre is at Brockton and thereabouts, where a strike is seriously threatened. The men of the B. & N. do not seem to be so fierce for a strike, as is learned from local motormen and conductors, and it is believed that one will not take place here.

☞ Some doubt exists as to the City Council complying with Moth Commissioner Kirkland's demand on them for an additional $5000 for immediate use in fighting the moth, especially, as he promises another call later on. The reason for the doubt is the low condition of the city's treasury, and possibly it may have occurred to some of the Aldermen that the public have failed to get value received for the $10,000 or $12,000 already expended for the purpose. The question is in the hands of the Finance Committee. The fact of the matter is, the moths are here, they are at work, and are likely to continue to do business at the old stand for some time to come.

☞ Commissioner Kelley of Public Buildings and Grounds is stirring things up at the new schoolhouse. He is casting a critical eye on materials used in its construction, and, also, looking carefully after the kind of work being done. Com. Kelley appreciates the importance of his office, and means to do his best to magnify it.

☞ The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have just issued "Resorts for the Vacation" for 1906, with a comprehensive map, every page of which publication, more than 70 in number, carries fine pictures of salient features of seaside, forest, mountain and rural New England summer resorts. It contains a great fund of information respecting such resorts, methods of reaching them, their special attractions, hotels, boardinghouses, prices, and everything else the summer rambler may want or need to make him happy. D. J. Flanders, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the B. & M. RR., has issued numerous publications descriptive of New England scenery any one of which will be mailed to applicants on the receipt of six cents (postage) at the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, Mass.

☞ The annual meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, of which L. Edna Foss of this city is the Secretary, was held at Melrose yesterday. A report of the proceedings tendered us by Mrs. Foss for publication is necessarily declined on account of lack of time to handle it in this issue of the JOURNAL.

☞ Last Wednesday the Legislature began the work of self-investigation in reference to charges of bribery of some of the members in passing the bucketshop law. It is to be done in secret session by the committee, and the public will know only the result. The committee will probably find no bribery, or signs of any.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

County Com.—Hearing.

— The L. & W. track on No. Warren street is to be removed.

— Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., contributed $15 to the needy of San Francisco.

— Yesterday was another crop growing day, and great for bringing out the lilac blossoms.

— This evening the St. Charles choir are to give their annual May party in Lyceum Hall.

— W. R. C. 84 will give a whist party this evening at Albert Dickinson's, 11 Franklin street.

— The Celtic Association have postponed their dramatic entertainment to Wednesday evening, June 6.

— Crawford of this city was the icecream purveyor for the Winchester May Party. Crawford leads.

— The Lowell & Woburn Street Railway Co. have fixed the fare between Woburn and Lowell at 20 cents.

— The G. A. R. banquet on Memorial Day is expected to be held in the vestries of the First Baptist church.

— The Military Club, who made such a hit at Charlestown recently, are to hold a dancing party in Lyceum Hall tonight.

— Mr. Beggs's new auto is a beauty, and no doubt the largest and best car in this city. It is a "Thomas," and cost $3,500.

— Ownie Gorman won the bicycle road race at Wakefield last Saturday. He is employed by John H. Bates & Son of this city.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson have got home from New Jersey, the former improved in health and strength and ready for business.

— Miss Helen Wetmore, who will sing at Mr. Lewis' organ recital Tuesday, May 22, has given great satisfaction in church and concert, and has studied in Paris.

— Rev. Dr. Williams, who is the Memorial Day orator for this year, has been requested by the two G. A. R. Posts of this city to give his oration on Abraham Lincoln.

— The South End Baseball Club are to hold a Grand Skidoo Party next Wednesday evening, May 23, at South End Hall. The tickets are 23 cents, and dancing will be from 8.23 to 1.23.

— Mr. Frederick A. Lausch, a former resident of Eaton Ave., Woburn, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Thursday of this week. The Rev. Mr. Burlingham will have charge of the service.

— At a meeting held at the Mayor's office Thursday evening, the contract for building the brick fire station at Central Square was awarded to Frank W. Graydon of Woburn, the building to be finished in five months.

— Madams William Emery, W. A. Prior and Coburn of this city attended the reunion of Class '84 of the Salem Normal School at the residence of Mrs. William Buck in Reading last Saturday. It was a pleasant gathering.

— Mr. Charles Parker, Editor of the Arlington *Advocate*, was the speaker at the New England Woman's Press Association at the Vendome, Boston, Wednesday afternoon. Five Woburn Club women were present.

— The City Council held a meeting last evening at which considerable business was transacted. Ald. Feeney wanted the fares on the L. & W. trolley line settled in a satisfactory manner to the public before any more privileges are granted the Company.

— On Tuesday morning J. M. Ellis & Co. began work on the grounds of Trinity church. The grading is to be finished, dwellings built up, embankments about the Parish House sodded and a splendid lawn made on the church lot.

— On Monday evening, June 4, the Sunnyside Class of the M. E. church will give an entertainment in the vestry consisting of solos by Miss Edna Felch, dialogue drill by 20 young ladies, violinist from conservatory of music, Boston, and male quartette.

— Mr. Phil M. Brown, U. S. Secretary of Legation at the Capital of Guatimala, is not certain that he may not be transferred to some European Embassy before the expiration of his present leave of absence. While he has no fault to find with his present post, one requiring more active employment would suit him better, and as he is a young man of ability who is earnest for advancement, his application for a change to a larger field may be favorably acted on by the State Department.

— Middlesex County W. C. T. U. convention will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church, Hurd street, Lowell, Tuesday, May 22, at 10 o'clock.—Isabel Sellers, Secretary.

— Mr. Erskine Ames, who died in this city last Saturday, May 12, at the age of 77 years, 9 months and 27 days, was a well known and respected citizen, whose death will be lamented. He left a wife and two children, Mrs. W. A. Prior and Erskine L. Ames, to mourn his loss to them.

— In point of atmospheric caloric, or quantity of heat in the air, or pervading mundane things, last Wednesday went ahead of the Sunday before, the hottest day of the season up to that date, by several degrees. Gateman Callahan reported 90 in the shade at 1 o'clock p. m., May 16.

— One of the pleasantest affairs ever given by the South End Social Club was the banquet tendered the young ladies who took part in their recent minstrel show. Mr. Frank M. Doherty, Vice President, in behalf of the Club, presented Managers Rupp and Foley each with a ten-dollar gold piece.

— Fire escapes are being added to the First Baptist church leading from the rear of the auditorium to the ground, which is queer, to say the least, for the general and long established idea has been that the chief reason for organizing churches of all denominations has been to save people from fire.

— The first thunder storm of the present season visited this locality last Wednesday evening at about the mid week meeting hour, and proved to be quite a respectable affair for an initial effort. One clap of thunder was particularly severe, the lightning was vivid, and the rain poured copiously for a brief period.

— Letters received from Gilroy and other towns in the Santa Clara Valley, California, convey the information that earthquake shocks are still frequent there, some of them quite severe, although no especial damage has been done since the great one of April 18 Still, they keep the people in a state of unpleasant expectation and alarm.

— The religious services at the funeral of Mr. Erskine Ames were conducted by Rev. Dr. Norton and Rev. Dr. March on Tuesday. Mr. Marcus H. Cotton sang two selections appropriate to the solemn occasion. A large number of people attended the funeral. The deceased was a half brother of Charles O. Ames, an old and respected resident of this city.

— President Charlie Jones of the Savings Bank is all ready for a start to Grand Lake, Maine, his favorite fishing ground, on the banks of which he expects to land in a few days. Rod, hook and line and pepperbox full of angleworms are waiting for him to say the word for a hasty departure for a sheet of water which Mr. Jones says is more abundantly stocked with salmon than any other in Maine.

— Mr. J. W. Smith of Boston, Section Reporter of the U. S. crop and weather service, gives us nothing new on those subjects in his weekly report ending May 14. He simply remarks, under the head of "Temperature," that no change worth mentioning occurred in New England weather during the week covered by his observations and duly announced at headquarters.

— The death of Miss Jane Maria Wyman, daughter of the late Ward Wyman, sister of Miss Charlotte W. Wyman, and a most estimable lady, which occurred at her home, Central Square, this city, on Tuesday, May 15, is deeply lamented by her numerous friends and associates. She was a native of Woburn, born about 52 years ago, and a member of the old, numerous, and highly respected Wyman family of this city.

— About 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon when a daughter of Mr. Fred Stowers was riding down the hill on Warren avenue towards Pleasant street one of the pedals of her bicycle broke and, colliding with a wagon at the foot of the hill, she was thrown and seriously injured. A compound fracture of the skull over her right eye was caused by her head striking the hub of a wheel of the wagon. She was attended by a physician and taken home.

— For the benefit of the public the following statement is made: cars on the Lowell & Woburn street railroad leave Lowell on week days for Billerica, Burlington and Woburn at 6.30 a. m. and every half hour until 10 30 p. m Sundays at 7 a. m. and every half hour until 10.30, p. m. Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell at 6 23 a. m. week days, and every half hour until 10 23 p. m Sundays, 6 53 a. m., and every half hour until 10.23 p. m.

— Last Sunday seemed to have been a real harbinger of summer. In general and particular it bore the earmarks of that season for which all of us have been longing through the cold weeks of April and May, and a better and more hopeful feeling took possession of everybody as the mercury hurried up the tube under the influence of the sun's genial rays. It was really a summerlike day, and the warm, gentle rainfall in the evening detracted not a whit from the enjoyment of it.

— On the theory that "good wine needs no bush" the Male Vocal Sextet who gave "Old Black Joe" with such thrilling effect at the Baptist salad supper the other night are not doing much at blowing their own trumpets, but the assurance is given that, if parties, church sociables, managers of concerts and musicales, lodges, or entertainments of any kind, want, and are prepared to pay for, the services of star artists, they won't miss it a mite by employing the above Sextet.

— The fishing stories that reach these parts from Maine engender a longing on the part of persons piscatorially inclined to get shut from his daily labors for a week or two and, with hook and line, visit some of the attractive waters from whence these stories come. When one reads the newspaper reports of frequent landings of 5-pound "speckled beauties," large salmon, and other toothsome denizens of the streams and ponds of Northern Maine, and of the rare sport there is in catching them, and meditates on the wild scenery that Nature has provided there for his enjoyment, why, it is then that one longs to quit work and go fishing in Maine.

One Cold and Another

The season's first cold may be slight—may yield to early treatment, but the next cold will hang on longer; it will be more troublesome, too. Unnecessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's Emulsion is a preventive as well as a cure. Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

when colds abound and you'll have no cold. Take it when the cold is contracted and it checks inflammation, heals the membranes of the throat and lungs and drives the cold out.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and $1.00 - - - All druggists

— The motormen and conductors on the Boston & Northern trolley lines here are not strongly in favor of the proposed strike, the origin of which is at Chelsea. The men of the Woburn District, while they feel that their pay should be increased to 28 cents an hour, and a 9-hour day granted by the Company, do not regard with much favor a general strike, nor think that the best way to secure compliance with their requests. The Woburn employees of the B. & N. are a pretty levelheaded set of fellows.

— On Tuesday evening the North Suburban Branch of the Massachusetts Sunday School Union, (Episcopal), will be the guests of St. John's Parish, Arlington. The speakers will be Rev. C. G. Twombly of St. Paul's church, Newton, whose topic is "The Church Attendance of the Sunday School," and Mrs. W. H. Sache of Winchester whose topic is "Suggestions on to Holding the Inner Attention of the Younger Children." Rev. Frederick W. Beekman is the President of the North Suburban Branch.

— The Boston papers of Monday morning gave an account of the rescue of a Wellesley College girl from drowning in Charles River at Newton Lower Falls on Sunday afternoon by Carleton Copeland and his sister, Mrs. S. Green, both of Woburn, after a hard struggle. The girl was out rowing when her canoe struck a rock in the middle of the stream, throwing her out and staving a hole in the frail craft. Copeland discovered her danger, and landing his sister from the boat they were in hastened to her rescue, and after a tough pull landed her safe on shore.

— Had Mrs. C. W. Waldron, wife of Editor Waldron of the Santa Cruz, California, *Sentinel*, and daughter of Mr. Alexander Murdock of this city, missed her train from San Francisco to Santa Cruz on the evening of April 17, as she came within a few moments of doing, she would have returned to her hotel for the night, and probably been killed, or seriously hurt, for that particular hotel was totally destroyed in the earthquake of April 18. As it was, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron lost in property nigh on to $1000 in the disaster in San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

— Nearly 50 Winchester ladies and gentlemen, lovers and judges of good music, came up and attended the splendid concert given by Miss Emma Fosdick and her mandolin pupils, assisted by four accomplished and popular artists, in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening, and felt that they were richly rewarded for their cash outlay and trouble. While the Woburn people gave Miss Fosdick's concert but scant patronage, and threw discredit on the city as a musical community, Winchester came out in force and demonstrated their appreciation of the lady's ability as a teacher and musician.

— The Innitou Canoe Club of this city are to celebrate the 20th anniversary of their organization at the Clubhouse on Horn Pond on Friday evening, May 25. The programme consists of a dinner, an entertainment, music, oratory and social pleasures. Members of the American Canoe Association and of canoe and boat clubs in this vicinity have been invited to attend as guests of honor, many of whom, it is presumed, will be present and enjoy the festivities of the anniversary. The arrangements are in the hands of competent committees, and there can be no doubt but that the affair will be a successful one.

— About 100 members of the Massachusetts Appalachian Club came out here last Saturday to see things and take notes. They were pleased with Shaker Glen and some other scenery met with in their perambulations, of which, perhaps, some mention will be made in their next annual report. The Appalachian Club is a useful organization. It derived its name from a range of mountains that extends from Alabama to the St. Lawrence River, the name of it being Appalchian in the country south of Mason & Dixon's Line, and Alleghany north of it. The Blue Ridge and Cumberland mountains constitute a part of the Range. From its name it will be correctly conjectured that the Club is composed of climbers and students of mountains and hills who take pedestrian trips into woods and other of Nature's solitudes, study the new things they discover therein, and write treatises on them. It is a great institution.

— Somewhat dissatisfied with his present unemployed life, after a busy one, it is not at all impossible that Mr. James T. Freeman may reenter the machinery manufacturing occupation at no distant day. He is a firstclass machinist, having learned the trade at Gardener, Maine, when a young man; subsequently, for many years, foreman of the Boston Machine Company, one of the largest in the State; and finally a successful operator in Woburn. The last years of his business career were chiefly devoted to the manufacture of leather machinery, in which J. T. Freeman & Co. enjoyed a wide and honorable reputation, especially in the West, where a large share of their goods found a ready market. He feels that not quite years enough have passed over his head to justify him in wholly retiring from active business.

— The concert given by Miss Emma Fosdick and her pupils in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening was excellent from beginning to end. They were assisted by Maud Littlefield, the accomplished violinist; Florence White, a charming contralto; Louis Schalk, a popular baritone; Larue Vredenburgh, a highly entertaining elocutionist. More than a dozen numbers in all were executed, and it was hard to tell which was the best, if there was a best one. Maud Littlefield played two of them on her violin splendidly; and the Mandolin Orchestra gave three more, "Soap Bubbles" being one of the best. Miss Fosdick had her scholars well in hand, and the performances of the pupils showed thorough training and excellent talent. The concert deserved a more liberal patronage than it received; but it was late in the season, and entertainments have been somewhat overdone this spring. But everybody liked it.

Fortunate Missourians.

"When I was a druggist, at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong to-day. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Surest Cough and Cold cure and Throat and Lung healer. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Tariff on Hides.

The first tariff, or tax, on imported hides was imposed in 1842, in the Harrison-Tyler administration. That tariff was 5 per cent. and was in force during the Polk, the Taylor-Fillemore, and the Pierce administrations.

In 1857, the Buchanan administration, the tax, or tariff, was reduced to 4 per cent. at which rate it continued until December 1861, when it was raised to 10 per cent. It was continued at 10 per cent. until the second Grant administration when, in 1873, it was entirely abolished, and for the succeeding twenty-four years imported hides came in absolutely free. In 1897 the Dingley tariff was enacted which imposed a duty of 15 per cent. on heavy hides and that duty is in force to day.

All green hides and skins—calf, kip, sheep, goat, hog and horse—weighing less than twenty-five pounds are admitted duty free, as are, also, all dry hides and skins weighing less than twelve pounds.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the duty paid on hides is refunded when the leather made of such hides is exported.—H. C. HALL.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Christopher Jr.," the comedy by Madeline Lucette Ryley to be given at the Castle Square Theatre next week, is one of the cleverest and most entertaining of modern plays. Admirable in plot and dialogue, it is so well constructed and so genuinely comic that the spectator may laugh heartily throughout its entire length without being ashamed of himself. In the fourth act, Dora. the heroine, suddenly finds herself married to Christopher Coit, and is overjoyed until she suddenly recollects that there are two Christophers. "Is it the old man or the young one," she asks, and the situation so takes the audience by surprise that the laughter is certain to fill the house for several minutes. "Christopher Jr.," contains many such dramatic humorous incidents as this. Its scenes are laid partly in London and partly in Bombay, and the leading roles will be played by Howell Hansel and Lillian Kemble. The announcement that the Castle Square Theatre will be given over this summer to light opera productions will be welcome news. The opera season will begin on Monday evening, June 4.

Albert Thompson.

This community was shocked last Saturday morning to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Albert Thompson of Jamaica Plain, where he had been living for the last two or three years. He died of neuralgia of the heart after a few hours of sickness, having been taken with it on the Friday afternoon at a moment when he appeared to be in perfect health, and lived until Saturday morning.

Albert Thompson was an artist of no mean ability, and as a painter of cattle ranked high in his profession. He was born in Woburn on March 17, 1853, the son of A. Elbridge and Mary Hill Thompson, consequently was just past 53 years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Thompson travelled quite extensively in Europe, and studied painting under some of the masters in France and Germany, his final return being about 1880. Subsequently he established a studio in Boston. He was a writer of some works on art, which were regarded as valuable.

For several years past Mr. Thompson had not been blessed with robust health, and at last he went to a private sanitarium at Jamaica Plain for the benefit of his nervous system. Although greatly improved in his physical condition he continued to live there, the place being a pleasant one, and his surroundings and conditions being of the most comfortable and agreeable nature. He taught drawing and painting in the institution and lectured in the neighborhood on art to a considerable extent. He liked the place and employment, and one would have thought he had a long and happy life before him. But the Burial Service says "in the midst of life we are in death."

The funeral of Mr. Thompson was held in the parlor of the Unitarian church at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, May 14. Rev. H. C. Parker conducted the services and paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased. Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member, was represented, and many citizens were in attendance. B. A. and C. E. Tripp were the undertakers. The remains were interred in Woodbrook cemetery.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Frederic A. Flint, Henry L. Andrews, J. Foster DeLand, Alexander Murray.

The casket was covered with rare and fragrant flowers.

Walter Widgery.

He was born in Liverpool, England, on September 28, 1824, and died at Woburn, Mass., May 12, 1906, honored and esteemed by all who knew him.

Mr. Widgery was a currier, having learned the trade here some 60 years ago, and was its oldest member here at the time of his death. He was only about 6 years old when his family left England and settled in the British Provinces, where he assisted his father in farming and lumbering until he reached manhood, when he came to Woburn, and has lived here ever since. He was a Christian, a prominent member of the Methodist church in this city, and a man whose precept and example made for the best things in life. He did his own thinking, possessed sound judgment, and was charitably inclined towards all. He left a wife and one daughter, Mrs. J. P. Falt of Springfield, Mass., to mourn the loss of a good husband and kind father.

The funeral was held at the late home of the venerable citizen, 49 Church street, and the interment at Woodbrook cemetery. The religious services were conducted by Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church.

BOSTON LETTER.

Massachusetts Shoe Industry Shows Great Growth.

OTHER MANUFACTURES BOOM.

Midnight Bill Acceptable to Almost Everybody Now.

There is no question but that Massachusetts is in a most prosperous condition industrially. Some additional census figures in regard to the products of her manufactures show this beyond question. Her growth in the last five years has been very remarkable all along the line, but especially in the manufacture of boots and shoes. Several large shoe factories have been built in various parts of the state, notably in Brockton. Chelsea also has a new factory, 250 feet long, 50 feet wide and 4 stories in height, which will open in a few days. It is also stated that the same concern which has erected this factory intends to put up three others of the same size, and that a shoe company of Brockton is shortly to build a factory in Chelsea. Everywhere the state appears to be booming in a way that promises to make her the greatest manufacturing commonwealth in the country.

The national census bureau is still compiling data in regard to the manufactures of Massachusetts. There is nothing in them to indicate that our manufacturers are not enjoying as great prosperity and as great expansion as those of any other state in the Union.

Some figures which have not been published thus far show that the smaller cities share with the larger ones, the figures for which were printed some weeks ago, in their growth and expansion.

Some Individual Cities

The town of Adams shows a very material increase in 1905 over 1900 in the value of the product of her manufactures. Five years ago it was $3,894,071, while in 1905 it was $5,492,001. Arlington also shows great expansion. The product of her manufactures in 1900 was $256,411, and in 1905 it was $493,208. The city of Chelsea also shows a very sharp increase. In 1900 the product of her manufactures aggregated $9,518,700, while in 1905 it was $13,879,159. Chicopee jumps from $5,388,930 in 1900 to $7,715,653 in 1905. Clinton shows an increase in the product of her manufactures of something like $415,000 in 1905 over 1900. The figures for Everett in 1900 were $4,437,180, while in 1905 they were $6,135,650. Fitchburg shows an increase of over $380,000.

Gloucester increased the value of her products over $600,000, while Haverhill, a shoe city, increased about $1,047,000. Hyde Park increased from $4,383,959 in 1900 to $6,739,307 in 1905. Another town which showed a tremendous increase in the products of her manufactures is Leominster, which leaped from $5,396,528 in 1900 to $7,501,720 in 1905. Malden jumped from $6,602,462 in 1900 to $11,235,635 in 1905. Marlboro does almost as well. In 1900 the value of her products amounted to $4,498,385 and in 1905 to $7,468,849.

Milford has also shown a growth from $2,552,150 to $3,390,504. Natick figures in 1900 were $2,722,225 and in 1905 they were $3,453,094. Peabody's increase is from $6,943,736 in 1900 to $10,236,669 in 1905. Newton gained almost half a million, while Pittsfield increased the value of her output nearly $3,000,000.

Plymouth Made Great Gain

Plymouth more than doubled her output in five years. In 1900 the value of her products was $5,530,015 and in 1905 it was $11,115,713. Quincy leaped from $3,011,950 to $8,982,446. Salem increased a million and a half, while Taunton in the same time increased $2,100,436. Wakefield increased from $2,647,130 to $4,807,728. Westfield increased from $4,440,797 to $5,818,130; and Waltham increased from $5,889,792 to $7,149,697. Woburn increased $652,000.

These figures do not indicate any shrinkage in the industries of Massachusetts, notwithstanding the plaintive wails of Democratic orators who are trying to boost themselves into office. On the contrary, they show a splendid growth. Some of our Democratic statesmen who have been lamenting over the fact that the industries of Massachusetts do not have everything they need as raw materials on the free list and everything they sell on the dutiable list can now take a back seat or confess themselves to be flagrant deceivers.

These latest statistics show clearly, when taken in conjunction with the figures published two weeks ago, that the shoe industry in this state is in a very healthy condition. Some additional figures on the subject of boots and shoes for the state at large, which drive this fact home emphatically, are given below.

There is invested in the shoe business today nearly $12,000,000 more than in 1900; nearly a million dollars more is being paid for salaries, and about 4000 more wage earners are employed, earning about $5,415,000 more than five years ago. The total product of Massachusetts shoe factories is $27,176,183 greater than in 1900.

It may also be said that the capital invested in foundry and machine shops in the state in 1905 was $11,600,177 greater than in 1900; $1,499,070 more is being paid in wages than was paid in 1900, while the value of the product of these foundries and machine shops in 1905 was $2,614,550 greater than in 1900.

Millions in Leather Factories

There is nearly $12,000,000 more invested in factories for the manufacture of leather than five years ago; there are 2000 more wage earners employed, and $1,176,629 more paid in wages than in 1900. The value of the product of these factories has increased $7,285,285 in the last five years.

In the line of woolen goods the increase in capital invested is nearly $10,000,000, and the increase in wages paid is $2,171,438, while the increase in the value of the products is $3,765,536.

In worsted goods there is an increase in capital invested of nearly $14,000,000, and an increase in the amount of wages paid of $1,262,779, while the value of the product is greater by nearly $12,000,000.

If there is any state in the Union which shows a greater growth along industrial and manufacturing lines the census reports do not disclose it.

The Twelve o'Clock Bill

The 12 o'clock tangle has now been straightened out. The original bill which passed both branches of the legislature and went to the governor, was recalled by the senate in order that it might be amended to meet some objections of the executive. When an attempt was made to reconsider the enactment of the measure objection was made by one of the Democratic senators, and thereupon it was remanded to the custody of the clerk at the request of the president of the senate, no objection to that procedure having been made. Unanimous consent was necessary in order to have the bill considered at all.

As it was not possible to secure this, Governor Guild sent in a message recommending the passage of a bill confined to the city of Boston, permitting the sale of liquor in not more than 29 hotels from 11 o'clock p. m. until midnight. On this message the committee on liquor law reported a measure to the house, which was acceptable to the legitimate hotels and not objectionable to the temperance element of the state. Later the referendum was added to the bill.

Under this measure liquor can be served to guests at hotels in the dining rooms up to midnight. Not more than 29 hotels in the city of Boston can be granted this class of license, and, as amended in the house, the act does not take effect until accepted by a majority of the voters of the city at the municipal election next December.

It was the evident intention of the Democrats in case the original bill was signed by the governor to make as much political capital out of it as possible with the temperance people of the commonwealth. The governor has nipped this scheme in the bud.

Hathaway

Sells a 5c. loaf of bread. We named it "THE WINNER" because that's just what it is. It is so superior to any other 5c. loaf of bread that one trial proves its claim to being the best.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

A Talk With Your Readers.

For the proper development of a town which aspires to be considered an important one, it is necessary that the money earned in its shops, factories and other places, shall be spent within its boundaries. A town must needs grow slowly and be sleepy and backward if the money earned in it is, in too great proportion, used in the purchasing of supplies for the family, etc., in some neighboring city or town.

It is, therefore, a matter of consequence, if Woburn is to take a stride forward, that its own stores be considered as the proper place to purchase supplies. The money paid in wages will thus benefit two families in the town instead of one, viz.: the family of the wage-earner and the family of the storekeeper. The money coming into town from those who purchase what it produces will thus in large measure be kept within it. This will result in adding to the amenities of the town. Needed public and private improvements will be made. The number of dwelling-houses will be increased, and those already built will be made to conform more to modern demands. It will then not be felt so really necessary to call in capital from the outside, as the money within the town is passing easily from hand to hand.

It is not all profit to go shopping in Boston. It costs money to go there. It costs time, and when one is there one cannot be in Woburn attending to things that are calling for attention. It makes tired bodies; it gives headaches; and these in turn bring about family discomfort. It oftentimes takes from the good housewife the power to accomplish the usual amount of work the succeeding day.

They are not all bargains that are said to be—indeed, the great, and beautifully—displayed advertisements in the Boston dailies are delusive. You cannot well get at the Boston merchant who sells you a poor article. But if a Woburn dealer deceives you, you have him right here, and it is easily in your power to point him out to your neighbors. He is therefore anxious (or should be) to give you a good bargain and a square deal.

And now one word to the storekeeper. The same duty devolves on you of spending your earnings in the town. Exactly the same. You, grocer, should deal with the local butcher and dry-goods man. And so with all the various storekeepers.

With the man who is independent much the same duty holds. His greater facilities of dealing in Boston do not entitle him to neglect the traders of Woburn.

A FORMER RESIDENT.

Federation Officers.

The Mass. State Federation of Women's Clubs elected the following officers for 1906 at Melrose yesterday:

President, Helen A. Whittier.

Vice-President, Georgie A. Bacon, Mary M. Kehew, Adeline A. Calkins, Anna T. Bush.

Clerk, Julia R. Aldrich.

Assistant Clerk, Effie S. Nowns.

Corresponding Secretary, Mary L. Wren.

Treasurer, Katherine E. Flagg.

Base Ball.

Every field in town was occupied by ball teams last Saturday and the public had hard work to decide which game to take in. At the Park the local High school team and the Stoneham team had a dispute and as a result the umpire forfeited the game to Woburn.

At the Salem street grounds the St. Charles team were defeated by the Walnut A. C. team of Boston 8 to 3. Other games were Haleys team 33, Lawrence & Sullivans 11.

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for Billiousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful Tonic. At McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. 50 cents.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Religion of Deed."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching b the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Vesper Services. Professor Samuel J. MacWatters of Boston University will sing.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer, Ante Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy; or, Mesmerism and Hypnotism."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 9, Rosella P. Hubbard, aged 47 years, 8 months, 1 day.

In this city, May 12, Caroline Smith, aged 42 years.

In this city, May 12, Walter Widgery, aged 81 years, 7 months, 14 days.

In this city, May 12, Erskine Ames, aged 77 years, 9 months, 27 days.

In this city, May 14, Mabel Bustead, aged 20 years, 3 months, 11 days.

In this city, May 15, Augustus Akeson, aged 37 years, 9 months.

In Jamaica Plain, May 12, Albert Thompson of Woburn, aged 53 years, 2 months.

The Dollivers.

WILTON, N. H., May 14, '06.
EDITOR OF WOBURN JOURNAL:

Thinking you and your readers might be pleased to hear any news in relation to the Dollivers of San Francisco. I will say that I have received many letters and telegrams from the California relatives of mine since the great disaster and all are living.

Samuel R. Dolliver saved his residence from fire, but it was badly damaged by the earthquake. His wife was sick in bed, just recovering from severe illness at time of earthquake; but she was safely removed into the country and she and husband are now in Healdsburg, California, with their daughter. They intend to stay there during the summer and have left a guard to look after their property in Frisco.

Thomas Dolliver was in a hospital which was saved from the fire and he was uninjured. Their niece, Miss Rena D. Geuber, who was to be married in April, had her plans badly shattered, lost all her clothes and personal property and is now getting plenty of fresh air camping out, and cooking her meals in the street.

The Dolliver big store was burned down and they have opened up an office in Oakland for the present.

My two sons, A. S. and H. Milton Bulfinch of Oakland are safe, but H. Milton lost all he had by destruction in Frisco of property he had but recently purchased. He is now on way home here. He reports a sad sight of the destruction of property and life as he saw it, and says there are 50,000 people in Oakland looking for work willing to work for their board, and a large number of people are are coming East to get away from California.

Yours respectfully.
HENRY F. BULFINCH.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Literary Notices.

Certainly the publishers are sparing neither effort nor money in placing before American boys the brightest, best, and most inspiring kind of literature. The May AMERICAN BOY is simply filled with what boys want. Some of the stories are: In Defense of His Flag; Shaggycoat; The Adventures of Joe and Dan; Four Boys in Camp; Risen from the Dead; Daniel Boone; The Bearding of the Lion; Why the Storks Build Their Nests on the Housetops; The Bad Boy of the Sixth Grade; A French Frog and an American Eagle. There are 86 fine illustrations, and a large number of entertaining and instructive papers besides those mentioned above. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Michigan; $1 a year.

Deaths from Appendicitis.

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 25c. Try them.

— Woburn Council, K. of C., are to hold a smoketalk on Monday evening, May 28. James Cavanaugh of Everett will deliver an address on "Patriotism."

A Prescription

For dandruff and baldness

6000 YEAR SOLD

is as follows:

Dog's paw (calloused part) Parts 1
Dates 1
Donkey hoofs 1
Boil the whole in oil and rub the scalp actively with the mixture.

DR. WILSON'S ENGLISH

Life To The Hair

is the remedy of TO-DAY

Hatcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq at 8 45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO H GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by John McDonough, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated October 15th, 1885, and recorded with Middlesex South District deeds Book 1724, Page 98, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on,

SATURDAY, June 9th, 1906,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Winn street, there measuring forty-two and one-half feet; northerly by land of Hannah Banks; easterly by a ditch at land formerly of Joshua E. Littlefield; southerly by land now or formerly of Eli Cooper.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the year 1906, and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., May 11th, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edmund C. Poland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Clara A. H. Poland, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of May, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:

Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:

Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

CITY OF WOBURN.

Assessors' Notice.

WOBURN, May 1, 1906.

To the Inhabitants of the City of Woburn, and all other persons liable to pay taxes therein:

You are hereby required to bring into the Assessors of said City of Woburn, on or before Friday, June 15th, 1906, true lists of all polls and personal estate not exempt from taxation.

Any person neglecting to furnish the Assessors with a list of all their personal property within the time specified will be doomed at a legal meeting of the Board of Assessors, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth and Ordinances of the City, which meeting will be held during the month of June.

Schedules may be obtained at the office of the Assessors.

Persons holding estates in trust, whether for minors or otherwise, are particularly requested to furnish the Assessors with statements in relation to such estates.

Where estates of persons deceased have been divided during the past year, or have changed hands from other causes, the Executors, Administrators, or other persons interested, are respectfully requested to give notice of such changes at the office.

All persons and corporations, except corporations making returns to the Insurance Commissioners, as required by section nineteen of chapter one hundred and eighteen of the Revised Laws, are hereby required to bring in to said Assessors on or before said June 15th, 1906, unless the Assessors for cause shown extend the time to the first day of August, 1906, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, benevolent, charitable or scientific purposes on the first day of May, 1906, or, at the election of such corporation, on the last day of its financial year last preceding said first day of May, and to state the amount of receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year last preceding said days.

We call the attention of tax payers to the following extracts from the laws of the State by which the Assessors will be governed:

Revised Laws of Massachusetts, Chapter 12:

SECTION 45. A mortgagor or mortgagee of real estate may bring into the Assessors of the city or town in which it lies, within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as mortgagor or mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes two or more estates, or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shall include an estimate of the interest of the mortgagee in each estate or part of an estate. The Assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgagor or mortgagee separately in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year on such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee therein has not been assessed to him.

SECTION 46. They shall receive as true, except as to valuation, the list brought in by each person, unless on being thereto required by the Assessors he refuses to answer on oath all necessary inquiries as to the nature and amount of his property.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors will be in session on the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1906, from 9 o'clock to 11.30 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.; also on the evenings of June 5th, 7th, 12th, 14th and 15th, from 7 to 8 o'clock, to receive returns of taxable personal property and polls.

FRED J. RICE,
ARTHUR E. GAGE,
THOMAS H. DOLAN,
Assessors of the City of Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neil C. Olsen, otherwise called Niels C. Olson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated February 25, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1959, Page 410, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, June 5, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots three hundred and seventy-one (371), three hundred and seventy-two (372), three hundred and seventy-three (373), three hundred seventy-four (374), and three hundred seventy-five (375), on Felton street, as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, owned by the Montvale Land Company, (said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan —. Said lots measure thirty-five (35) feet in width, by seventy (70) feet in depth, and contain two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet, excepting lot numbered three hundred and seventy-five (375), which is irregular in shape and contains 2450 square feet, more or less, to the canal property line.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1905 and 1906, and to other municipal liens if any; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ELLA M. HAZELTINE AND SARAH H. RICE,
Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, May 11, 1906.

BUTTER

— IS —

Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

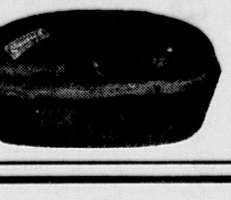
Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

To Know Creamalt

is to appreciate it. The folly of home bread baking is never so apparent as after having tried CREAMALT, the bread with the best flavor that could be imagined.

Superior Malt and pure rich milk are partly responsible for this flavor.

Fresh daily at all grocers.



The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

To Please You

is what we are here for. If you come here to buy perfume we know of no surer way to please you than to show you THELMA. We believe this because it has pleased everyone else especially people who know what's what! THELMA is delightfully sweet and delicate, a perfume of quality.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, praying for the alteration and relocation of Burlington Avenue in said town, from the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge to the Burlington line, it was adjudged that said alteration and relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, on the fifteenth day of June, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

WM C. DILLINGHAM, Asst. Clerk.
April 27th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Organ Recital

Of modern French music by
Mr. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS
Assisted by
Miss Helen Wetmore, Soprano
Unitarian Church,
TUESDAY, MAY 22, 8.30 P. M.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

WINCHESTER

Frosts last week injured vegetables in this vicinity.

This town has a Teachers' Club, too. Who says Winchester isn't up to date

The Visiting Nurse Association's June breakfast is to be held in Town Hall on June 2.

The Choir Guild of Epiphany church held their final meeting of the season on Wednesday, May 23.

The annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A is to be held in the parlor of the building this evening, May 25

The Christian Endeavorers are to give an entertainment at the Congregational church this evening, May 18

The A. H. A of the Y. M. C. A are to hold a meet on Manchester Field, May 30, a. m. It is to be open to all Winchester amateurs. Prizes are offered, and the event promises to be an exciting one.

Arthur N Halcomb of Harvard '06 has been appointed an assistant teacher at that venerable and famous seat of learning for the coming year.

Harold Webber is to be Captain of the Winchester crew in the interscholastic paddling contest to come off on Mystic Lake on June 5, and not June 2 as previously announced.

An adjourned hearing on the grade crossing matter will be held at the Tremont Building, Boston, at 10 a. m., June 11. There seems to be a fair prospect now of getting rid of the obnoxious Main street grade crossing, and its dangers to life and limb.

Our people are pleased with the action of the Arlington Gaslight Co in reducing the price of gas from $2 00 to $1 80 And it is still too high. The Woburn Gaslight Co. furnish their customers a firstclass quality of gas for $1 40 per 1000 feet, and the price in Boston is 80 or 90 cents.

Mr. Samuel C. Small, whose death and burial in this town were of recent date, was a Veteran of the Civil War, although only 63 years old at the time of his decease, and one of the original members of Burbank Post, G. A. R., of Woburn, and, also, belonged to the Woburn Commandery, 68, U. O. G. C., in which he was insured for $2000. Comrade Small was a native of Maine and went from that State to the War. For many years he was a partner in one of the largest furniture establishments in Boston, subsequently the head of a new firm. He had been a respected resident of this town for a long period of time, and will be sorely missed by a wide circle of friends. The disease of which he died, and which he bravely fought against for years, was pulmonary consumption. His funeral was largely attended.

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

THE SALESWOMAN.

Work and Pay of the Girl Behind the Counter.

Promotion is very slow in a department store. A girl may enter a store at $6 a week and, after five or six or seven years, receive an advance of $1 a week if she puts up a pretty stiff fight and is a valuable saleswoman.

Her work is not the dull grind it might be supposed. The hours are long, it is true, but the continual procession of humanity which files before her lends interest and a certain kind of excitement to every hour. Human nature is wonderfully facile in its disclosures, and the shopgirl who has two ideas in her head and keeps her wits about her very soon learns the difference between the real lady and the spurious article. She learns to know at a glance whether her customer is likely to order a box of hairpins or a spool of thread sent home, miles away, by the delivery wagon, or it may be high priced goods ordered to be sent C. O. D. to a locality which does not contain a residence street. These a girl quietly replaced on a shelf one day and to my inquiring look replied: "She never expected to pay for those things, but she felt ashamed to have taken up so much of my time without buying anything. Oh, yes, it often happens, but we soon know how to size 'em up!"—Mary Rankin Cranston in The World Today.

Lapis Lazuli.

Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting called ultramarine is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it into powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. As painters know well, this color is now difficult to obtain genuine since a mode of making it artificially has been discovered by chemists. The difference in price is great. The artificial cannot be distinguished from the real by even the most careful chemical tests, the only means of detecting the former being by the microscope, which shows the absence of the sparkling particles of the broken stone from which the real ultramarine is never free.

The Test.

The Soulful Girl—What is the true test of poetry? The Poet—Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper he may rest assured that it is a good thing.

Hank White Gave the Tip.

Hank White, the minstrel, lived in Reading, Vt., for many years. He was very fond of horse races, and rarely missed any of the meetings in Windsor or Rutland county. Once he attended a breeders' meeting at Rutland. The breeders' meetings were famous and attracted people from New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and all over Vermont. On this particular day Hank was seated in the grand stand, one of 5,000 people.

"Hod" Fish Ira, a well known character, was driving his horse Belvidere, a very large bay horse, with not too much speed, but the owner had an idea that he was a wonder. It was in the free for all race. All the horses except Belvidere had passed the grand stand almost neck and neck on the first half. It was a beautiful race. Trailing behind about twenty rods came Belvidere, the driver urging him on to better efforts, and when he was in front of the grand stand Hank stood up and yelled at the top of his voice: "Take the first turn to the left, Hod; all the others have gone that way." Hod drove Belvidere to the barn.—Boston Herald.

"The Queen of Sicily."

Syracuse calls itself the capital of the south, but it has no cause to dispute pride of place with Palermo. The metropolitan city is superior in population, wealth and much else, but it is deficient in what its ancient and glorious rival has in such abundance. For Syracuse has the supreme charm of Greece in a way that no other city except Athens has. Not even in Corinth, nowhere in Hellas from Messana or Sparta in the south to Thebes in the north, is there any Hellenic town to compare with "the queen of Sicily." As a sanctuary, Delphi is far more impressive than anything in Sicily, as a national meeting place Olympia has no rival, but nowhere except at Athens is a Greek city to be seen today which has the proud record of the marvelous metropolis of the Sicilian Greeks, a city as great in power and wealth and beauty as Athena herself, and victor at last in the long and fatal rivalry which indirectly involved the passing of the Hellenistic dominion of all the lands washed by the Ionian and Mediterranean seas.—Century.

Barefooted Waiting Maids In Japan.

Unless there are ladies among the guests the wife and daughters of the host do not appear at dinner in Japan. Before the meal begins it is customary for them to bring small cups of tea and dainty confectionery, when they take their survey of the party. If gentlemen only are present the Japanese hostess disappears after the greeting is over and does not return until the guests are taking their departure. At a signal from the host barefooted waiting maids, dressed in graceful and prettily tinted kimonos, bring in lacquer tray, bearing tiny covered bowls. Before setting the trays on the table the maids sink gracefully to their knees and bend forward till their foreheads touch the floor. Then they serve dinner, which is of several courses.—Smith's Weekly.

A Lively Paper Cutter.

Here is a little story which the English papers tell and any one is at liberty to believe if he will. No affidavits go with it. When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India the maharajah of Indor paid him a visit and asked as a memento an ivory paper cutter belonging to Lord Dufferin. He consented, the Indian left, and the viceroy never saw him until some months later when the maharajah introduced a fine young elephant into the room. A pile of newspapers lay at Lord Dufferin's side. The animal went up to them, cut them neatly with his tusks, which had been purposely sharpened, and laid them in a neat heap on the floor, ready for perusal.

Great Britain's Rainfall.

Rainfall is a condition which has much to do with our health. A wet district with a good deal of subsoil water, making houses damp, is a locality in which rheumatism and consumption are likely to prevail. Over England and Wales the average yearly rainfall is about thirty-four inches, in Scotland it reaches forty-six inches and in Ireland about thirty-eight inches. Possibly the wettest parts of Britain are in Cumberland, where the rainfall may attain 150 inches per year. One inch of rain on one acre of ground means a hundred tons of water.—London Graphic.

Everyday Miracles.

"Bullfinches fed on hemp seed turn quite black," said a naturalist. "Horses kept in coal mines for several years become covered with soft, thick fur like a mole. The mastiff of Tibet, who in the Tibetan highlands has a heavy coat of wool, loses his coat completely when he is brought down to the plains. The ermine in his snow infested home turns white in the winter, but if he is taken for the winter to a warm climate he does not turn white at all. Quite amazing altogether are the changes that with food and environment we can effect on all living creatures, even on man."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Village of Cripples.

The strangest village in the world is undoubtedly the little hamlet of Jatte, near Culoz, in France, not far from the Italian frontier, where dwell about 200 deformed men, women and children, who in Paris go by the name of "Culs-de-Jatte." They are deprived of the use of their legs and thighs and push themselves along in primitive wooden carts with wooden wheels, which they propel by means of a flatiron shaped block of wood in either hand.

All Carried Out.

The managing editor wheeled his chair round and pushed a button in the wall.

The person wanted entered.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathering them all into a large wastebasket, did so.

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or, as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.—Burton.

Paint Brushes.

Everybody paints, whether he owns a house in the suburbs or rents a flat in the metropolis. And what troubles the mind most is the disposition of the brushes when the job is partly completed. Some folk leave them in the paint, some wash them in turpentine, some soak them in alcohol, some immerse them in linseed oil. An authority advises all amateur as well as professional painters to drop their brushes into a bucket or bottle of water and forget them. When needed again they will be as soft and pliant as when new. I have tried the trick and can recommend it.—New York Press.

Changes From a Fish to a Bird.

The story of the early life, transformation and final death of the Chinese quail is the most remarkable that is found in the ornithological literature of the world. The narrative in all its unreasonableness is found in the story of om chung, which is the name the Chinese quail is known by when at home in the Flowery Kingdom. Celestial authorities on bird lore declare that no specimen of om chung was ever known to live a year; that they do not lay eggs, as all other known species of birds do, and, finally, that their progenitor is a slimy, four jointed worm, which has a red head and a sting on the end of its tail. This queer seacoast worm, according to the curious legend of om chung, lays 100 eggs annually. Fifty of these become fish and the other fifty are worms of the same species as the parent. The fish that has come into existence in this curious manner also lays 100 eggs a year. Fifty of these become water denizens after the image of their parent, and the others become birds of the famed om chung family. These om chungs, or Chinese quails, never breed, and are only brought into existence as above related. We give the above not as a literal fact, but as a specimen of the Chinese idea of evolution.

Biographies as a Stimulus.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones, like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Bulldogs a Menace to Health.

The bulldog is a menace to health. We have this on the authority of a noted French physician, who says that because of his large mouth the bulldog is a great purveyor of disease, especially of consumption, diphtheria and the like, as the dribbling from the heavy, loose jaws is incessant. Those who fondle bulldogs do so at a great risk. He traces many cases of infectious disease, especially among young children, to households in which bulldogs are kept as pets. When we add to this the invariable ferocity of the beast, the danger to which children and other innocent and defenseless people are exposed whenever he roams the streets or highways, we have an argument in favor of his disposal that cannot be gainsaid. Away with bulldogs!

The Lodge.

From the president of the nation down to the humblest citizen the fascination of grip and password enthralls. It is not that the lodge is a secret organization, though that is a part. It is not that its membership is chosen with caution, though such exclusiveness undoubtedly makes it more eagerly sought. It is not that it gives direct benefits or that it offers protection to the family when the bread earner has departed. Not these things alone make the lodge popular. Greater than these is the desire for social companionship, the love of fellowship, the power of community of interest. Not a substitute for club or church, yet filling a place in men's lives that neither occupies, the lodge has developed the old time guild idea and fitted it to modern conditions and is an institution that exerts a tremendous power in business, in politics and in society. So rapidly does it increase in popularity that it shows little indication of ever wielding less power over men's destinies than it does today.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

Webster Beaten by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the supreme court many years ago, Daniel Webster appeared as counselor for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough of West Newton, was a very self possessed witness. Notwithstanding Mr. Webster's repeated efforts to disconcert her she pursued the even tenor of her way until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuffbox, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom and, carrying a deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto, and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

He then asked, "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?"

"I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty trick," replied the witness.

"What was that, ma'am?"

"She took snuff!"—Boston Herald.

Pathos In a Name.

A speaker at a Methodist conference told this story, which, he said, was related to him by Bishop Hartzell: "The bishop, while on a southern tour, met a darky who was the father of sixteen children, the youngest of whom was scarcely out of arms, and on asking him what the youngster's name was received this reply, 'Judas 'Scariot, sah.' 'You don't mean to tell me that that is really his baptismal name, do you?' asked the bishop. 'Indeed, I do, sah. Ain't dat a Script'ral name?' 'Yes; but do you know who Judas Iscariot was?' ''Course I does, sah; but doan de Scripture say it would have been better for Judas 'Scariot if he had never been borned?' 'Yes; but what has that to do with this poor little chap?' 'Dat's jest it, sah; dat's jest it. It would have been better for dis poor little chap if he had never been borned, and dat's why we calls him Judas 'Scariot.' "—Philadelphia Record.

The Unit of Heat.

We cannot, of course, measure heat by yards, pints or pounds, but the unit of heat, the standard measure of that phenomenon, has been agreed upon by those whose business it is to philosophize on that subject to be that quantity which can raise a pound of water one degree. Now, to turn a pound of water into a pound of steam it requires 967 of these units of heat—that is to say, if we boil a pound of water until it all goes away in steam we shall have used in doing so a quantity of heat which would have raised 967 pounds of water one degree higher in temperature.

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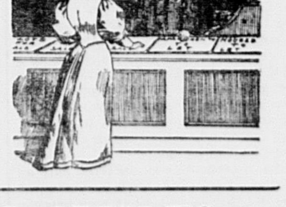

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A SENSIBLE LOVER

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Minnie Stacy, twenty years old, had come out from the city to stay with her Aunt Jane in the country for a month while her parents made a hurried trip to England. It was the last of February, and there was snow on the ground.

The next farm to Aunt Jane's was the Rossiter place, and Mrs. Rossiter was also a widow. A hired man named Jim Williams plowed, planted and reaped for her. When Jim heard that a city girl was stopping with Aunt Jane he went over to see her for himself. He didn't stop to put on a clean shirt or to grease and lampblack his shoes. He entered the house in that familiar way farmers have among themselves, and when introduced to the visitor he held out a hand as big as a washboard and shook her small one vigorously.

"How are ye? Nice winter weather we're having," he said.

The young lady of wealth and social standing tried to squelch him, but Jim drew up his chair and spoke of spring calves and kicking cows in a way meant to be highly entertaining. He refused to be snubbed, and he wouldn't take a hint.

When the subject of music was referred to he volunteered to sing a ballad or two, and when 10 o'clock came he took his hat, held out his hand again and departed after saying:

"Well, Minnie, I don't know when I've spent a more interesting evening, and it's all owing to you. I'm not one of these stuck up chaps. I'm jest plain Jim Williams, and you'll find me a yard wide and all wool every time. I'll run in quite frequently and cheer you up."

Miss Minnie had many criticisms to make after the caller had left and asserted if he came again he would get a setback to last him all his life.

Aunt Jane tried to soothe her. "Oh, you mustn't mind our ways out here in the country. As Jim has fallen in love with you at first sight he will"—

"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed the horrified girl.

"Why, couldn't you tell that he had fallen in love with you?"

"Of course not! How dare he do such a thing!"

"I don't see why you make such a fuss over it. If you don't want to marry him you can say so when he asks you."

When Jim had retired that night he got to thinking things over. "I'm Jim Williams," he soliloquized. "I'm as stout as a bull and have an appetite like a horse. I'm twenty-seven years old and have $600 in the bank. There ain't no flies on me, and I'm a good nuff match for any gal that lives. I'm in love with Minnie Stacy. I don't know what sort of a farmer's wife she'd make, but I'm willing to take my chances. We'll take in Niagara falls on our wedding trip, and if she wants candy at 50 cents a box she shall have it. I'll give her a week to sort o' get acquainted, and then I'll pop the question."

It was all settled in his mind when he turned over and went to sleep, and he saw no clouds on the horizon as he awoke in the morning. Thereafter for nine or ten nights he was a regular caller at Aunt Jane's house. If he saw Minnie he tried to interest her in snakes, mud turtles, frogs and other novelties of farm life and gave her interesting statistics of how much hay a cow would consume in the winter.

When Minnie stuck to her room and refused to come down he had Greening apples and other messages for her and continued to grow more deeply in love. About the 1st of March the maple sugar season opened. The making of the sugar was a part of Jim's spring work, and from the first run of sap he sent the city girl some maple wax on a clean, white maple chip.

The snow disappeared, the spring birds began to appear and the ground was getting dry underfoot when Minnie started out one afternoon for a walk. She wandered over a field and into a piece of woods, hoping to find the first spring flower, and of a sudden she felt chills sweep over her and the atmosphere grew dark. A blizzard had stolen upon the country as softly as a thief in the night. In her sudden alarm the girl became turned around. She was hurrying through the woods when the wind rose, the air filled with snow, and she clutched the branch of a bush and shrieked her alarm.

She kept up her shrieks for half an hour and then sank down in a collapse. She did not realize what was happening when Jim Williams came feeling his way through the storm, took her in his arms and carried her to the sugar bush shanty, forty rods away.

It was a blizzard long to be remembered. The thermometer went down to zero, and a foot or more of snow fell, and for two or three days the farmers were imprisoned in their houses. The girl recovered her senses soon after reaching the sugar camp, but there was no going farther. Jim happened to have plenty to eat and plenty of blankets. He gave up the shanty to her for the night and dug out a place for himself before the fire. She might have slept, but he had to keep the fire going to prevent his freezing to death.

He had plenty of time to think. The wind howled, the snow flew, and the cold made the trees pop like musketry, and Jim's great fear was that the girl would freeze to death before morning. It was a glad relief to him when he heard her voice calling him soon after daylight.

The sky had lightened up, but the blizzard was still booming away. Jim made coffee and fried bacon and warmed up the frozen bread and invited Miss Stacy to breakfast. She had passed the worst night of her life and lost her appetite. What she wanted was to reach her Aunt Jane's in the quickest time possible. Jim listened to her request and then shook his head.

"We've got to wait awhile for this blizzard to let up," he replied. "We couldn't go ten rods without being lost, and being lost would mean being dead. Lemme tell you how a bull throwed me over the fence two years ago and chirk you up a bit."

The girl refused to be chirked. She sat swathed in horse blankets like a mummy, and her tears formed icicles on her cheeks. Noon came, and the blizzard was still with them. Jim tried to make her take a hopeful view of things by asserting that he was born and reared in that locality and had never known a blizzard to last over four days, but she wept instead of smiled. Finally at 4 o'clock in the afternoon she made an announcement.

"I am going. I won't stay here another minute. If you don't want to come along you needn't," she said firmly.

"There's only one way you can go," replied Jim after stepping aside to measure the depth of the snow. "I'll have to take you on my back. You never can make it otherwise. I'm stout enough to carry you and a bag of 'taters besides, and if I don't hurry too much I can keep a straight course."

The girl demurred and protested; but, finding no other way, she at last consented. He stooped down, lifted her up and set off with her. It was a desperate undertaking, and they were a full hour making the mile they had to go, but he finally deposited her on the doorstep, rapped for Aunt Jane and then said good night and plunged into the storm again. Two evenings later, when the blizzard had vanished and the highways had been dug out, he knocked at Aunt Jane's door. This time he had on a boiled shirt, with a pair of celluloid cuffs under his coat sleeves, and as Minnie rose up and before she could utter a word of thanks he said:

"Miss Stacy, I love you. I love you a heap. I never loved a gal as I do you. I intended all along to ask you to marry me, and I have been figuring where we would live after marriage. But it's all off now. I've went and gone and made a hero of myself and won your eternal gratitude. You'd be willing to marry me because I saved your life, but I ain't no sich feller as to take advantage of a thing like that. Take back your troth and marry any feller you like, and at the same time I'll look around and see what red headed gals they are in the neighborhood who'd be willing to have me. Farewell, Miss Stacy—farewell!"

There was a tear in Jim Williams' eye as he turned away and plodded homeward, but he had the consciousness that he had done right, and it may be mentioned here that he made 200 pounds of maple sugar and twenty-two gallons of molasses that spring and found his red headed girl before the first crop of young robins was off the nest.

How to Cure Stooping.

One of the greatest and most common deformities of the day, observes a medical writer, is one that with care and attention can be remedied. It is the round shouldered or stooping habit. Many of the most natural figures show this tendency to stoop, while in the narrow chested it is marked to a painful degree. And yet by raising oneself leisurely upon the toes in a perpendicular position several times a day this deformity could be easily rectified. To do this properly one must be in a perfectly upright position, the arms dropping at the sides, the heels well together and the toes forming an angle of 45 degrees. The rise should be made very slowly and from the balls of both feet, and the descent should be accomplished in the same way without swaying the body out of its perpendicular line. The exercise is not an easy one, but may be accomplished by perseverance and patience. It can be modified, too, by standing first on one leg, then on the other. Inflating and raising the chest at the same time are a part of the exercise, and if persevered in will ultimately show an increased chest measurement, development of lung power and perfectly straight and erect figure.—Pearson's Weekly.

Two Queer Cases.

Among the curious things in life few are more amazing than the constitutional peculiarities occasionally met with. The professor who delivered the introductory address to the students at one of the London hospitals thought it well to put his audience on their guard.

He instanced two very singular cases. One was that of a man to whom rice in any form was poison. Some friends wished to test this person's susceptibility, and at dinner surreptitiously got him to partake of biscuits in each of which was a grain of rice. He ate two or three biscuits and soon after had to leave the table, declaring that he was being poisoned by rice, though he was absolutely certain he had not partaken of any.

The other case was one in which the juice of a gooseberry acted as a powerful excitant and produced at once a virulent skin eruption. This man was so very susceptible that he could detect gooseberry juice even when it was masqueraded as champagne. At a public dinner he whispered to his neighbor that it was gooseberry wine they were drinking, and as proof he turned up his shirt sleeve and showed him the rash developing.—London Globe.

If City Noises Jar You.

Get some spermaceti, roll a wad large enough to fill the ear orifices, put it in a piece of fine cotton cloth tied with thread and insert into ears on retiring, pressing it quite firmly therein so that the ball of spermaceti will closely fill up all the air space in the ears. You will find it quite effective for barring noises, and hence inducing "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to get in its good work. This ear plug is harmless and cheap. It helped me out greatly years ago amid the city's din, my sense of hearing being intensely keen and temperament neurotic. It is worth a trial, and I have no patent on it.—New York Herald.

The East Side.

"A city's slums," said a globe trotter, "are always in its eastern quarter. I wonder why? Take New York. Its east side is its slum side. So it is with London. The east end is the slum end. Of Philadelphia, Chicago, Canton and Madrid the same thing holds good, as I know from personal experience. The only possible ground I can give for a city's slums being invariably in its eastern quarter is that this quarter is the one that is exposed to the harsh and unpleasant rigors of the east wind."

Explicit.

"Tell me," requests the young person, entering the study of the gray bearded philosopher, "what is the difference between friendship and love?"

The gray bearded philosopher studies the table thoughtfully for a moment or two, then replies: "Friendship, my son, is a mutual understanding; love is a mutual misunderstanding."—Life.

Playmates.

Pastor—Do you ever play with bad little boys, Johnny? Johnny—Yes, sir. Pastor—I'm surprised, Johnny! Why don't you play with good little boys? Johnny—Their mammas won't let 'em. —London Tit-Bits.

A Commercial Transaction.

"My dear lady, may I have the refusal of your hand for a week?"

"A week? Why, I'll give you a refusal that will last forever."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Some Facts Which Give an Idea of Its Immensity.

In all the heavens, with the exception of passing meteors or meteorites, not one body occupies a position closer to earth than the moon, which is some 240,000 miles away—very far, of course, side by side with any earthly distances, but a mere fraction side by side with other astronomical distances. Next to the moon our nearest occasional neighbor is Venus, and then Mars. Both Venus and Mars, however, are often farther away from us than the sun, which remains always at somewhere about the same distance, roughly at from 90,000,000 to 93,000,000 miles.

This dividing space between sun and earth is of great importance in thinking about the stars, and it should be clearly impressed upon the mind. Next to the sun in point of nearness come the more distant planets—Jupiter, which is about five times as far from the sun as our earth is; Saturn, nearly twice as far as Jupiter; Uranus, nearly twice as far as Saturn, and Neptune, nearly three times as far as Saturn. All these planets belong to our sun, all are members of his family, all are part of the solar system. The size of the solar system as a whole, consisting thus of the sun and his planets, including our earth, may be fairly well grasped by any one taking the trouble to master two simple facts. They are these, that our earth is roughly about 92,000,000 miles away from the sun and that Neptune, the outermost planet of the solar system, is nearly thirty times as far distant from the sun as our earth is.—Chambers' Journal.

AN ODD BIRD.

The Kiwi of New Zealand Has Some Remarkable Peculiarities.

That queer bird, the kiwi, is a native of New Zealand. Its remarkable peculiarities are, first, the apparent absence of wings, as the plumage so covers the small, rudimentary, sticklike appendage of a wing that none whatever is apparent. The situation of the nostrils at the bill's extremity is a second peculiar feature. While hunting for earthworms it probes the soft ground, making a continual snuffing sound. Thus the scent is evidently of great help in finding food and the reason for the position of the nostrils quite apparent.

A third peculiarity is the very disproportionate size of the egg in comparison to the bird, it being a little less than one-fourth the bird's own weight. One kiwi's egg found weighed fourteen and one-half ounces, while the bird weighed just under four pounds (sixty-four ounces) and was about the size of an ordinary hen.

The plumage of the kiwi is a dull brown streaked with light gray, and the body resembles a miniature hay shock, rather badly hacked off at the rear part, as nature has not provided the kiwi with such decoration as a tail. The absence of wings is compensated for by its swiftness of foot, and the large, clumsy looking legs, which are sometimes used as weapons, are placed far back on the oddly shaped body.—St. Nicholas.

That Was All.

A young girl who is always trying some new thing was present once when the doctor set a neighbor's broken arm. She was sure that she knew exactly how it was done and rather anxious to put her new knowledge into practice. Some time later a hen out in the chicken yard broke its leg. The girl directly announced that she meant to set it "and make it as good as new." Accordingly it was put into a plaster cast and left for the proper length of time to knit. When the day came to take off the cast the girl ran out to the henhouse in great eagerness to see the result. Presently there was a scream that brought every member of the family to her side. The chicken was jumping miserably over the ground sidewise instead of directly forward. You know a hen's leg has a crook. Well, she had crooked it the wrong way, that was all.

Bees as Embalmers.

When foreign bodies are put into a beehive the bees generally cover them with propolis, or bee glue. By way of experiment a rag doll and a cloth rabbit were put into a hive by a writer for St. Nicholas.

"Imagine my surprise," he says, "when I opened the hive about three weeks later to find that they had used very little propolis on either, but had nibbled almost all the clothes from the doll and had even attacked the stockings. What they had failed to take off and carry out hung in delicate fibers and shreds, apparently ready to be removed. Did they expect to dispose of the entire doll in that way?

"The rabbit was slightly soiled, but not smeared or nibbled. The bees had, however, utilized it as a support for a comb, which they had attached in the most astonishing manner to one ear and to the tip of one fore foot.

"The cloth of which the rabbit was made was different from that of the doll. Did the bees find it more difficult or impossible to nibble this? Did they know that it was unnecessary to seal it in, as would have been necessary with a small animal liable to decay, and since they must endure the intruder's presence did they determine to make it useful as payment for the valuable room that it occupied?"

The Magic of Chemistry.

Chemistry is accomplishing wonders before us every day, such as Arabian story tellers used to string together in their fables. It spreads the sensitive film on the artificial retina which looks upon us through the optician's lens for a few seconds and fixes an image that will outlive the original. It questions the light of the sun and detects the vaporized metals floating around the great luminary—as if the chemist of our remote planet could fill his bell glasses from its fiery atmosphere. It lends the power which flashes our messages in thrills that leave the lazy chariot of day behind them. It seals up a few dark grains in iron vases and, lo, at the touch of a single spark, rises in smoke and flame a mighty Afrit with a voice like thunder and an arm that shatters like an earthquake. The dreams of oriental fancy have become the sober facts of our everyday life, and the chemist is the magician to whom we owe them.—Exchange.

Considerate.

Nell—That horrid Mr. Hansom insisted upon kissing me last night. Belle—Why didn't you scream? Nell—I didn't want to scare the poor fellow.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Secrets.

Mayme—Is Clara a good girl to tell a secret to? Maude—Oh, my, no! Why, she'll never tell a soul!—Chicago News.

Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct that he wishes to be valued.—Bruyere.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VIII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 20.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 14-29. Memory Verse, 20—Golden Text, Eph. v, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It seems to me that the sentence in parentheses in the first verse of our lesson—"for His name was spread abroad"—is worthy of much attention. This was how Herod heard of Him. Some one had talked to Herod, or in his hearing, of the words and works of Jesus. It was because the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord that she came from her faraway home to see and hear for herself (I Kings x, 1, 6, 7). If we are redeemed by His precious blood, it is that His fame as a Saviour and deliverer may be far and wide made known by us. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy" (Ps. cvii, 2). Delivered that we might serve Him (Luke i, 74). He brought Israel out of Egypt, dividing the waters of the Red sea, leading them through the desert and drying up Jordan before them to make His glorious name known that the many might be blessed in Him (Isa. lxiii, 12, 14; Josh. iv, 24). If we have been saved by Him and are not doing our utmost to make His salvation known, what can be said of our gratitude to Him or our love for others in the light of I John iii, 16, or John iii, 16?

It is said in verse 20 of our lesson that Herod knew that John was a just and holy man, that he heard him gladly and did many things; but, as neither hearing nor doing will avail unless Christ is actually received into the heart (John i, 12; I John v, 12), Herod's knowledge did not profit him, but brought upon him the heavier condemnation because his evil doings would not suffer him to turn unto God (Hos. v, 4). Herod's love for sin was greater than his desire to do right, and he was really the slave of this sinful Herodias and chose rather to please her than holy John, the servant of the only living and true God. Eve chose the devil and his words and ways rather than God and His word, and it is always with each of us a case of God or the devil. The cry is always, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and blessed are those who can say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Josh. xxiv, 15).

Herod might stop the testimony of John by imprisonment, and he might kill him also, for he had the power, but he could not shut up nor still the accusing voice within him, so when he heard of this mighty man and His wondrous works his guilty conscience made him fear that John the Baptist had risen from the dead. If a guilty conscience can prove such a torment here in this life, what will it be before the great white throne and in the ages of torment in the place of the lost? (Luke xvi, 23, 24; Rev. xiv, 10, 11.) Herod feared the woman under whose control he had placed himself for sinful lust's sake; he feared the people over whom he was placed, and he evidently had some fear of the hereafter, for he did many things that John said, but he would not forsake sin.

This birthday party of Herod's was truly the devil's own affair. How well he enabled that poor godless girl to dance that day! How he enabled her to captivate the sinful heart of Herod and to lead him in his excitement to make her this great promise, and all to accomplish the death of John! It is to be feared that he is still accomplishing many a death, temporal and spiritual, by his feasts and entertainments in the church itself, for he is doing his utmost to drag souls down to hell. The church has so turned away from the Son of God and His glorious gospel and the power of the Holy Spirit and accepted in place of God's one appointed way any and every suggestion of the evil one, not only in the way of feasts and festivals and the introduction of all sorts of things into so called church work, but has made even the preaching to be about anything but Jesus and His salvation, that we cannot but believe that we are already in the days of II Tim. iii, 1-3; iv, 3. John might have saved himself from Herodias' hatred if he had said concerning their sin, "It is no affair of mine; they are the children of the devil anyway, and to him they are going, whether Herodias lives with Herod or Philip," but John was brought face to face with the sin and either had to be blind to it for peace's sake or speak faithfully for Christ's sake.

That God, who can control even the devil, should permit Joseph to be stolen, sold into slavery, falsely accused and imprisoned; David to be hunted as a partridge upon the mountains; Jeremiah to know the horrors of the dungeon mire and John the Baptist, herald of our Lord, to suffer imprisonment and death—these are among the to us seemingly strange things, but when we more fully understand we will see how all the sufferings of the saints are part of a perfect plan of infinite wisdom.

Contrast the devil's "whatsoever" of verse 23 with the Lord's precious and enduring "whatsoever" of John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 16; xvi, 23, but remember that, while one can dance or drink himself to hell or just float along with the stream carelessly and reach there just the same, to be saved is to turn away from the world, the flesh and the devil, receive Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and henceforth stand with Him against all that is not of God, not fearing death (Matt. x, 20), but fearing only to grieve Him and coveting always His approval.

Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

Cross Purposes.

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—I've been lying awake these three hours waiting for you to come home. Mr. Klubbs (ruefully)—Gee! And I've been staying away for three hours waiting for you to go to sleep.

A Lady Bountiful.

Tramp—Kin you give a poor feller a cold bite, mum? Housewife—Yes. On your way out you'll find some icicles on the gate.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

GODFREY'S TANKARD.

A Seventeenth Century Relic of the Plague In London.

A curious historical relic of London is the large tankard of solid silver presented by Charles II. to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1666. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover and weighs nearly thirty-six ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient, together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the fire, which are still in excellent preservation. The engraving of the pesthouse men carrying corpses to the dismal plague pit and that of the crowded blocks of houses surmounted by flames are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellinge, in Kent, was a timber merchant, possessing wharfs at Dowgate city and at Charing Cross. He prospered, became justice of the peace for Westminster and member of parliament for Winchilsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay and Green will need to be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unraveling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose hill, face downward and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery.

The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city, with great pomp and pageant, for the burial ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Felds, it was preceded by 70 clergy and followed by upward of 1,000 persons of distinction.

THE JAW AND THE TEETH.

What May Happen if We Continue Using Soft Foods.

The teeth are really appendages of the skin, and not of the skeleton, as people generally believe. The jaw is formed in accordance with the necessity for providing a hold for the teeth—that is, if there were no teeth to come, the jaw would grow differently, and would not have its present shape. The jaw is not an independent part, as it would like to be; it has to form itself to accommodate tenants with which, strictly speaking, it has no ties of kindred.

The use of soft foods decreases the size of the teeth, and they will ultimately disappear, unless we make more use of them.

As there does not seem to be any likelihood of a change in our habits, we must expect to lose them in course of time. Then the jaw will assume probably another shape. Further, the gums might disappear, for there can be no use for them after the disappearance of the teeth.

The loss of the teeth makes the lips fall in, and brings us near to the Punch form of face! We find it impossible to pronounce sounds, such as t, d, sh, ch. The change of face, so to say, will certainly lead to a modification of the tongue, and this in turn to the inability to pronounce other sounds.

Atonic Dyspepsia.

The ultimate cause of atonic dyspepsia is constitutional depression. It may be due to overwork, and especially to prolonged worry. Sometimes the dyspepsia is the first manifestation of tubercular poisoning. Again, there seems to be an inherent failure of the digestive organs. Once established, dyspepsia is, in turn, the cause of loss of strength, of mental inertia and visceral weakness. Some degree of simple anaemia is almost inevitable. The exciting cause may be an illness of any kind, the excessive use of tea, coffee or other beverages, the lack of proper food, some error in habits of eating. Often it is not discoverable.

Consolatory.

A correspondent of an English paper tells how some one visited a wild beast show and saw a countryman come in bearing unmistakable signs of having had a glass too much. A tiger scratched the back of the hand with which the man grasped a bar of the cage. The laceration was severe, and the pain was great. The sufferer danced about and twirled his shillalah, crying: "Let him out! Let him out till I have me will av him!" A companion tried to soothe the irate dancer, with this neat impromptu: "Never mind, Pat. Sure, he only wanted to scrape acquaintance wid ye."

He Knew.

The first witness called in a petty lawsuit in Cincinnati was an Irishman of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt. At their instance there was put to him before being sworn the usual interrogatory, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman as he replied:

"Indade, your honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."—Harper's Weekly.

Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy? He—Oh, yes, but always just about that time some new girl comes along.—Life.

Her Status.

The Captain—That's a handsome woman! Is she unmarried? The Belle—Oh, yes! (Captain indulges in pleasing reflections.) She's been unmarried several times!—London Mail.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

Heritages.

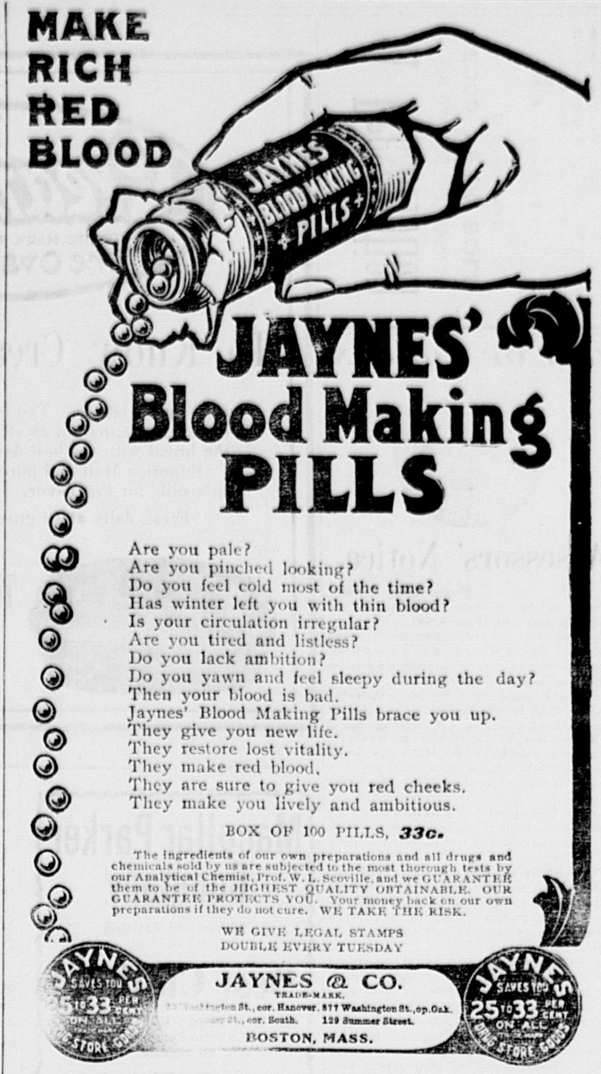
Leave children an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good.—M. J. Savage.

Protection.

Mrs. Albee—Of course, you married Mr. Bebee for love? Mrs. Bebee—Well, yes, I suppose you would call it that. I married him to protect him from no less than three widows in our street. If I hadn't snapped him up one of them would have been sure to get him.

The Covetous Man.

Go not to a covetous old man with any request too soon in the morning, before he hath taken in that day's prey, for his covetousness is up before him, and he is in ill humor, but stay till the afternoon, till he be satiated upon some borrower.—Fuller.



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FILTH IN KOREA.

The Streets of the City Reek With Sewage and Odors.

The streets of Korea are used for every conceivable and inconceivable thing. Down the middle of them or on either side the city's sewage reeks along a sluggish course, carrying with it every possible thing but its own horrible odor. The houses on the main streets, or what might for want of a more descriptive name be called the business streets, are all built with one side open, as houses are built in Japan. There is little or nothing displayed for sale in any shops, and there is seldom anything to detain a loiterer along the way. The Korean woman knows absolutely nothing about the joys and sorrows of shopping. She lives her life in virtuous seclusion, or at least in seclusion, and the tradesmen must needs go to her and thrust their goods respectfully through a small opening in the door of her apartments. What she doesn't want she thrusts out again and then haggles with him over the price of what she has selected, with the thin but not transparent partition between them. So there is little need for attractive shop windows. Since the women make all the men's clothes, they, of course, buy the materials for them also, and I have really never seen anything purchased in a shop. But still they are built with the uselessly open side, and one can buy if one is so inclined, as foreigners so often are. The houses that are not of this description are not to be seen at all, being hidden behind expressionless stone walls capped with tiles and pierced with the tiniest possible gateways.—Leslie's Weekly.

NEW YORK'S RECORDER.

The City's Most Ancient Official Next to the Mayor.

Next to the mayor the recorder is the most ancient public official in the city His office dates back to the Dongon charter, given with the authority of King James II. to the city of New York in April, 1686. The governing body of the city were the mayor, the recorder and the aldermen.

From the recorder sprang, in 1821, the old court of common pleas, which later became the supreme court. Originally the mayor and the recorder held all the court in New York, both civil and criminal, the aldermen sitting also to aid in disposing of petty cases. The recorder was a member of the board of aldermen. One of his important duties was to pass on competency for citizenship.

The first recorder was James Graham, appointed by charter. His duties included those of the present recorder and many more. Gradually as the court business increased the recorder ceased to act as an alderman, and in the subdivision of court work the criminal cases, which, as affecting the life and liberty of citizens, were then regarded as of the graver importance, were retained by him, and the civil cases were transferred to newer courts.

Thus the office of the recorder is traditionally the primary safeguard over the principles of the old common law on which New York's modern criminal jurisprudence is founded.—New York World.

Different.

"Why don't you elope with her?"

"But, good gracious, man, if you are perfectly willing for me to marry your daughter I cannot see any object to be attained by our eloping."

"Can't you? How will it be if I offer you half of what I save on the wedding?"—Houston Post.

The Main Point.

"What do you think? That boss politician says he has divorced himself from politics."

"Then I'll bet he secured alimony."—Baltimore American.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

VIRGINS' GARLANDS.

Memorials In an English Church to Girls True to First Love.

There are seven "virgins' garlands" still in existence in Minsterley church, Salop, the first of them bearing the date 1554 and the last 1751.

They consist of silk ribbons and paper, ball shaped, and are covered with rosettes, the inside center of the cane or wire frame supporting a pair of paper gloves. They represent a romantic custom of very ancient origin and are sacred to the memory of girls who while betrothed in their youth lost their intended husbands by death, yet remained true to their first loves.

Each maiden designed her own garland, and at her death this simple emblem was borne before her by the village lasses, the white gloves being afterward added. After the obsequies these garlands were suspended in the village church on a rod bearing at its extremity a heart in the shape of an escutcheon, upon which the initials and date were inscribed. These were originally fixed above the maiden's pew.

Some of the earliest and forgotten garlands were composed of real flowers, but later the covered hoops described were substituted.

There is a passing allusion to this "simple memorial of the early dead" in "Hamlet." "Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants," "crants" signifying garlands.—London Graphic.

Quick Witted.

"One day last week I was informed by telephone of a fire in my own office, not six feet away from where I was standing," said a prominent Wall street broker. "A client with whom I had been talking, after lighting a cigar, threw the burning match into the wastebasket under my desk. As I went to the door with him I heard the telephone bell ring violently. When I answered the call I was surprised to be told that there was a lively blaze under my desk, which had been seen by a bright office boy in the opposite building. The fire was hidden from me by a high filing cabinet, and might have done serious damage before I discovered it myself. I am now hunting for that boy," he added. "Any one quick witted enough to think of telephoning in such an emergency I can use in my business."—New York Press.

Pluto's Safety Valve.

A round, smooth hole in the side of a granite monument about nine miles out from the City of Mexico is locally known by a term which signifies "Pluto's safety valve." The hole is about nine inches in diameter at the opening, which is polished in a manner which suggests human workmanship. That man had nothing to do with drilling or polishing this hole will be readily surmised when it is known that it has occasionally emitted hot air and smoke during a period extending over 300 years.

The Man of Force.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

Quite Familiar.

"There is not much in a name, perhaps," said a young Sunday school teacher. "Still it did give me a turn last Sunday when I asked a boy in my class how many apostles there were to have him look up and reply carelessly, 'Oh, a dozen or so!'"

Two and Two.

There is no difference between a mile square and a square mile. Each contains 640 acres. There is, however, a difference between two miles square and two square miles.—San Francisco Call.

Wonderful.

Bridegroom—What's the matter, driver? Coachman—The horse has just thrown a shoe, sir. Bridegroom—Great Scott! Do even horses know we are just married?

Business Cards.

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Animals and Fire.

Rattlesnakes won't run from fire, but instead strike till the last at the flames about them. This is true of many animals, especially of horses, who will rush back into a burning barn, apparently blind with rage, striking with their hoofs and switching their tails in great anger.

The flight of wild birds during migrating time against lighthouses is more like the action of the green bicyclist who rides against a trolley car or wagon as if hypnotized by it and in spite of his fears.

Gorillas, it is said, delight in fire, drawing closer to the flames as the fire dies down and at last wading in the redhot ashes, apparently enchanted and not feeling the burning coals.

A little fire built beneath one of the pear shaped paper wasp nests that are seen hanging from low branches will kill every wasp in it, as the insects fly at it one by one in their endeavors to save their home and young.

Frogs leap through the flames of a little bonfire time and time again, as if having the most pleasing of fun. It may be, though, that they think the flickering flames to be some new sort of insect.

Box 516

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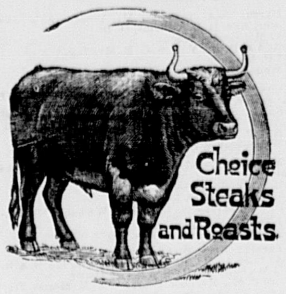

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—**To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 .59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 .23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 .33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.56, 3.45, 6.35, 1.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

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Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
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25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and [illegible] Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools
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The Man Who Arrived

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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As Briggsville was a town of 2,000 inhabitants and boasted a fair hotel, there had been arrivals there by train for years, but they were what might be termed everyday arrivals. Drummers paid the town a visit; men when looking for an opportunity to go into business would come that way; strangers who didn't always unburden themselves to the inquisitive landlord would come and go. Each and every guest received more or less public notice, but dropped out of mind when he dropped out of sight.

The man who finally arrived slipped in so quietly that he had been a guest for three or four days before it was generally known that he was present. He walked up from the depot instead of riding in the bus and paying a quarter extra. He didn't make a rush for the bar as soon as he arrived. He didn't cuss the train for being late or cuss the town on account of the mudholes in the streets. He took the landlord into his confidence at once and explained that he was in poor health and might spend a month in recuperating. He ate supper and then sat down in the barroom and smoked and dozed and answered but few questions and asked none at all, and it was the general verdict before he went to bed that he didn't amount to shavings compared with other arrivals.

George K. Jones, as the man who arrived had given his name, moved about town for the next week without attracting any particular notice and without any one caring particularly about his health. The landlord of the hotel had just told a friend of his that Jones was apparently a softy, who had tired himself out in wondering why a coffee mill turned to the right instead of the left, when he was asked for a private interview. He instantly made up his mind that Jones wanted to stand him off, but he granted the request.

In two minutes there was a great transformation. Jones of the sleepy eyes and lagging feet became as alert as a fox. He acknowledged that he had registered under a false name; he confessed that he was not what he seemed; he owned up that he was at the head of a detective agency and ready to do business with his host on the most liberal terms. There hadn't been any crime of any account around Briggsville for several years, but this state of affairs could not last much longer. There would be a crime wave sweeping along pretty soon, and his agency wanted to be in it and make most of the arrests and receive most of the rewards.

He was there in advance of the wave to lay his wires. He wanted to make of the landlord a detective—a real old sleuth of the first order—and he had a printed commission duly dated and signed that would be exchanged for a twenty dollar bill. The landlord was to spot robbers and murderers as fast as they turned up and send in his reports and receive half the rewards.

It did not take the proprietor of the Clarion over five minutes to decide on handing over. His income from the detective business would not be less than $2,000 a year and might run to three times that, and his opportunities for "spotting" were A1.

Of course he was told that looking wise and sawing wood was the foundation of detective work and given many verbal instructions, and half an hour later he was down in his bar and sizing up three or four old topers he had known for fifteen years and wondering which of them was plotting murder. That evening he picked out no less than seven men to keep an eye on in future, and it was generally remarked that he seemed more alert than usual.

Next day the man who arrived sauntered into the livery stable. He had sauntered in there before, talked horse for a few minutes and then sauntered out again, much to the disgust of the owner. This time he didn't talk horse. The liveryman was all alone, but he was taken to the rear end of the barn to be communicated with. Mr. Jones had noticed that he had a head on him. Jones had also noticed that he had an eye like an eagle and a perspicacity that enabled him to tell a horse from a cow on sight. The liveryman was flattered. He couldn't help but be. He had been called a fool often enough for trying to conduct a livery business in a county where there were 264 separate, distinct and steep hills and to find that all the people had been wrong about it all the time was like pouring sweet oil on a burn.

After an hour's conversation the man of horses and buggies gave up $25 and received a commission to act as detective. He was not to be confined to any one sort of crime, but could go ahead and do business with criminals of all sorts regardless of age or sex. Before Mr. Jones had left the stables the newly made detective had made up his mind to keep an eye on the landlord of the hotel. He had long suspected that counterfeit money was being made in the garret of the Clarion.

The man who arrived took another saunter that day. He sauntered in to see Mrs. Bascomb, who kept a small millinery and notion store. He had not come for a fall hat or a paper of hairpins. What he had come for he related in whispers, accompanied by a confidential demeanor. His agency needed women detectives. A word caught up now and then as a woman customer was trying on a hat or buying a yard of tape might lead to the unearthing of a great mystery.

Mrs. Bascomb was located next to the postoffice. She could keep her eye on the postmaster. There was a blacksmith shop opposite. She could have the smith and all his customers under constant espionage. As it was dull times in the millinery business, it took a full hour's talking to make Mrs. Bascomb part with $30 in cash in exchange for a detective's commission, but she finally parted and was advised to "spot" all crosseyed men mailing letters at night after the postoffice had closed.

During the next week the man who arrived was on the saunter most of the time. The two dry goods merchants and one of the grocers refused to buy commissions on account of religious or some other scruples, but everybody else approached had only to be talked to for a few minutes to pay a price. If they wouldn't pay $30, the price was gradually reduced to $5. The arrest of a single murderer, they were told, would make them good a thousand times over.

Not less than twenty women were included in Mr. Jones' list, and when he could secure no more clients in the town he worked the surrounding country. Not a farmer or a farmer's hired man turned him down. It happened in several cases that both the farmer and his man took commissions and were instructed to watch each other.

When Mr. Jones departed he left more than a hundred detectives behind him to watch for the coming of the crime wave. They were to make reports to the home office whenever they struck a clew. Not on their life or lives were they to give away the fact that they were working for the agency or keeping their eyes peeled. Craft, cunning and silence must be the order of the day.

During the next two months Briggsville had an uncomfortable time of it. Every one had a feeling that he was under espionage, and his feeling was right. There was prowling about by day and by night. Men and women sitting in their church pews of a Sunday glared around in a suspicious manner and forgot all about the sermon. Boys and girls of tender years found themselves shadowed and went home to tell fathers and mothers who were shadowing some one else.

It was at a church social that the grand expose occurred. Mrs. Bascomb brought it about by charging the cross eyed cooper with mailing a letter at midnight. This was in revenge for his hogging down more than his share of the ice cream. In five minutes it came out that there were about forty detectives present and that each one had been spying on the others, and then a free-for-all scrap occurred, and the police made several arrests. This brought out the whole plot and laid bare the character of the man who arrived, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

That was ten years ago, but the detectives of Briggsville have never forgiven each other. The crime wave has not arrived, but they glare and shake their fists at each other. And in some locality the man who arrived is arriving again and repeating his performance.

Opera Under Difficulties.

A contemporary account says: "At the first performance of 'La Traviata' the tenor, Graziani, took cold and sang his part throughout in a hoarse and almost inaudible voice. M. Varesi, the baritone, having what we would call a secondary role, took no trouble to bring out the dramatic importance of this short but capital part, so that the effect of the celebrated duet between Violetta and Germond in the second act was entirely missed. Mme. Donatelli, who impersonated the delicate, sickly heroine, was one of the stoutest ladies on the stage or off it, and when at the beginning of the third act the doctor declares that consumption has wasted away the young lady and that she cannot live more than a few hours the audience was thrown into a state of perfectly uproarious glee, a state very different from that necessary to appreciate the tragic action of the last act." No wonder that "La Traviata" made a fiasco under these trying circumstances! Yet when more adequately performed the opera soon became an immense favorite with audiences of all nations, and Verdi had no reason to remember the disasters attending its first appearance in public.

Attacks on Royalty.

The king most often and most seriously shot at was Louis Philippe, who somehow was never hurt by his would be assassins. The most desperate attempt was made by Fieschi, the Corsican, who operated with an infernal machine. He was once fired upon at such close quarters that the flash of the pistol set fire to the bonnet of Queen Marie Amelie, who sat beside him in a carriage. But one serious attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon I. It was with an infernal machine. Napoleon III. had two narrow escapes. One was when the Orsini bombs exploded around his carriage, and the other was at the Bois de Boulogne, when a ball meant for his guest, Alexander I., whizzed by his ear and shot his aid-de-camp's horse.—London News.

Relative Brightness of the Stars.

The dream of Joseph is the oldest document known in which the brightness of the stars is referred to. In it are mentioned the sun, moon and twelve stars, which exceed all the other heavenly bodies in splendor. A French astronomer has pointed out that if we count the stars of the first magnitude seen in Egypt today we shall find just twelve, for a thirteenth is of somewhat doubtful brilliancy. These twelve stars are also mentioned in an evangel of St. John; hence the astronomer concludes that the relative brightness of the stars has not appreciably altered since the times of the pharaohs.

Birds as Workers.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young on an average once in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in a hour, or, perhaps, 1,000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching an insect. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes, and the prey it carried home consisted of insects much larger, heavier and harder to find than were caught by the swallows.—London Mail.

The Gentleman.

It is possible for every man to assume an elegant manner, but the true gentleman is nature's own nobleman, who never forgets to be polite to every one, and it is as easy to discern the assumed from the innate good breeding as it is to distinguish paste from diamonds.—Dickens.

He Laughed Last.

A certain lady who wished to have some fun at the expense of an agent who had ofttimes solicited her to insure herself and family, asked him on one occasion if he would insure the cat. The agent, to the astonishment and no small amusement of some friends, promptly offered to do so, provided she paid the first premium down. The lady, still thinking to hoax him, expressed her willingness to do so, and placed a shilling on the table. The agent quickly produced a proposal, filled it in and obtained her signature while those present were on the tiptoe of expectancy as to what was to follow.

"Now, madam, with your permission, may I see the cat?"

"Certainly," she replied, at the same time pointing to a glass case which contained the stuffed remains of the poor defunct cat.

A chorus of derisive laughter burst from all present, but to their dismay the agent turned, bowed politely, at the same time picking up the shilling, and exclaimed:

"When that cat dies, madam, kindly call at our office and claim the insurance money. Good morning."—London Telegraph.

The First Stove.

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort, and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the fire's warmth and for the sake of the toothsomeness of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house, the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room." So that if we should say that at first people lived in their stoves we would say that which is literally true. —St. Nicholas.

Practical Diagnostic Sign of Death.

Dr. Ott of Lillebonne (through Journal des sciences medicales de Lille) suggests the following practical and simple method of ascertaining whether or not life is present: The point selected is the forearm, which is quickly accessible, is free from hair and is easily exposed. The arm is extended horizontally from the body and the forearm pronated. If the test is made in the open air a cloak is held so as to shield the part from all motion of the atmosphere. The flame of a candle is now directly applied to a spot on the forearm, which is closely watched by the observer. At the end of a few seconds a swelling rapidly forms and bursts. If it contains air or gas the tissues are lifeless. If it contains liquid or exudation life is present.

"Man In the Street."

Emerson was not the first to use this phrase in his "Conduct of Life," which was published in 1860. In the first series of the "Greville Memoirs," under date March 22, 1830, occurs the following passage:

"Then will come the question of a dissolution, which one side affirms will take place directly, and the other that the king will not consent to it, knowing, as 'the man in the street' (as we call him at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of kings and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts."

It would appear from this that the expression was in common use among racing men in 1830.—Notes and Queries.

The Drama of the Sunset.

We never tire of the drama of sunset. I go forth each afternoon and look into the west a quarter of an hour before sunset with fresh curiosity to see what new picture will be painted there, what new phenomenon exhibited, what new dissolving views. Every day a new picture is painted and framed, held up for half an hour in such lights as the great artist chooses and then withdrawn and the curtain falls. The sun goes down, long the afterglow gives light, the damask curtains glow along the western window, the first star is lit, and I go home.—From Thoreau's "Winter."

Power of Words.

Words have not their import from the natural power of particular combinations of characters or from the real efficacy of certain sounds, but from the consent of those who use them and arbitrarily annex certain ideas to them, which might have signified with equal propriety by any other.—Oliver Cromwell.

Persistence.

The way to reach or to attain to anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might, and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.—Success Magazine.

A Hard Cut.

Mrs. Newcast—I am thinking of taking a short holiday and visiting some of the scenes associated with my ancestors. Mrs. De Bleu Blood-Cutting—Oh, but slumming is so horribly out of date nowadays!

Where to Have a Boil.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Reilly."

How England Got the Gout.

Strange effects have strange causes. What gave most English families of the upper class the gout was the treaty that brought in the heavy wines of Portugal, much too heavy for use in this climate.—Dr. Emil Reich.

One of the secrets of successful achievement lies in giving one's whole mind to the details as they present themselves, never slighting one of them, even the smallest.

The Rise In the River.

It is little short of astonishing to see how little water is required to float the southern river steamers, a boat loaded with perhaps a thousand bales of cotton slipping along contentedly where a boy could wade across the stream. Once, however, the Chattahoochee got too low for even her light draft commerce, and at Gunboat shoals a steamer grounded. As the drinking water on board needed replenishing, a deck hand was sent ashore with a couple of water buckets. Just at this moment a northern traveler approached the captain of the boat, and asked him how long he thought they would have to stay there.

"Oh, only until that man gets back with a bucket of water to pour into the river," the captain replied. Presently the deck hand returned, and the stale water from the cooler was emptied overboard. Instantly, to the amazement of the traveler, the boat began to move.

"Well, if that doesn't beat thunder!" he gasped.

The fact was that the boat, touching the bottom, had acted as a dam, and there was soon backed up behind her enough water to lift her over the shoal and send her on down the stream.—Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Career.

General Sam Houston was not only a great Texan, but probably the most striking and commanding figure which has yet appeared in the public life of the far southwest—born in Virginia, taken to Tennessee at an early age, whence, while yet in his teens, he went to war with Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians; desperately wounded in the battle of the Horseshoe Bend; adjutant general of Tennessee and a representative in congress from that state; governor of Tennessee in his youth; married, separated from his wife in two months, resigning immediately as governor, self exiled for years among the Cherokee Indians, emigrating to Texas in 1832; member of the convention of 1836, which declared Texas to be an independent republic; general and commander in chief of the army which achieved independence at San Jacinto; twice president of the republic, United States senator and governor of the state.—C. A. Culberson in Scribner's.

John Doe Proceedings.

"John Doe" proceedings were abolished by law in Great Britain in 1852. Previous to that time John Doe had figured in the old fashioned ejectment action for the recovery of the possession of land, together with damages for the wrongful withholding thereof. For various reasons of convenience and history dating from the reign of Edward III. A did not proceed against B directly in such a case. Instead A delivered to B an entirely false statement from the fictitious "John Doe" that A had devised the land to "John" for a term of years, and "John" had been ousted from it by the equally fictitious "Richard Roe." Then Richard informed B that he was not going to defend the action himself, but B must do it, and so on. Occasionally, by way of variety, "John Doe" gave place to one "Goodtitle."

Columbia River Thrice Named.

The Columbia river has had three names. It was first called the Oregon. Afterward it was called the St. Roque, but when it was discovered by Robert Gray in 1792 it was given the name of his vessel, the Columbia, in place of the two floating appellations, Oregon and St. Roque. According to Whitney, the original name of the river was the Orejon, "big ear" or "one that has big ears," the allusion being to the custom of the Indians who were found in its region of stretching their ears by boring them and crowding them with ornaments.

Why Is It?

Here is a question in naval science which is to the average sailor man a riddle unsolved. Take a vessel of, say, 2,500 tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons. This gives you a total of 6,000 tons. Hitch a little tug to this vessel, and she will yank the big craft along at the rate of six or eight knots an hour. Now put the tug's machinery in the big vessel. It won't move her half a knot an hour. Why is this?

When You Take a Bath.

When drying off after a bath stand in the bathtub in water up to the ankles. When rubbed with coarse towels until the body is all aglow, step out and wipe the feet. This prevents that uncomfortable chilly feeling experienced if one steps immediately out of a bathtub full of water on to the bath mat.

Love.

We never can say why we love, but only that we love. The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong, but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine motives, and it can only look upward and be dumb.—Lowell.

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetable. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

ANATOMY OF AN OYSTER.

The Bivalve's Organs and Where They Are Located.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach and other necessary internal organs, including a set of cunningly devised intestines. The mouth is at the small end of the oyster's body, near the hinge of the shell. It is oval in shape, and, though not readily discovered by an unpracticed eye, it may be easily located by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the folds of the surface of the body at the place mentioned. Connected with the mouth is the canal which the oyster uses in conveying food to the stomach, from whence it passes into the curious little set of netted and twisted intestines referred to in the opening.

To discover the heart of an oyster the fold of flesh which oystermen call the "mantle" must be removed. This is fatal to the oyster, of course, but in the interest of science and for the benefit of the "curious" it is occasionally done. When the mantle has been removed the heart, shaped like a crescent or horned moon, is laid to the view. The oyster's heart is made up of two parts, just like that of a human being, one of which receives the blood from the gills and the other drives it out through the arteries. The liver is found in the immediate vicinity of the heart and stomach and is a queer shaped little organ, which is supposed to perform all the functions of a blood filter.

JAVA'S ISLAND OF FIRE.

It Is Really a Lake of Boiling, Bubbling Mud and Slime.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogana and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and the again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In time past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall spirelike column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime.

EYEGLASSES.

How to Put Them on and Take Them Off Properly.

There is nothing which more completely changes the effect of a pair of eyeglasses than the habit of crowding them on the nose with one hand. The best efforts at fitting and adjusting are all brought to naught by a person who has acquired that habit.

The proper way to take off glasses is to take hold of the bridge and lift off gently without dragging or pulling out of shape. To take off spectacles take hold of the right temple with the right hand and lift it off the ear. Then turn the head to the right and the left temple will fall off easily.

The average wearer of glasses when he is cleaning them takes hold of the bridge. The consequence is that he gradually works the bridge out of shape, and every rub he gives the lens gives a twist to the bridge, and in course of time the bridge or the lens breaks when he least expects it. There are probably more glasses broken in this way than any other.

The correct way to clean them is to take hold of one of the eye pieces where the glass is screwed on the outer edge and clean the lens, and then reverse the glasses, take it by the other end piece and repeat the process on that lens.

She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know that I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on." —Ladies' Home Journal.

A Judge's Advice.

Recently a retired English judge was asked what was the most prominent conviction that remained with him after his long judicial experience, and he is said to have replied, "That every means should be tried for the settlement of a dispute before it be taken to the law courts."

Her Dilemma.

Young Matron—Why so pensive, dear? Angelina—I'm desperate! Will adores me in pale pink, while Max says I'm an angel in blue. I can't have but one gown, so you see my whole future depends on the color I select. It is sending me crazy.—London Tit-Bits.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear.

Latter Day Breeziness.

"How often do your housemaids dust?"

"Do you mean how often do they fan the furniture," asked slangy Mrs. Nuwedd, "or how often do they skip out?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If poverty is the mother of crimes want of sense is the father of them.—Bruyere.

A Battle In the Sea.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly. Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort. But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke. The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

A Photographic Warning.

The following story of a young lady living in the country who came to London to be photographed is told by M. A. P. and vouched for by a well known London photographer. After some days the lady, Miss B., was informed the photograph was not a success, and another sitting was suggested. This she agreed to, but again was informed that the photograph was a failure. There was a third sitting. In two days' time she received an urgent letter from the photographer asking her to come up to his studio and to bring a friend with her. Miss B. went, accompanied by her mother, and was shown the amazing results of the three sittings. The pictures of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and Miss B. recognized them as those of her fiancee, an officer in the Indian army. The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India, breaking off the engagement.

Louis Napoleon Answered.

Lady Blessington did not always meet with gratitude from some whose position at last enabled them to serve her. She sheltered in her London home Louis Napoleon after he had escaped from his prison in Ham. After Louis Napoleon became president of the French republic he seems to have turned the cold shoulder on Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay when they approached him in Paris. There was a story going at the time, for the accuracy of which we certainly will not vouch, but which appeared in several of the London papers. Shortly before Lady Blessington's death she met, so the story goes, the president driving in the Champs Elysees. He stopped his carriage, she stopped hers, and they conversed for a few minutes. His manner seemed to her determinedly chilly. "Do you stay long in Paris?" he asked as he was about to drive on. "No," she answered. "And you?"—London Spectator.

George Eliot and "Romola."

George Eliot's first arrangement with the publisher of "Romola" was for no less a sum than 10,000 guineas. "As that is so very large a figure," he said, "I must run it through fifteen numbers of the Cornhill." "No," she answered; "it must finish in twelve numbers or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say 7,000 guineas instead of the 10,000." And 7,000 guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright. Three thousand guineas seem a large sum to give up for an artistic scruple, but she did it.

Bad For Creditors.

In the faraway, benighted community of Damen, in Africa, the old fashioned method of throwing a debtor into prison, where he is safe from the tormenting visits of his creditors, is not followed. Instead, he is practically turned over to the mercy of the creditors in a literal sense. A heavy tree log is attached to his bare leg, and this he is obliged to drag after him wherever he goes. There is no escaping the creditors now, and the log remains bound to his ankle until his debts are paid.

Curiosities of Woman.

Women pin from left to right; men from right to left. Women button from right to left; men from left to right. Women stir from left to right (their tea, for instance); men from right to left. Women seldom know the difference between a right and a left shoe, and if a housemaid brings up a man's boots she will nine times out of ten place them so that the points will diverge. Can these peculiarities be explained?—London Truth.

Cash Your Checks.

It is not well to keep checks locked up in your desk. Cash them. It is security for yourself, if the drawer is not entirely reliable, and a favor to him if he is. "Stale" checks are an annoyance to bank officials and a general hindrance. Cash your checks!

Sarcastic.

Softly—I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not such a fool as I look. Sarcast—Well, then, you have much to be thankful for.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.—Taylor.

A Fish's Tail.

A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not with its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the fin theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional of the tail to give it power.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1906

NO STRIKE.

Fortunately for both parties, after a week spent in arguing and negotiating, the question of wages and hours was amicably settled by the officers of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company and representatives of their employees last Monday. A strike by the 8,000 men in the service of the Company had been imminent for some time on account of President Sullivan's refusal to comply with their demands for an increase of pay, abridgement of the hours of labor, and recognition of the Union; but, happily, commonsense and a disposition on both sides to do the fair thing prevailed at the conferences, a strike was averted, and everything is lovely.

President Sullivan is a fair minded man; the motormen and conductors ask for no more than is justly due them; and on a basis of that sort no trouble need be apprehended in the future.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Next Wednesday, May 30, is the date on which the graves of departed soldiers who served their country in any of its wars are to be decorated with flowers by Posts of the G. A. R., and other tributes paid to their memory.

In this city the ceremonies are to be carried out under the supervision and direction of Burbank Post, 33, the two Posts alternating in the performance of Memorial Day duties. The customary order of exercises will be observed—a gathering of the Veterans at their respective headquarters in the morning; services at the Soldiers monument; march to the cemeteries; floral decorations of graves, etc. Returning from the cemeteries each Post will partake of a dinner provided by the Woman's Relief Corps of each, the anniversary to close with an oration by H. B Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, on "Lincoln," religious services, and music.

Business houses are to be closed and traffic suspended during the day.

FOR GOVERNOR.

A considerable section of the Boston Democracy are talking seriously of running John B. Moran, Esq., the able and honest Prosecuting Attorney of Suffolk county, for Governor this fall. There should be no surprise for any body in that report.

It is true, probably, that some of the Democratic wheelhorses do not take enthusiastically to this programme and are even laying wires to break up the plans of his friends and circumvent them, if possible; but bearing in mind his splendid and successful campaign of last fall, when the leaders of both parties were dead set against him and solidly united on an excellent candidate, they have not as yet come out into the open, but are simply burrowing.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

The following words of praise were uttered by Senator Tillman, a bitter personal enemy of President Roosevelt, on the floor of the Senate after the Railroad Rate Bill had been passed by that body with only three dissenting votes:

"But for the work of Theodore Roosevelt in bringing this matter to the attention of the country we would not have had any bill at all. It is true that the idea was not his, and that the demand for the legislation was made in three Democratic platforms; nevertheless, he seized upon the idea, and the success of the issue is largely due to his advocacy."

THE "STAR CHAMBER" INVESTIGATION.

The reason for the fuss made by a few Boston papers over the action of the Legislative committee in debarring the public from the bribery hearing was fully understood by everybody—by the committee especially. It was a financial one; the papers needed more revenue; they must have something to publish that would increase their sales. They thought that a Legislative scandal would help them out. That was all.

The committee did right in keeping the public from the inside.

☞ It looks as though Hugh Bancroft is likely to be the winning candidate for Mayor of Cambridge this fall. He is the son of Major General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, and is, besides, a Lawyer of firstclass rating, a General in the State Militia, a famous Harvard oarsman, and a young man of real business and professional ability. His father was once Mayor of Cambridge, which city never had a better one, and blood will tell.

☞ We are in receipt of a pamphlet copy of "Industrial Information" which is prepared and edited by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of which Charles F. Pidgin, Esq., is Chief, which useful publication will be mailed to citizens of this State on request delivered at 250-258 State House, Boston. It is a sort of Business Intelligence Agency, and excellent in that line.

☞ Last Tuesday Governor Guild received a petition from over 116,000 people of this State, two miles long, asking that the death sentence of Charles L. Tucker for murdering Mabel Page in Weston be commuted to life imprisonment. It was signed by thousands of the most prominent people in all sections. Unless it is granted, young Tucker will be electrocuted early in June.

☞ A report is current on the streets to the effect that the News Publishing Co., which means Hon. John P. Feeney, have sold their paper, the *News*, job office et cetera, to Boston parties.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
C. H. Lewis—Auction.
County Com.—Hearing.
Geo. E. Brown—For Sale.
P. F. O'Keefe—Bass Point.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— Military Club are to hold a dancing party on Memorial Day.

— The Sons of Veterans are to give a dancing party this evening.

— Mrs. Walter Widgery is visiting at her former home in Antrim, N. H.

— Please read carefully the auction advertisement of C. H. Lewis. C. E Smith is auctioneer.

— Miss E. Minnette Dow is to entertain the King's Daughters this evening at her home 12 Court street.

— Rev. Norman E. Richardson and Miss Agnes B. Clough are to be married in the M. E. church on June 12.

— There was another heavy frost on Monday night which did considerable damage on the West Side and elsewhere.

— Mother's meeting at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in First church parlor. Children's day. Everybody invited.

— Miss Helen Cook, the popular reader and general entertainer, is to be married in a few days to a lucky Somerville gentleman.

— The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the usual place, Monday afternoon, May 28, at 3 o'clock.—PRESS SUPT.

— By invitation of Rector Beekman the G. A. R. Posts will attend divine services at Trinity Episcopal church at 10.30 next Sunday morning.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams of Somerville, and Miss Sarah Allen, sister of Mrs. Williams, of Illinois, visited friends in this city a few days ago.

— The Junior E. L. of First church are to repeat the entertainment recently given by them at Montvale this evening for the benefit of the Montvale chapel.

— The old Weston homestead on Munroe street, recently purchased by Daniel D. and Jeremiah F. Carey, is being renovated and put in order for tenants.

— Post 33, G. A. R., are to hold their Memorial Day banquet in the vestries of the First Baptist church; and Post 161 in their Hall in Savings Bank block.

— Benjamin Champney and the Captain Arthur C. Wyer family have left their Pleasant street winter home for their summer residence at North Conway, N. H.

— A small runabout auto, the property of a Cambridge man, was completely destroyed by fire last Tuesday at Menchin's Hill. The gasoline tank was the cause of the fire.

— A collapse of some 200 feet of trolley wire on the L. & W. street railroad last Monday morning caused a delay of the 9 o'clock north bound car of several hours on Winn street opposite the steamerhouse.

— The E Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for W. F. Stretton the estate No. 9 Newbury street consisting of house, stable and about 6000 feet of land. John Noren was the purchaser, who buys for occupancy.

— The anxiety of a certain Editor of this city to have seats stationed at once around the Common is inexplicable. The general belief is that Knights of the Pencil have no time for loafing. Is this an exception to the rule?

— Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water, as fine an article of beverage as one needs set his lips to, was in brisk demand in this city and neighboring communities last Friday and Saturday. Cadwell has a permanent and lucrative business in his C. S. water.

— A heavy frost last Sunday night did considerable damage here. Beans and other vegetables were cut down, and in some places strawberry beds were ruined. It was a quick and severe change in the weather, and a costly one to some gardeners and farmers.

— The 24th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Greydon was observed last Friday evening by a surprise visit from numerous of their friends, and the pleasing things that usually accompany such social calls. A good time was reported.

— President C. A. Jones of the Savings Bank went to Grand Lake in Northeasterly Maine early this week on a fishing trip. Dr. Robert Chalmers and Mayor Arthur Linscott expect to join Mr. Jones there in a few days. Grand Lake is their favorite fishing waters.

— Mr. Frank P. Greydon has been awarded the contract for building Hose 6 hosehouse at Central Square by the Board of Public Works. This means that the house will be built in a workmanlike manner, without graft or cheating, and everything done in the best of style.

— The cooperation of the children of our public schools is asked in decorating the soldier's monument on the Common with flowers or green. Contributions received at the monument from 6 to 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, May 30.

— Lilac blossoms and Baltimore orioles arrive cotemporaneously in this climate, and both of these welcome visitors are now with us. The olfactory and auricular nerves of appreciative people are pleasantly tickled by the perfume of one and songs of the other.

— I greatly fear that the theological equilibrim of the dear old JOURNAL has "gang fast arye." Is it not the intent in building fire-escapes to save people from fire? The said church is but increasing her facilities, and the long established "idea" remains unchanged. —CRITIC.

— It is expected that the public Libertypole will be in working order again on the Common before Memorial Day. There is some talk of changing its location to a site less effected by the trees, but it is not learned that anything definite has been determined on. The Flag will doubtless wave again on May 30.

— Yesterday's weather was warm and summerlike.

—Sunny Corner Class entertainment at the M. E. Church, June 4.

— Please read Crawford's new notice concerning icecream, and profit by it.

— Dr. Benjamin Lewis of Cleveland avenue goes to Maine on a fishing trip next week.

— The St. Charles and South End ball clubs play in the City Park tomorrow afternoon.

— The Winchester Visiting Nurse Association are to give their annual public breakfast tomorrow morning, June 2

— Woburn citizens who have kindly helped the Teachers' Annuity Guild by donations have been receiving receipts, and in a number of instances, where the amount was ten dollars, certificates of Honorary Membership. These are signed by Geo. M. Wadsworth, Somerville, Secretary of the Teachers' Annuity Guild.

— Miss Helen Hathaway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hathaway of Bennett street, has a fine situation as stenographer and typewriter in the Claims Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, in Boston. She is a graduate of the Woburn High School, and of a Commercial College, and is a smart, capable young lady.

— Several days ago Mrs. Williams of San Jose, California, wrote to her son here, Rev. Dr. Williams, that the Lick Observatory had reported 26 earthquakes there, of more or less severity, during the first three weeks following the big one of April 18. She was beginning to think that the quakes were coming rather too often for comfort.

— The motormen and conductors on the Boston & Northern were feeling nicely last Tuesday morning over the settlement of threatened labor troubles and a strike. Those who boss the cars hereaway were not kindly disposed towards a strike, believing that there was a better way for settling matters with the Company, and their ideas prevailed.

— Whitcher has just had printed and keeps for sale some handsome postcards representing "Busy Bend" (his store) and several business houses near it. The card gives a correct idea of how the trading section of the city looks, and is not only a good thing for present use, but also as a contribution to local history that will prove of value in future years.

— Will our High School Baseball team win the League prize again this year? All patriots hope so, and yet the hope is just a little tinctured with doubt. They tell us that things look as though the Saugus team stands the best chance of capturing the honors, it being composed of stalwart lads who know how to play ball, and have the muscle, thews and grit to win. Still our money says Woburn H. S. boys every time, and money talks, or is said to do so.

— Great preparations have been made for celebrating the 20th anniversary of the organization of Innitou Canoe Club this evening at the Club's fine house on the banks of Horn Pond, and a lively and highly enjoyable season is expected by the boys. It seems hardly possible that 20 years has elapsed since "a lot of kids," as oarsman Edward T. Brigham designates the organizers, got together and formed the Club; but "time flies like a weavers shuttle," and this is one of its cases.

— The May Party given by the St. Charles choir in Lyceum Hall last Friday evening was a fine affair, enjoyed by, at least, 250 people. A committee, of which Miss Alice O'Brien, organist, was the head, had the direction of the eminently successful Party, pleasing features of which were the fancy dances of groups of beautifully dressed children. They performed the "May Bell" and "Garland" elegantly. General dancing followed.

— Wonder what President Blodgett of the City Council; Judge Maguire of the District Court; W. W. Hill of select N. W.; and other high society people, think of Mayor Linscott's suggestion to beautify still more, if possible, Arlington Road and convert it into an "attractive driveway?" That would tickle ex-Mayor Davis most to death; but, if seriously attempted, wouldn't there be some vigorous kicking among the cream of the community who reside at Court Ends and in other fashionable localities?

— It is generally believed, in the absence of positive knowledge on the subject, that the female members of the '06 graduating class of the Woburn High School have already decided on the pattern and texture of their graduating dresses, and the color, length and width of the ribbons which they are to decorate their lovely tresses with on that momentous occasion; and that in due time they will turn their attention to the far less important matter of composing orations to embellish and adorn the graduating exercises, the same to take place in about 4 weeks from this date.

— The dramatic entertainments which, in years past, the Celtic Association have treated the public to have been highly meritorious and exceedingly popular. Selection of plays by them has always been characterized by good judgment and taste, and have never failed to give the best of satisfaction to the large audiences present at each. On Wednesday evening, June 6, the Celtics are to present in Lyceum Hall "A Celebrated Case" in which the best dramatic talent procurable will appear. The drama is a good one, full of incident and point, and will be presented in fine style.

— Conductor "Dick" Carton, one of the oldest in years of service on the Boston & Lowell and Boston & Maine Railroads, as popular as venerable, informs us that three locomotive engineers of the Boston & Maine Company, all well known here, have died within the last 10 days, the latest being Engineer King, a special friend of the late "Wat" Brown, of Nashua, N. H. He had run a locomotive on the road out of Nashua continuously for 50 years, but died suddenly a few days ago from the effects of a shock received some months since. Thus are the old railroad men passing away.

For Your Protection

we place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.

We'll send you a sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street New York

— The rear axle on one of Jordan Marsh & Co.'s auto vans broke on lower Main street last Wednesday morning.

— A. E. Myer, Woburn Division Supt. of the B. & N. St. R'y Co., is well satisfied with the settlement of wages and hours by the Co. and employees.

— The following kind and appreciative notice of the death of Mr. Erskine Ames was published in the Calendar of the First Congregational church for the week beginning May 20: "Another of our older members has passed into the heavenly home, Mr. Erskine Ames, whose long illness has deprived us of his presence at the services during recent years. He was of the seventh generation of the family resident in Woburn, a family whose name and influence abide in the history of the church. Erskine Ames was quiet, studious, devoted to home and religion, a man of deep convictions and sterling character, whose memory is blessed."

— According to the reply made by the Legislative Committee to Mayor Linscott, Representative Riley and citizens Woburn is to have no boulevard this season, the main reason given for turning us down being that all funds for boulevard building has already been distributed and there was none left for this place. If it were not for the annual taxes this city has to pay for the privilege of being in the Metropolitan Park District, with nothing to show for them, we could get along very comfortably without a boulevard for a few years; indeed the money necessary for one could better be expended on the streets to make them passable. Woburn is not really suffering for a boulevard.

— It is expected that Rev. Dr. Williams's Memorial Day address, to be delivered in Lyceum Hall at 3 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon before the G. A. R. Posts, S. of V., Military, and public, will be largely attended. His theme is to be "Lincoln," one that teems with interest for every patriotic American, that never grows old, but is always fresh, entertaining, and instructive, and one that Dr. Williams may be depended on to do ample justice to. The address, or lecture, has been given and highly approved of on several public occasions, and those who hear it on next Memorial Day here will have reason to congratulate themselves on the privilege of so doing.

— An erroneous impression prevails as to the disposition of the $242 50 net profits of the Floating Hospital May Party given by the ladies of this city on May 4, and this item is printed to correct it. Some people have thought that the profits were to be divided between the Floating Hospital and the Dorothea Dix Hall Association, which was not the case—the whole amount was for the Floating Hospital alone. The children who took part in the fine entertainment from Dorothea Dix Hall were engaged and paid for their services as in ordinary cases, and the Association had no pecuniary interest in the Party except to receive the money due for the work of the juvenile artists furnished for it from the Hall.

— The organ recital given by Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist at the Unitarian church, last Tuesday evening at that house of worship, attracted a fine audience both in numbers and ability to appreciate good music. It was a veritable treat. Having a natural bent for the "concord of sweet sounds," a pupil of the best masters in Boston and Germany, Mr. Lewis is unquestionably one of the most thoroughly cultured organists in New England, and has a smooth road before him for high honors in the profession. The organ programme for the recital consisted wholly of classical selections from the works of distinguished composers; while the soprano solos, three in number, by Miss Helen Wetmore, were artistically rendered, and produced a fine effect. Gunnar Ekman, the violinist, carried his parts through splendidly.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson of No. 12 Court street, this city, reached the age of 83 years last Tuesday, May 22, in sound health and the best of spirits. He is a remarkable man. He is as straight as a Norway pine, has an elastic and vigorous step, mounts Church avenue hill, which is steep and long, as sprightly as a boy, and his age would be set by good judges as under 70 years. Mr. Thompson is a native of Woburn, has always made his home here, and never absented himself from it, except during three years he did good soldier's service in the Civil War. He has led an active, industrious, useful life, the fruits of which enable him to spend his declining years in peace and plenty. A consistent Christian, conscientiously honest, possessing high moral ideas, and living uprightly, his influence has always been for the moral welfare of the people of his native town.

— Judge E. F. Johnson of the Fourth District Court, and wife have returned from a 6 weeks' trip to California, Colorado, etc., which they enjoyed very much. There was pleasure in their travels, nevertheless, the Judge says he is glad to get back to Woburn.

— Rev. William S. Barnes of Montreal, so well and favorably known in Woburn as the former pastor of the First Unitarian Parish for many years, spent about an hour here last Wednesday afternoon. Judge Johnson whisked him about the city in his automobile, and Mr. Barnes regretted that the limited time at his disposal did not allow him to call on his old friends, to all of whom he wished to be remembered.

— Just before retiring to bed last Monday evening, Mrs. Patrick Joyce of 76 Fowle street heard a cracking in the wall behind the kitchen stove, and thought it was rats, but as it increased she became alarmed, and looking behind the stove discovered flames. She notified her husband and he ran to the Hose 5 house but it was closed. He then notified Chief Littlefield who telephoned Hose 1. They were soon on the scene with their chemicals. It seems funny that Hose 5 should be closed up at 9.15 p. m.

— A lecture on Christian Science by Judge Septimus J. Hanna, C. S. D., of Colorado Springs, for many years in Boston, will be given in Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, May 28, 1906, at 8 o'clock. Judge Hanna gave up a lucrative legal career and position on the judicial bench to devote his life to Christian Science. It is worthy of note that within thirty years this denomination has grown so that it is now erecting a two million dollar church edifice in Boston, the Mother Church now having a membership of over thirty thousand. There are also over nine hundred branch churches in various parts of the world. Ex-Mayor William F. Davis, who introduced on a former occasion Judge Ewing of Chicago, has consented to introduce Judge Hanna. Admission is free, without ticket, and the public is cordially invited to listen to some truths about Christian Science by an authorized exponent.

— The following members of the Woburn Woman's Club attended the annual meeting of the Massachusetts, Federation of Women's Clubs at Melrose last week: Madams Carrie M. DeLoriea, H. Josephine Hayward, Sybil Shaw Trull, Alice Bond Winn, Mary A. Leeds, Mary F. M. Partridge, Mabel T. Buck, Katherine G. Richards, L. Edna Foss, and the JOURNAL's reporter, Miss Marian T. Hosmer, and enjoyed a refreshing season. Glancing over the names of Federation officers elected at that meeting the question presented itself: Has it ever occurred to the minds of the Woburn Woman's Club that considerable politics is played in the Federation elections? Has a suspicion ever arose in the minds of the W. W. C. that possible combinations are prearranged by groups of Federation self-constituted leaders for the purpose of securing the elevation to office of favorites—members of their own set, who represent the "Codfish" order? These are mere hints, but they may serve to open the eyes of some members of the W. W. C.

— A reporter of a Boston paper said last Monday morning: "Another week and the major part of Middlesex Fells, one of the most beautiful recreation spots to the north of Boston, will be uninhabitable because of gypsy moths. * * Later the browntail moths will hatch, and then both browntail and gypsies will begin consuming the foliage." Sure! But where is the State Moth Overseer? Thought he was going to clear the country of the moth in about 2 shakes of a lambs narrative, or less. A quiet neighborhood in this city was surprised last week. Its inhabitants would have been willing to make oath in Court that there was not a moth, or moth nest, within gunshot of the locality. Great pains had been taken to destroy the nests and guard against a return of the destroyers this spring. Well, one afternoon last week, Mr. Yates, the boss painter, while clearing up a lawn there brushed off the fence and burned a full pint of the worms, and didn't get them all either by a long chalk! Exterminate the moths? "Tell it to the Marines." And, yet, city and State keep right on spending money for that purpose, and supporting a Super.

Fortunate Missourians.

"When I was a druggist, at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong to-day. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Surest Cough and Cold cure and Throat and Lung healer. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Should be Seen To.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, May 21, '06.

MR. HOBBS: I wish to call attention through your paper to the fact that the first of May, 1905, the body of John E. Philbrick, a Soldier, was buried in Woodbrook Cemetery in Lot 179, on Elm Path. The Superintendent knew he was buried there; also, Undertaker Tripp. On Memorial Day there was no notice taken of his grave, not even to place a Flag there, which would not have been much trouble as there is another Soldier's grave in the same lot, which has always been decorated.

Now, I think it is no more than right that he should have the same honors as other soldiers.

Yours truly,
MRS. S. M. NOURSE.
No. 152 Lowell St.

Deaths from Appendicitis.

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, Druggists. 25c. Try them.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

BOSTON LETTER.

Twelve o'Clock Bill a Law When Accepted by Boston.

KELIHER WILL RUN AGAIN.

Ninth District Congressman to Be Opposed by Mayor.

The agony over the 12 o'clock bill is at an end. The measure, which was based on the recommendation of Governor Guild, permitting the issuing of licenses to 29 hotels in Boston to sell liquor to their guests from 11 p. m. until midnight, has now passed both branches of the legislature and received the executive signature.

There has been a tremendous battle since the plan was originated for the passage of this bill. There was a strong demand for this legislation from the merchants and business men of Boston. It was felt by many that the existing law made Boston a provincial city, injured it in the eyes of the country, and worked against it in a business way also.

The first measure introduced provided for the licensing by the excise board of an unlimited number of hotels in Boston to sell from 11 p. m. until midnight. It also applied to all other cities in the state having a population of 45,000 or upwards. The referendum was attached to this measure and, consequently, it did not become a law with reference to any city until accepted by its voters. The cost of this license to hotels holding a hotel license was $500 in addition to the regular fee.

Original Bill Unsatisfactory

This measure was bitterly fought by the temperance people but finally passed both branches of the legislature and went to the governor. It did not meet his entire approval, owing to the fact that the number of hotels which might receive this license was not limited, and he also felt that there was no demand for it outside of this city. After discussing the measure with some of the legislators, the senate recalled the bill and an effort was made to reconsider its enactment. It required unanimous consent to do this, and it was not possible to secure it. Consequently, the senate held the bill and the governor sent in a message recommending the passage of such a measure as he could approve. This message was referred to the committee on liquor law, which speedily reported a bill, and this bill is the one which has passed both branches of the legislature and just been signed by the governor. It is acceptable to the business interests of Boston and also to the temperance people of the commonwealth represented at the state house.

In fact the temperance people have formally expressed their thanks to the governor for his action in the matter, as the measure which he sidetracked in the senate was particularly obnoxious to them.

Business Methods Best

It appears that business methods rather than hysteria are adaptable even to dealing with the victims of misfortune. When the news of the San Francisco horror reached Boston there was instant sympathy manifested with the sufferers in a material way by the contribution of cash and supplies for immediate necessities.

Lieutenant Governor Draper was one of the leading men on the relief committee and Mayor Fitzgerald was another. Mr. Draper is a conservative business man and believes that business should be done in a business way. The volatile mayor is not built on that plan. An idea comes to him, and he hurries to carry it out without stopping to reason out the whys and wherefores or the advisability thereof.

During the first days after the San Francisco quake there were loud and insistent calls for blankets for the homeless people of the Golden Gate. Great quantities of blankets were forwarded from Boston by the relief committee. One night, some time after, there were rumors that still more blankets were needed. Mayor Fitzgerald called up Mr. Draper by telephone and informed him of the report, advocating the immediate purchase of another large lot of blankets to be shipped that night. Mr. Draper thought the matter could be safely left until the committee met the following morning, as his information was to the effect that San Francisco had an abundant supply of blankets.

Not satisfied with this reply, the mayor rushed around and saw a majority of the members of the executive committee, got their consent to the purchase and forwarding of another instalment of blankets, and had them on the way to their destination before morning. At the meeting of the committee on the following morning Mr. Draper and several other members of the committee objected to this method of doing business, but of course, it was too late to do anything but enter a protest.

The mayor was lauded to the skies for his lightning methods, and Mr. Draper was, by some of the newspapers, put in the false position of trying to hamper the work of relief.

Not very long after news was received from San Francisco that the blanket market was heavily overstocked out there, and that about half of those on hand were to be returned. Since then there has been a general recognition of the value of common sense in every department of business.

The Supersensitive Mayor

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston seems to be very sensitive to newspaper criticism. Some time ago a Boston newspaper published the fact that it had cost $3572 to paint six rooms in city hall, including the mayor's two offices. The cost for painting the mayor's inner office was $1159. The newspaper in question called attention to the fact that it cost, at the state house, to paint the governor's private office, $197, the two rooms being of nearly the same dimensions.

This and other criticism evidently stirred up the mayor quite seriously, and in his weekly newspaper he has made a personal attack upon that city hall reporter and the daily newspaper in question. This reporter has been covering city hall for nearly a decade, and probably has a better knowledge of what is going on within its walls than any other man in it, regardless of whether he is a city official or a visitor. His articles on the conduct of affairs in the hall have been acknowledged to be accurate and pungent. The accuracy of his aim and the truth of his statements seem to be corroborated by the fact that they have touched a tender spot.

We Made
Fine Bread
Back in 1875

We are making absolutely the finest bread to be bought in 1906.
Insist that your grocer furnish you with Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

For a man who is so free to criticise others, the mayor shows an extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism that is hardly compatible with his position.

There is likely to be an extremely interesting fight in the Ninth congressional district this fall. This is a solidly Democratic district. Congressman John A. Keliher is a candidate for renomination, and Mayor Fitzgerald is sworn to defeat him. The mayor insists that Mr. Keliher is not a Democrat and insinuates that he was friendly last fall to the candidacy of former Speaker Louis A. Frothingham for mayor.

The opposition of Mr. Fitzgerald to the renomination of Mr. Keliher will cut both ways. There are several thousand Democrats in Boston who were led to believe last fall that if Mr. Fitzgerald were elected they would be taken care of on the city payrolls. Every disappointed office-seeker will get out and hustle for Mr. Keliher, and it is a question if the opposition of the mayor will not be a decided benefit to the candidacy of the congressman.

Governor Guild Helped Kill It

There has been quite a lively time for the last few days over the attempt in congress to pass a bill providing that the chains, anchors and some other naval supplies, now made in this navy yard, should hereafter be manufactured by private contractors.

The measure has been killed in congress, but before that was accomplished Governor Guild had communicated with Senators Lodge and Crane and the members of the Massachusetts delegation in congress, asking them all to register the most emphatic protest against this change, as it would deprive a large number of mechanics of employment.

The governor has received a delegation of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers, who thanked him heartily for his efforts against the bill, and at their request he forwarded to our senators in Washington resolutions passed by the brotherhood, calling on them to aid in defeating this measure.

The employes of the navy yard who would have been affected are now very happy over the result and very grateful to the governor for his efforts.

The Massachusetts house is just now investigating the charges of bribery made against it in connection with the defeat of the bucket shop bill. The committee on rules has entered upon this work, and may cut out District Attorney Moran, who started to bring the matter to the attention of the grand jury, and then dropped the matter for a month. The hearings before the rules committee are private, and so far but little has been developed.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

During the final week of the dramatic season at the Castle Square Theatre, Dion Boucicault's sporting comedy "The Jilt," will be revived for the first time in seven years. It is Boucicault's aim in this play to show in dramatic and striking fashion the deep rooted British craze for racing and the race-track, and he has made this idea into a powerful plot that is filled with emotion and humor. Every character in the play lives in a high fever of excitement until the race has been run and won by Phyllis. "The Jilt" is the work of Boucicault's riper years, and it has in it all the qualities of genius that made "The Shaughraun," "The Colleen Bawn," and "London Assurance" so deservedly popular. Opportunity will be offered to subscribers to retain their regular seats during the fall and winter season, which begins on Monday, Sept. 3rd. All subscribers are entitled to the seats they now occupy whether held during the summer opera season or not, and blank cards will be furnished whereon application may be registered.

Where is the New Playground?

Lovers of baseball are anxious to hear something in regard to the new playground, which is beginning to look like the new High School business of "wait and have patience," and it is hoped the city officials will do something right away; if not, the argument goes on about the use of Forest Park. The City Council, a short while ago, authorized Surveyor Jones to look up the cost of fixing the land in the rear of the Public Library and report to them at the next meeting, which he did; but nothing has been done since.

There is no reason why this city should not have a good play-ground when all other cities and towns in the State have, for land is plentiful and is not extra high. There is a good lot on Salem street, one on Hudson street, another on Main street opposite Hudson, and the land in the rear of the Library which has all the accommodations needed, it being near the centre and close to the electric and steam cars.

Let us hope that something will be done in regard to this matter immediately.—X.

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. John M. Wilson, of Lexington.
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching b the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service by the Young Woman's Missionary Society.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday after Ascension.
At 10.30 A. M., Memorial Service for the G.A.R.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Memorial Day Sermon for the public. Special music.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the only Cause and Creator."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 18, Sarah W. Cummings, aged 82 years, 8 months, days.
In this city, May 18, Phœbe A. Cash, aged 48 years, 6 months, 2 days.
In this city, May 20, Maria Locup, aged 68 years.
In this city, May 23, Estella M. Haynes, aged 55 years, 2 months, 13 days.

Stella M. Haynes.

This estimable lady, daughter of Mr. Amariah V. Haynes, died at her home and that of her father, No. 64 Pleasant street, this city, on Wednesday afternoon, May 23, 1906, of cerebro spinal meningitis, after a brief illness. Her death was a severe shock to this community, where she was widely known and highly esteemed.

Miss Haynes was born at West Brookfield, Mass., on March 10, 1851, and came to Woburn with her parents many years ago. She taught school at East Woburn, subsequently at Newtonville and Worcester, and was popular and successful in that profession.

Of late years Miss Haynes had been at the head of the Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, in which she exhibited rare ability. She gave frequent recitals in the best halls in Boston and elsewhere, and by her work and amiable deportment made a host of warm friends, by whom her passing away will be deeply lamented.

Trinity Church Notes.

I am anxious that all men in Woburn, or nearby, who served in the Army or Navy of the United States in the War with Spain, or immediately after in the Philippines, attend church with the Grand Army Veterans on Sunday morning next at 10.30 o'clock, at Trinity church where seats will be reserved for them. As there is no local veteran organization I take this way of reaching them.—FREDERICK W. BEEKMAN, Rector.

At the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Union of the North Suburban District held last evening at St. John's church Arlington, the following officers were re-elected: President, Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Woburn; Vice-President, Miss Maud V. Howard, Wakefield; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. William E. Battles, Everett.

Posts 33 and 161 G. A. R., the Womens' Auxiliaries to both Posts, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Veterans, Co. G, 5th M. V. M., and the Spanish War Veterans, will attend service on Memorial Day Sunday, May 27, at Trinity church by invitation of the Rector, Rev. Frederick W. Beekman who served through the War with Spain, as a Captain of Cavalry.

"Sparks."

Advertising is the key to business success.

"Eternal vigilance" is the price of no-license.

It's a singular fact that the liquor dealer is always a politician.

Why not organize a society in Woburn for the construction of good roads?

One good way to help along your native town is to spend your money in it.

Husbands and wives ought to arrange dates so that only one of them would be mad at the same time.

Chainless bicycles are now the all-absorbing topic. Chainless dogs have been known for a long time in Woburn.

The young man who wishes to get up with the sun should not stay up later than ten o'clock with the daughter.

"The debt a town owes a live and loyal paper is seldom acknowledged, and never paid in full." And it is too true.

Our temperance workers must not relax their efforts against the city's worst foe—the liquor traffic. The saloon is as aggressive, as defiant, and as destructive as ever.

The "muck-rake" may be all right, but an iron rake rightly applied to some of our streets would be the proper caper, and would be greatly appreciated by owners of cycles, auto and nice carriages.

A New York minister recently declared that "money is the devil." That's just what we've always contended, and the man who runs a newspaper nowadays is kept pretty busy to raise the "devil" enough to pay his bills.

Some Woburn papers seem determined to keep the people posted on the happenings of the day whether they happen or not.—C. B. L.

College Ices

better than ever. Each customer receives a separate cake, smothered in choicest fruits, of the

HARDEST ICE CREAM

The *reputation* of our

Soda — Coldest — Best

Only place in town dispensing

SWEET'S ROOT BEER

FROM THE KEG

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass, Feb. 15, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by John McDonough, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated October 15th, 1885, and recorded with Middlesex South District deeds Book 1724, Page 98, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on,

SATURDAY, June 9th, 1906,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Winn street, there measuring forty-two and one-half feet; northerly by land of Hannah Banks; easterly by a ditch at land formerly of Joshua E. Littlefield; southerly by land now or formerly of Eli Cooper.

The sale will be made subject to taxes for the year 1906, and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., May 11th, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Walter Widgery, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily L. Widgery and Charlie A. Jones, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neil C. Olsen, otherwise called Niels C. Olson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated February 25, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1959, Page 410, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, June 5, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots three hundred and seventy-one (371), three hundred and seventy-two (372), three hundred and seventy-three (373), three hundred seventy-four (374), and three hundred seventy-five (375), on Felton street, as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, owned by the Montvale Land Company, (said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan —. Said lots measure thirty-five (35) feet in width, by seventy (70) feet in depth, and contain two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet, excepting lot numbered three hundred and seventy-five (375), which is irregular in shape and contains 2450 square feet, more or less, to the canal property line.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1905 and 1906, and to other municipal liens if any; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ELLA M. HAZELTINE AND SARAH H. RICE,
Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, May 11, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to Timothy Fitzpatrick dated December 15, A. D., 1882, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 1618, Page 417, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the sixteenth day of June, A. D., 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Main street with Carter street, so-called; from thence the line runs northerly on and by the easterly side line of said Main street about sixty-four and one-half (64½) feet to land now, or formerly, of Heirs of Leonard Thompson; thence easterly by land last named about one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the middle of a brook at land of John G. Richardson; thence southerly along the middle of said brook about sixty-four feet and ten inches to said Carter street; thence westerly in and by said Carter street about one hundred and thirty-eight (138) feet to the point of beginning.

For title of said James F. McKenna see deed of John G. Richardson to him dated August 2nd, 1882. The above premises are conveyed subject to a right of way four (4) feet wide on the southerly side thereof to be used by the public and become a part of said Carter street.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

TIMOTHY FITZPATRICK, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., May 22, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, praying for a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musilino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larson, to some point near the residence of Andrew Larson, it was adjudged that said new highway is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the twenty-second day of June, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

RALPH W. SMITH, Asst. Clerk.
May 5th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

BUTTER
— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

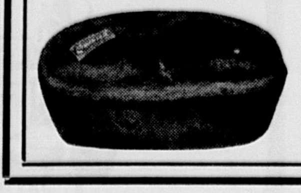
Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

If You Are Satisfied

with the bread you are eating daily, you won't be after trying CREAMALT.

No matter how good your bread is, CREAMALT is better, richer and more nutritious. Suppose you try it to-day.

Fresh daily at all grocers.



The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON

Public Auction, Wednesday, May 30, '06

Beginning at 10 A. M., will be sold to the highest bidder.

No. 1. House, 42 Vernon street, 8 rooms and bath, all modern improvements, about 5,500 feet of land, will be sold sharp at 10 o'clock.

No. 2. House and Stable corner of Green street and Garfield Avenue, known as the Cyrus Cummings estate; all improvements; about 12,000 feet of land. Sale at 10.30.

No. 3. 24 and 26 Lawrence street, 2-family House in flats. All improvements, about 9,000 feet of land. Sold sharp at 11 o'clock. Particulars of G. A. McCORMACK, 15 State street, Boston, or C. E. Smith, 439 Main street, Woburn.

The Dictate of Fashion

regarding perfumes is that they must be at once sweet and delicate. We know of none that comes up to this standard so well as THELMA. It is peculiarly a gentle-woman's perfume and is especially pleasing to people who know what really fine perfume is. Ask to see it the next time you are in our store.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

GO TO **BASS POINT**
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, praying for the alteration and relocation of Burlington Avenue in said town, from the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge to the Burlington line, it was adjudged that said alteration and relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, on the fifteenth day of June, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Asst. Clerk.
April 27th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

For Sale

Three houses, new or in good repair, five minutes walk from Common and on or near line of electric cars. Also, several finely located building lots, one with room for 500 hens and buildings. Terms very liberal. GEO. E. BROWN, 8 Prospect street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

At 7 o'clock Sunday evening, May 27, the following programme will be carried out under the auspices of the Young Woman's Missionary Society of this church:

Organ Voluntary.
Hymn.
Scripture.
Prayer.
Anthem. Let the Nations be Glad and Sing. Chorus.
Address. Rev. Dillon Bronson, D. D., St. Marks, Brookline.
Offertory.
Duet. Seek Ye the Lord. Miss Jessie Rollins, Miss Eva Langill.
Hymn.
Benediction.
Postlude.

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for Biliousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful Tonic. At McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. 50 cents.

Memorial Day Program, 1906.

MORNING.

Members of the G. A. R. will assemble at their respective Headquarters at eight o'clock, A. M., in uniform so far as possible. Line will be formed at 8.30 sharp, on the westerly side of Pleasant street with right resting near the B. & M. R. R. in the following order: National Band, Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Charles Bowers Winn Camp Sons of Veterans, Post 33 and 161. The column will move to the Monument on the Common where the customary services will be held. The column will then march by way of Main and Salem streets to Woodbrook Cemetery where, after the ritual services are held, the graves of our deceased comrades will be appropriately decked with flags and flowers. At the completion of the exercises in Woodbrook Cemetery the column will proceed, by cars and carriages, to Calvary Cemetery at Montvale, where the services and duties performed at Woodbrook Cemetery will be repeated. The command will then return by the same conveyances to the corner of Salem street and Wade avenue when it will reform and march to the point from which it started in the morning, where it will be informally dismissed.

AFTERNOON.

Posts will assemble at their respective Headquarters at 2 o'clock and, at 2.15 march to Lyceum Hall where the following exercises will be held:

Reading of Orders by Adjutant W. P. Warren.
Invocation by Chaplain A. R. Linscott.
Music by Woburn High School, "God of Our Fathers."
Address by Commander Thomas Moore of Post 33.
Reading of President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
Music by Quartette from High School, "Honor to the nation's dead."
Address by Rev. Dr. H. B Williams.
Music by Woburn High School, "The Old Guard."
"Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Jennie Trecartin.

In the last number Miss Trecartin will be decked with our national colors. On entering the hall each person will be presented with a flag to be used in the closing number. The audience and High school will join in singing the chorus of the third stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner" which may be repeated.

At the conclusion a flash-light picture of the scene will be taken.

If the effort of the artist is successful copies of the picture may be obtained, later, at the store of Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher.

THOMAS MOORE,
Commander of Post 33.
JOSEPH W. FIELD,
Commander of Post 161.

WINCHESTER.

Unlicensed dogs must now come to grief. The authorities have got their backs up and something is going to be did. Get your pets licensed, collared, and then take him out back of the barn and shoot him.

Great complaint is made against the quality of the water that is furnished this people by the powers that be. If the complainants are to be believed something ought to be done at once to remedy the alleged evil.

On account of ill health Walter T. Berry has resigned the office of Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of this town. He has been a faithful worker and done much for the advancement of the Association. He proposes to rest awhile.

The Winchester Handicraft Society are to hold an exhibition of work by craftsmen here and elsewhere to open on Monday, June 4, and continue through the week. A lively interest in the Society is felt by all classes of our people.

In announcing the death of S C Small last week I said his name was Samuel, whereas it was Sylvanus Cobb Small. He was a native of Bowdoinham, Maine, and nearly 67 years old. He served during the Civil War in the Second Maine Cavalry.

Enemies of the Gypsy Moth et al have returned to "tanglefoot" as a weapon with which to fight him. By the way, I see and hear so much about the virtues of "tanglefoot" that the question arises in my mind whether, or not, somebody isn't booming that article for a fat commission from the retailers of it. Such a thing is possible; aye, probable; else, why such frequent high sounding praises of it?

The following are the new officers of the Fortnightly Club: President, Mrs Minnie C. Ely; First Vice President, Mrs. Carrie F. Wheeler; Second Vice President, Mrs. Emily C. Dorsey; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary F Woods; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs Eugenie E Young; Treasurer, Mrs Ellen A. Smalley; Directors for two years, Mrs. S. Emma Cole, Mrs. S H. Taylor, Mrs. Edith H. Sache.

The Magic of a Mirror.

A ward patient in Roosevelt hospital, New York, grew gradually weaker without any apparent reason. "She's fretting herself to death about something," said the nurse. "If she would confide in me I think she would get better." By and by the patient did open her mind and heart. "If I could only see myself," she wailed, "I'd feel different. I know I must look like death or you'd let me have a looking glass." It was against the rules to supply patients in that ward with mirrors, but the nurse, recognizing the gravity of that particular case, smuggled in a small hand glass. The result was miraculous. "Why, dear me," said the sick woman, "I don't look half so bad as I supposed I did." And from that hour she began to improve.

Burned at the Stake.

As late as the end of the eighteenth century counterfeiters were publicly burned at the stake in London. On March 18, 1789, Christianie Murphy was executed at Newgate tower, London, for the crime of "coining." She was bound to the stake seated on a stool, the main tie being a cord around the neck. The funeral pyre was then lighted by the executioner and his deputies, one of the latter of whom finally jerked the stool from under the wretched creature, allowing the weight to fall on her neck. Within forty-eight minutes the body was entirely reduced to ashes and buried in a hole on the spot where the execution took place.

Their Absence Explained.

During an acrimonious debate in the house shortly before the civil war Mr. Potter of Wisconsin made some very sharp strictures on Mr. Pryor of Virginia. The result was a challenge from Pryor to fight a duel, which Potter promptly accepted, naming as terms bowie knives at five paces, terms which he well knew Pryor would not dare to accept, as he was a small man while Potter was a large, powerful man and familiar with the use of the bowie knife. Pryor declined on the ground that the proposed terms were beneath the dignity of a gentleman to accept, and so the matter ended. But on the day following the challenge, while the result was still unknown, both Potter and Pryor were absent during roll call, and when Potter's name was called a Quaker member rose and in mild voice said, "Mr. Speaker, I am informed that the gentleman from Wisconsin had a Prior engagement." And when Pryor's name was called a moment later he rose again, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hear that the gentleman from Virginia has gone to be as clay in the hands of the Potter."

Double Thinking.

Professor Jastrow, writing in the Popular Science Monthly of the causes of certain lapses of speech, recalls the singular power that Sir Walter Scott, among others, possessed of conducting two trains of thought at the same time. When highly developed this power enables its possessor subconsciously to find words expressing a thought already formed while at the same time shaping the next thought period in conscious preparation. An instance is given by Scott's amanuensis, who relates that while dictating the novelist would sometimes search through a book, finding and reading a passage, and thus keeping two trains of thoughts going simultaneously. The amanuensis discovered the fact that Scott was doing double work in his brain through the occasional occurrence in the dictation of a word which did not fit in the sentence, but four or five lines farther on the place where the word belonged would turn up.

Candlelight.

Hall, candlelight, without disparagement to the sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three, if we may not style thee radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon! We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep by candlelight. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal if we would catch the flame, the odor. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's "Morning Hymn In Paradise," we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even now a loftier speculation than we have attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. "Betty, bring the candles."—Charles Lamb.

Athletic Feats on the Moon.

Did you ever get to thinking that you would enjoy a sudden translation from the earth to the moon? If you have, did you ever figure on the wonderful feats of muscular strength with which you could astonish our luminary neighbors, providing gravitation would have no more effect accordingly there than here? Let us figure: The moon only weighs one-eightieth part as much as the earth. Gravitation must therefore be correspondingly less. If therefore a man weighed 140 pounds on this earth he would weigh but a fraction over twenty pounds according to the scales used on the moon. If, however, his muscles and frame remained the same as they were before being transferred to our silvery sister world he could "astonish the natives" with his astounding athletic and muscular feats. He would be able to shoulder an elephant of the regulation size and to yank a small mountain out by the roots. The buoyancy of his body would be so great that athletic feats would be easily accomplished. He could run a mile in something less than two seconds or could by a single bound leap over a wall twenty-four feet high without greater exertion than would be required here in clearing one only two feet in height.

No gentleman ever finds it necessary to proclaim his character in the assertion that he is a gentleman.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Let the Children Play.

It is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes that they are conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon. The vigor and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by gluttony and lesson bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age, and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood.—Huxley.

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How Dolphins Play.

The waters of the gulf of California teem with other wealth than pearls. Here are fish of every description. The tuna is abundant, and the gamy Spanish mackerel is everywhere. The dolphin seems monarch of all the gulf. In the vicinity of the great island of Carmen they are encountered by the thousand. One school, comprising many hundreds, were encountered by the steamer on which the writer was a passenger a short distance from the beautiful bay of Escondido. They were a half mile distant when they observed us going in the opposite direction. Suddenly the leaders, in a clearly evinced spirit of rollicking sea dog fun, turned every one of them and gave chase to the steamer. It was perfectly evident they enjoyed the performance as much as the spectators. For a little while the noise was deafening, as if a thousand gamins of the streets had been turned loose in a go-as-you-please bathhouse. Then, having proved their ability to catch up with the steamer, they as suddenly veered and sped southward.—Sunset Magazine.

An Elder Brother.

In a case in the orphans' court of an eastern city one of the principal witnesses was asked if he had any brothers or sisters.

"I had a brother," he replied, "but he died 150 years ago."

"What? A hundred and fifty years ago?" echoed the judge, with an implied rebuke for a possible jest.

"Yes. I am telling you the truth. My father was married at nineteen years of age. Within the year a son was born to him, who shortly afterward died. Becoming a widower before he was thirty, my father married again at the age of seventy-five. I was born next year. I am at present ninety-four years old. If you will make the necessary calculation by adding my age, ninety-four, to the number fifty-six, which is the difference between seventy-five and nineteen, the ages of my father at the time of his respective marriages, the result will be exactly 150. So it is just a century and a half since my brother died."

Rogers as a Story Teller.

Charles Dickens used to describe the way in which Samuel Rogers, the poet, told dinner table stories when grown old and feeble. A manservant stood behind Rogers' chair and at appropriate intervals would thus admonish his master: "Tell Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Curzon." The old poet would start in a slow chant: "The Hon. Charles Townshend became enamored of Miss Curzon. She was bee-yewtiful. He be-ribed her maid to conceal him in her chee-amber and when she arrived to dress for a ball emerged from his hiding place. She looked at him fixedly, then said, 'Why don't you begin?' She took him for the 'air dresser."

Two Ways of Putting It.

Two groups of persons were seated in a railway station, according to Lippincott's Magazine. One consisted of a fashionably attired pair, the other of a pair who looked as if they were from the country. They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cransford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got a purty hide?"

The Fork.

It is about 1,900 years ago since the fork made its appearance in Europe. In 99 A. D. a son of the doge Pietro Orsolo had wedded in Venice the Brizantine Princess Argila, who produced at the wedding breakfast a silver fork and gold spoon. Then the high Venetion families followed suit, and these martyrs to fashion pricked their lips with the new instrument. The fork prospered, however, and spread over Italy. In 1379 it had traveled as far as France, and in 1608 a traveler brought it direct to England.

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CHUMS

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"The only feeling that ever lasts between a man and a woman is friendship. Make your friend your lover, you lose him when the flirtation has reached its climax, and the artistic ending is a final separation. Make your friend your husband, you are bound to him by a rope of fading illusions and inevitable discord—when 'Life has changed to doggerel, what love began, a tender rhyme.' Keep your friend your friend—no more, no less—he is yours forever."

Thus said Donald Randolph, twenty-four and didactic, to Helen Ward, nineteen and afflicted with world sorrow of her years.

On these tenets was their friendship established, and though in treacherous moments, months apart, it sometimes occurred to Helen to wonder how Donald's voice, unusually rhythmic of cadence, might sound in pronouncing words intentionally emotional, she always dismissed the thought as maudlin.

They had been friends—"chums," they called it in their warmer moments—for four years, when Lilia Gardner's wedding, with its demands for best man and maid of honor service, confronted them.

"If only Lilia had asked some other girl or Martin had asked some other man," said Helen uncomfortably, "I shouldn't in the least mind being maid of honor to Lance Folsom's best man, or Tom or even Dan Harris—but with you it's different. One has to flirt with the best man. It's part of the ceremony." She glanced across the moonlit space between them. "We're friends, and I won't flirt with you."

"Of course not," said Randolph with unnecessary firmness. "Are you going up tomorrow?"

"Evening train," she responded briefly.

"No need for me to wait over, is there?" he inquired. "I thought of going in the morning."

"How absurd," protested Helen. "Why should you wait? I'd much rather you didn't. It would look so significant."

"Very well, see you tomorrow then," he said, and left her with a handshake, cool and friendly.

She did not see him till 8 o'clock the next night, when, after a late train and a later dinner, she descended to the library in search of the other members of the bridal party. In a nook by an open window she found Lilia and Martin absorbed in certain arrangements for their departure the next day. With them was Randolph, and Helen fell at once into the discussion of evading the rice and old shoes by means of the side door and a hired vehicle.

Once the question was settled, however, the conversation languished, and at the interception of a third telepathic communication between the lovers Helen sprang up in desperation.

"It's too warm in here," she complained. "Let's go find the others, Donald."

"They went out there somewhere," Lilia suggested cordially.

"I dare say we can find them," said Helen with a smile.

She stepped through the window on to the wide porch and Randolph followed without delay.

"Now this is what I object to," she broke out, turning when they were out of hearing of the two inside, "one doesn't want an enforced tete-a-tete. Do you know where the others are?"

"Dancing in the schoolroom," said Randolph, without interest.

"Dancing," cried Helen. "That settles it. I simply cannot dance tonight. I'm tired to death. It's a good thing we're chums and don't have to talk, isn't it? I know I'm not at all interesting tonight." She sat down in a hammock swung behind her and motioned to a big wicker chair. "Smoke if you like and don't bother to talk unless you want to."

Randolph produced a stubby pipe from his coat pocket. When he had puffed a few moments in silence he crossed his legs and clasped his hands behind his head.

"You make a man adorably comfortable, Helen," he said slowly, then added more decisively: "You're the finest kind of a chum."

"Always a chum—always," she answered, with a queer difference of intonation in the repetition that Randolph interpreted as a warning.

"Martin got his passes today for the Frisco trip," he said hastily, in a businesslike tone.

"Did he? Then they go direct?"

"Not quite. Lilia wants to see Salt Lake City, and Martin knows a fellow who has a ranch in Colorado. They're going there for a week or ten days. Jove, that's a trip!"

"Isn't it? But I think the coming back will be almost as good. Have you seen the house? In town, you know, on Boliver street. I went over it this week with Lilia. It's almost perfect. Not too large, and yet large enough. A dear little reception hall-dining room in Flemish oak and tapestry paper; drawing room in dull light green. But the library! I think I could improve on the library." She clasped both hands about one knee and stopped swinging.

"What's it like?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Very good papering," said Helen earnestly, "dark red and stained floor, with some very good rugs. But the bookcases!"

"Separate, I suppose?"

"Yes, and they ought to be low, along the walls, all around in one wood, instead of which he has one mahogany, one cherry. You can imagine the disjointed effect. Then, instead of a big leather chair at the fireplace, there is a rocker." She broke off with a little sigh. "I can imagine how that library would look on a winter evening, with a wood fire and the light coming through those leaded window panes and the chair piled with cushions and the books one likes best to read"—

"Lilia has red hair," said Randolph thoughtfully, "and she wears pink gowns. She'd jar on the color scheme."

"Oh, Donald, you are nice," sighed Helen mirthfully. "You see what one thinks so well, and that's my idea of a friend," she concluded, with sudden fervor.

"A library like that would fit a woman with dark hair," said Randolph, his eyes on the dusky head beside him—"a woman who wore a pale yellow gown and had shadows in her eyes. She would be sitting there in the big chair with a book when a fellow came home in the evening, and she wouldn't talk to him if he was tired, and she'd let him smoke, and she'd play for him"—

"Would they have a piano in the library?" objected Helen nervously.

"A violin," said Randolph. "She'd play Chopin for him, as you play it, and Schumann"—

"Dear me," interrupted Helen lightly, "you're infected by the sentimental environments. Isn't it lucky we're chums, so that I understand your mood and don't repay it in kind?"

She walked to the railing and stood looking out across the shadowy lawn.

"What chums we've been, haven't we?" There was a pathetic note in her voice. "We've never spoiled it by flirting. Do you remember what you used to say—'Make your friend your lover and you lose him?' We'll never do that. 'Keep your friend your friend—he is yours forever.' It's true, quite true, isn't it?"

Helen groped desperately for the easy, commonplace tone he had taught her lest in losing it she lose him too.

"I think we've proved your theory, you and I—friendship is the only thing that lasts between a man and woman. Ours has lasted, will last"—

"Will not last," said Randolph miserably. "After this"—he drew her to him and kissed her—"I suppose I've lost you for good and all now," he said desperately, "but I love you. I couldn't pretend any longer. I've got to care more than a chum or not at all."

Helen leaned limply against his shoulder in the peace that follows a great strain.

"I thought you wanted to be friends," she said, with a pathetic little laugh, "so I pretended too. And now we've spoiled your theory, for it seems that friendship doesn't last either."

"No, thank the Lord," said Randolph fervently, "not for us."

Too Lazy to Live.

Tim Wooden was literally "too lazy to live," as the anecdotes of him told in an old "History of Milwaukee" go to prove. It may be that the doctors of today would pronounce him a victim of the insidious germ which works to uncontrollable languor, but the diagnosis of the good old times of Tim's career reads simply, "plumb laziness."

A party of Indians, knowing Tim's peculiarities, once captured him for fun and made him believe that they were going to burn him at the stake. They took him to some distance from the village, tied him to a tree and heaped wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee.

"What, walk twenty miles!" exclaimed Tim. "If you'll lend me a horse I'll agree to it."

One time when Tim was lumbering a loose log made a perilous descent down the side of the hill. The shouts of the other men warned him that the danger was coming his way, but rather than expend vital force in jumping he let the log strike him and break his leg.

Pulled the Court's Leg.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies:

"Pachua is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and, seizing the court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by petitioners of pulling the courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province on reading this sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from minds running in legal grooves.

A Cub.

Infant lions and bears are now generally spoken of as "cubs," but in former times the word "whelps" would have been used. Every edition of the English Bible from Wyclif's time to 1611 gives "whelp" for the young of the lion or bear. A "cub" meant originally in English only a young fox. But by Shakespeare's time it was possible to talk of the "young suckling cubs" of a she bear, and Waller even applied "cub" to a young whale, now known as a "calf." The origin of "cub" is not really known, though the conjecture connecting it with the old Irish "cuib," a dog, would make it akin to the Latin "canis" and English "hound."

A Useless Model.

An English manufacturer of pottery is the subject of a joke told in the Liverpool Post. While on a continental tour he purchased a Sevres vase for some hundreds of pounds and brought it home most carefully. Thinking that the foreman of his works might gather a hint from the design he called that gentleman in and showed him the treasure. "How do you like it?" he asked. The foreman took the vase in his hand, turned it over and returned it, with the brief reply, "I don't think I can learn much from it." "Why not?" asked the manufacturer. "I don't like telling you, sir." "Come. Out with it." "Well, I designed that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work and is worth £5 at the outside."

Will Row Till Judgment Day.

There is a shivery, shaky legend among the people who live along the Hudson river which is to the effect that that stream is the everlasting boating waters of a specter who is personified as Ramhout Van Dam. Away back in colonial times Ramhout and his friends were drinking until late at night. Finally this man Ramhout started for home, some distance up the river, in his boat, swearing that he would row the distance if it took "a month of Sundays." Ramhout never reached home, and the superstitious people say that he has been condemned to row till judgment day.

His Daughter.

A gentleman who was once stopped by an old man begging replied, "Don't you know, my man, that fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune."

The Unusual Way.

"Do the Blanks manage to keep up appearances since they lost the greater part of their fortune?"

"No. They don't bother about appearances. They just use what little money they have to make themselves comfortable."—Detroit Free Press.

The Truce of God.

One of the most curious of the many queer mediaeval customs was that known as "the truce of God." From what we have been able to learn of it the custom appears to have originated as an outgrowth of a desire to protect the common people to some extent at least against the lawless tyranny of the feudal lords of the middle ages. It was first decreed at a church synod which convened at Roussillon in the year 1027. By this decree it was provided that no man should attack his enemy between Saturday evening at nones and Monday morning at the hour of prime. About the year 1032 a similar compact was entered into between the church and the barons of England. The church forbade barons to make any attack upon each other between sunset on Wednesday night and sunrise on the following Monday or upon any feast or fast day. The same truce made provision that no man should be disturbed while laboring at his trade or while going to or from a place of worship.

Lost a Railroad.

"A champagne dinner once cost St. Joseph, Mo., the Union Pacific railroad," said an old railroad official. "The Union Pacific aid bill was up for consideration in congress in the early sixties. It fixed St. Joseph as the eastern terminus of the road. While the bill was under consideration a banquet was held at St. Joseph. It was attended by many of the leading men of the town. After they had filled up on champagne a question arose as to which flag should float from the city hall. The Confederate flag was finally decided on, and in the morning the stars and stripes were hauled down and the stars and bars hoisted. The news reached Washington that very day, while the Union Pacific bill was still under consideration. Senator Pomeroy moved that the name St. Joseph, Mo., be stricken from the bill and Omaha, Neb., be substituted. The amendment carried and St. Joseph thereby lost the Union Pacific."—Kansas City Journal.

A Shifting Landmark.

In the first years of navigation on western waters, says the author of "Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," pilots were forced to use all sorts of signals and marks to decide their courses. One had a custom of running a certain crossing if he came to it at night by the aid of a dog. The animal belonged to a family living in a house at the foot of the crossing directly in the course of the bend. Whenever a boat was coming this dog ran out to the bank, always in exactly the same place, which was in line with the channel, and barked his loudest. The pilot ran toward the sound of the barking with the utmost confidence. Unhappily the dog one night took a notion to change his stand and barked a little higher up. The next morning the boat was a hopeless wreck on a sand bar, into which the pilot had run at full speed.

Our Lead Pencils.

Many a boy is made happy these days by a present of half a dozen pencils with his name printed thereon in gold letters. Perhaps the name "lead pencil" will last through all time and eternity. The original pencil was really made of lead, and on the rough paper of the time made a clearly discernible mark. Germany led in its manufacture. Our earliest importations were much sought after, and none could be bought with other money than gold coin. A common "lead" pencil was almost worth its weight in gold, and a man who got a supply had to be well recommended. When a New York merchant advertised the arrival of a consignment of "lead pencils" the rush to buy was pellmell. This seems incredible to us young roosters, who can buy a dozen pencils today for 10 cents.—New York Press.

The Murderous Trout.

Of all creatures the angler is the least offender in the crime of killing. The very game he seeks, though beautiful and gentle to the eye and at times noble in deed and purpose, is the most brutal killer of all the races—the lovely trout in its attacks upon gaudy flies, the valiant bass and pike in devouring their smaller brethren and the multitudinous sea fishes not alone in their feeding upon one another, but in their wanton murder of the millions upon millions of victims of their pure love of slaughter.—Country Life In America.

The First Inquest.

The nearest approach to the holding of a judicial inquiry into the cause of death in England occurred as long ago as the year 1200, when, according to an old writer on the subject, "six and twenty venerable persons were summoned together to hear and consider the testimony of any who could speak with authority regarding the death of a digger in the fields named Martin Bolsover."

Food For the Dead.

Corn and bread are still offered by the pious Basques of the Pyrenees to the dear departed on their death anniversary. A traveler in Spain describes how at San Sebastian he has often seen some poor fisherman's daughter praying in a church for a dead relative "amid baskets full of fruit, loaves of bread and corn and kneeling upon the tomb of her ancestors."

Exact.

Bridegroom (who is receiving his bride's dowry)—Ten dollars is still wanting. Father-in-law—What? Oh, my daughter swallowed that $10 when she was a child.—Fliegende Blatter.

Essential Requirements.

"A man must know a great deal to be a good diplomat."

"Yes, and be able not to tell it."

Crusty.

The new stenographer's yellow hair glittered in the flood of sunlight that poured through the window of the office.

But old Duke, the bookkeeper, had no eyes for the girl's beauty. He lighted a cigar and set to work.

"Mr. Duke," said the stenographer.

"Huh?" the old man grunted.

"Look here," she said imperiously, "I am sorry, but smoking always makes me sick."

"Then," said Duke, without looking up, "don't ever smoke."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Irish Compliment.

An Irish gentleman said to an English officer, "Do you know Mr. X. of —?" The officer disclaimed having that pleasure. "Ah, he is a very nice fellow and a good friend of mine. But he has been dead these six years. An', shure, you're very like him!" The officer said he had been compared to a good many things in the course of his lifetime, but never before to a six-year-old corpse.—London Spectator.

IN A POISON FACTORY.

The Deadly Drugs Have a Fascination For the Workmen.

"Slip on this glass mask," said the foreman. "You will need it."

The visitor donned the uncanny mask of glass, and the foreman led the way to the cyanide of potassium department.

"We make 1,000 tons of cyanide a year," he said. "A dose of five grains is a fatal one. Thus our annual product is enough to kill 2,500,000 people."

He opened a door, and a room filled with writhing flames, dense shadows, sparks, smoke and weird figures in glass masks was revealed. In the center of the room, in a great caldron, 100 pounds of molten cyanide of potassium bubbled and seethed. The flames glinted strangely on the glass masks.

The foreman coughed.

"These fumes," he said, "are wholesome. The men, you see, are all robust. I have known weakly chaps, working here among these strange fumes, to pick up health and strength."

In another clean, cool room the finished cyanide was stored. It looked like crystallized white sugar, good enough to eat.

"Good enough to eat," said the foreman gravely. "Well, we have had men eat it. Four men committed suicide in that way.

"The fumes seem to create in our men a desire to taste the drug. They fight this desire, most of them, successfully, but they all feel it, the same as workers in coffee plants want to chew the coffee beans, and some feel it so strongly as to succumb."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OCEAN ROPES.

A Marine Plant That Grows a Stem Three Hundred Feet Long.

The largest marine plant and probably one of the highest plants known on this globe is a gigantic seaweed, the nereocystis, the stem of which has been found to grow as much as 300 feet long. It was first discovered not far from the Alaskan coast, but has since been found floating in various parts of the Pacific ocean along the American and Asiatic shores. This seaweed grows in a very curious manner. Large quantities of it are found at a little distance from shore and at depths not exceeding 300 feet. On loamy bottoms large thickets of this plant take root, and a stem of the thickness of ordinary cord grows upward. At its top there is a pear shaped balloon, which grows with the stem, and when it reaches the surface of the water it often measures six feet and more in length, with a diameter of four feet six inches. This balloon has, of course, an upward tendency and keeps the stem growing until it floats on the surface of the water. From the top of this balloon a large tuft of strong, thick, spadelike leaves grow out, which originally are not more than two feet long and which grow and split until from the balloon a roselike growth of from fifty to sixty-five feet in diameter covers the water. This gigantic weed grows in such quantities that near the shore large meadowlike islands are formed, which impede navigation. The natives of the Aleutian islands make manifold usage of this plant. From their strong dried stems they make ropes 250 feet and more long, while balloons of this weed furnish them with large vessels after they are dried, the smaller ones being used in their boats to bail out water. The long leaves, after being dried, are cut into narrow strips and used for wickerwork, the making of baskets and similar furniture.

LAPP WOLF HUNTERS.

Swift Runners on Snowshoes Make Short Work of the Brutes.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but, as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd. The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if so disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. When the snow is deep and soft and it is announced that wolf tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer the swiftest runners on snowshoes prepare for an exciting chase. The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed.

The wolf, though he may run fast, has but slight chance of escaping the short men who on snowshoes rush through the wood, dart down steep hills and jump from ledges several yards in height. Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong spiked snowshoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters arrive before giving the death stroke.

On Tipping the Hat.

New Yorkers still cling to the ancient custom of tipping their hats when greeting a male friend or acquaintance. It is a common sight to see a staid, prosperous looking business man as he passes an acquaintance tipping his hat, although the other is alone and unaccompanied by a woman. It is the same after a party has been together somewhere, at dinner, probably, or at the theater. You will notice that as one separates himself from the others he will say good night or au revoir and then tip his hat. Also when one man is introduced to another it is dollars to a subway ticket that he will lift his chapeau. Wonder why it is. They don't do it in Pittsburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Tendon Achilles.

Anatomists fancifully call the big tendon of the heel "tendon Achilles," after the Greek hero. The mythological story goes that his mother, Thetis, holding him by the heel, dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable. Put Paris inflicted a wound that proved fatal on the heel that had not been immersed.

A Dangerous Practice.

A.—Is dying the hair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?

B.—Certainly! You take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine dyed his hair, and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children.—Fliegende Blatter.

Overdid It.

"So sorry not to have heard your lecture last night," said the loquacious lady. "I know I missed a treat. Everybody says it was good."

"How did they find out?" asked Mr. Frockcoat. "The lecture, you know, was postponed."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IX, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 27.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 30-44. Memory Verse, 41—Golden Text, John vi, 32—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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When John was beheaded his disciples came and took up the body and buried it and went and told Jesus. (Matt. xiv, 12). It is to me a great comfort that we can only bury the body, never the person. John went right from prison to the presence of God, for absent from the body means present with the Lord. To die is gain (II Cor. v, 8; Phil. i, 21, 23), and the devil's wrath proved to be for John's very far better.

Our lesson today opens with the statement that the apostles, returning from their mission (Matt. x, 5-8), gathered together unto Jesus and told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught. This way of telling Jesus everything, all sorrows and all joys, all words and all deeds, is the secret of all true rest and happiness. He sent them forth; He received them back; He gave them the words and the works. How fitting that they should tell Him what His words and works had accomplished before their eyes. This ought to be our way always (Phil. iv, 6).

No leisure to eat, many coming and going, He feels for them and says, "Come away where there are no people and rest awhile." It was such a short rest, just a few hours alone with Him in the boat, and then again the crowds, who, seeing them depart, had run on foot faster than the boat and were waiting for Him when He landed. We are not told how the apostles felt about it, but, judging from what they said later, "Send them away" (verse 36), we may imagine that they thought it somewhat of an imposition and a trial that they could not have a few days' rest. Jesus, the good Shepherd, felt for the shepherdless multitude, was moved with compassion toward them, taught them, spake to them of the kingdom of God and healed them that had need of healing (verse 34; Luke ix, 11) We learn from John vi, 4, that it was Passover time, and perhaps the people were gathering for the journey to Jerusalem. He taught them until the day was far spent, and then, in reply to the apostles' request to send them away, He said, "Give ye them to eat." It has been said that this miracle, which is the only one recorded by the four evangelists, brings before us most suggestively the worldwide multitudes who have no bread of life, and to all believers who are so inclined to act on the "send them away" principle the Master is ever saying, "Give ye them to eat." Instead of considering Him and His power and His resources who gives the command, we are prone to do as Philip and Andrew did (John vi, 5-9) and consider what we might do if we had enough money or else look at what is within our reach and say, "It is no use to think of it; it cannot be done." We are so slow to learn the lesson of unshod feet which the Lord taught to Moses and Joshua (Ex. iii, 5; Josh. v, 15), seeking to impress upon them and upon us through them that the affair all through is His, not ours. All the power and all the resources are His, and He is able to see to all His work.

When He asked Philip on this occasion how they would feed this multitude, it was to prove Philip, for He Himself knew what He would do (John vi, 6), and if we are ever called upon to face seeming impossibilities let us remember that He is only proving us, for He always knows just what He will do and how and when, and it becomes us to dwell in peace with the King, for His work (I Chron. iv, 23). In Zech. iv we are taught neither to fear mountains nor to despise the day of small things, but to remember that the work of the Lord is not accomplished by might or power of man, but by the Spirit of the Lord (verses 6-10). The Lord could have fed these 5,000 as He fed Israel in the wilderness and just rained some manna of heaven upon them or caused it to be on the ground all about them. But He generally uses some human instrumentality, and now He takes what is at hand, and, as in the case of the widow's meal and oil at Sarepta or that other widow's pot of oil, He multiplies it. He says concerning the lad's loaves and fishes, "Bring them hither to me" (Matt. xiv, 18), as He said later concerning the boy the disciples could not heal, "Bring him hither to me" (Matt. xvii, 17). Himself, His hands, His power, this is all our need. Apart from Him we are nothing and can do nothing. With the loaves and fishes in His hands He looked up to heaven, acknowledging His Father who had sent Him, for He had said, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John v, 30). Then, blessing the food, He passed it to the multitudes by the disciples, and all were filled. How great must have been the surprise of Philip and Andrew and the others, and doubtless they felt that they did not know their Lord.

To know Him is to cease from ourselves and from our efforts and our wisdom and just yield to Him with unbounded confidence and let Him work, for He is the same Lord who wrought in Gen. i and ii and who wrought all the mighty works on behalf of Israel. In all times of difficulty or perplexity let us repeat from the heart Jer. xxxii, 17, and look to Him who has all power.

Some one has said that this was a great opportunity to give a great blessing, but it depended upon the single surrender of a single person. This particular miracle depended upon the unreserved surrender of this lad. Our Lord could have fed them by some other miracle, but this one needed all the bread and fish the boy had.

The Philosophy of Thunder.

Thunder is caused by the lightning spark heating the air in its path, causing sudden expansion and compression all around, followed by as sudden a rush of air into the partial vacuum thus produced. If the spark be straight and short the clap will be short and sharp; if its path be a long and crooked one a succession of sounds, one after the other, with a characteristic rattle, will be heard, followed by the echoes from other clouds. The echoes have a rolling and rumbling sound.

A Change.

Old Gentleman (pointing to lanky youth at his side in the tram car)—How much for this boy—half fare, I suppose? Conductor—Well, no. He looks as if he were kept on half fare at home, and needs a change. Full fare, please.—London Answers.

His Mistake.

Rupert—Why did you ask her to marry you? Harold—Well, I thought she was sensible, but hanged if she didn't accept me!

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Posy Rings.

When posies inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known. Time has covered that, as he does so many things, with the mosses of oblivion, but we know that from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These posies or mottoes are seldom to be found with more than two lines of verse and often with only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines are used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. In 1642 a small collection of rhymes was published with the title of "Love's Garland; or, Posies For Rings, Handkerchiefs and Gloves and Such Pretty Tokens That Lovers Send Their Loves." It contains some posies that are not to be met with elsewhere and is a very interesting work, though but few people seem to have heard of it. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of posy rings, and among them we find the following: "United hearts, death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care," "Love and live happily." There is a story to the effect that Dr. John Thomas, who was bishop of Lincoln in 1753, caused to be inscribed inside his fourth wife's wedding ring:

If I survive,
I'll make them five.

—London Graphic.

Salmagundi.

Halliwell in his "Dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms" describes salmongundy to be a mixture of apples, onions, veal or chicken and pickled herrings, minced fine and eaten with oil and vinegar; hence a nickname for a cook.

Halliwell-Phillipps' "Dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms" has: "Salmongundy—apples, onions, veal or chicken and pickled herrings, minced fine and eaten with oil and vinegar; hence a nickname for a cook." Cf. also Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." Bailey's "Dictionary" has "salmingondin."

Salmagundi, of course; made of pickled herring minced up raw with pepper, vinegar, etc. From "Sea Words and Sea Phrases Used Along the Suffolk Coast," by Edward Fitzgerald, communicated by him to the East Anglian News.—London Notes and Queries.

The Champion Parrot.

A woman in a London flathouse was accused of singing hymns to her parrots for the benefit of their souls. This recalls to the London Chronicle the most accomplished parrot in history. It belonged to Colonel Dennis O'Kelly and was famed for its whistling of the One Hundred and Fourth Psalm. When the colonel died in 1787 a large proportion of his obituary notice in the Gentleman's Magazine was devoted to this remarkable bird, which got another considerable notice of its own when it died fifteen years later in Half Moon street, Piccadilly. This parrot could also whistle "God Save the King" and "The Banks of the Dee" and would go back and correct itself if it got a note wrong. It could even answer questions, and its master was said to have refused 500 guineas a year to show it in public.

Chimneys.

Chimneys are modern—that is, chimneys with fireplaces and flues. None of the Roman ruins shows chimneys like ours. There are none in the restored buildings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Roman architects complained that their decorations were smoked up. A kitchen in Rome was always sooty. Braziers were used in the living rooms. The chimney of antiquity consisted of a hole in the roof. The wealthy Romans used carefully dried wood, which would burn in the room without soot. The modern chimney was first used in Europe in the fourteenth century. The oldest certain account of a chimney places it in Venice in 1347

Precisely Located.

"Where were the kings of England crowned?" was the question on an examination paper.

"On their heads," wrote a boy in the space left for the answer.

Her Claims to Patronage.

When Mrs. Lombard offered to recommend Miss Simpson to her friends as a dressmaker she was honest in her wish to help the little woman, but her efforts bore more evidence of honesty than of tact.

"I wish you would try Dora Simpson," she said earnestly to three of her friends who were calling upon her one day. "She's such a good little body and so unfortunate! Her old customers have dropped off one by one till there's scarcely a person in the neighborhood who employs her now.

"As I often say to my husband," continued Mrs. Lombard, with haste, as she saw signs of inquiry on the faces of her friends, "suppose she doesn't fit very well. That doesn't alter the fact that she has an invalid brother to support and that she tried everything else, from stenography to cooking, and only took up sewing as a last resort and just hates every stitch she takes and always has. Now, do try her, some of you. She's been with me for the last four days making a jacket for my Jim. Dora is just as patient about it as can be, though we've had it all to pieces three times."—Youth's Companion.

The First Man Dressmaker.

The first male celebrity who made his mark as a dressmaker was Rhomberg, the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. One day in the month of May, 1730, a beautiful equipage was seen driving about Paris with an escutcheon in the shape of a corset and an open pair of scissors in the middle painted on the panel of each door. That was Rhomberg's coat of arms, and it told its own tale. He was a genius in his way and owed his success chiefly to his skill in disguising slight deformities and bringing out the most attractive charms of his fair customers. He rapidly made a fortune and left his heirs an annual income of 50,000 francs. Under the first empire and the restoration Leroy supplied the dresses of the ladies of the court and the higher nobility from his splendid mansion in the Rue Richelieu. An effusive encomium was written upon him by Auger, a member of the academy.

Fulminate of Mercury.

A peculiarity of fulminate of mercury is that it produces a shock to which all other substances are sensitive, and its supreme value as an explosive rests in this fact and in the known liability of all explosives to be detonated by more or less distant explosions. There is a current of sympathetic influence in these terrible chemical compositions that is as strange as it is dangerous. What is required to produce explosion is the rapid generation of great heat along with large quantities of oxygen. In gunpowder, for instance, the nitrate of potash (saltpeter), which is the chief ingredient, is practically imprisoned oxygen, and when it is decomposed along with charcoal an immense heat is developed, which causes the gases to expand suddenly; hence explosion.

They Needed the Money.

A freight steamer once came into Mariopol, a port on the sea of Azov, which had among its cargo 100 pieces of machinery numbered "M." from 1 to 100. When the pieces were unloaded it was found that No. 87 was missing, but two pieces numbered 88 showed that there had been an error, the final tally being correct. But the custom officials did not take this view of the matter, the port being in need of funds, so they fined the ship 500 rubles for being short of cargo as per manifest—namely, No. 87—and 1,000 rubles for smuggling, having two pieces numbered 88 when the manifest called for but one.—Caroline Lockhart in Lippincott's Magazine.

Home Shy Wives.

The home shy wife is a peculiar product of the time. She rises late and hurries from home the moment she is dressed. To have luncheon, tea or dinner at home appears to her to be intolerable, and she seldom reappears there except to return to bed. "What is home?" was asked at a west end dinner table recently. "The place where the servants are kept," was the immediate answer.—London Truth.

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"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than 1,000,100 eggs."

"It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from a farm.

Not Guilty.

Lawyer—You say you left home on the 20th. Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer—And came back on the 25th? Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer (severely)—What were you doing in the interim? Witness—Never was in such a place.

We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom, but in art.—Emerson.

Sterne and Garrick.

Sterne, who had the reputation of treating his wife very badly, was one day talking to Garrick in a sentimental way in praise of conjugal fidelity and love. "The husband," he declared, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head."

"In that case," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.51 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 4.62 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.30, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.30, 11.38 A. M. 12.55, 2.41, 3.22, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 5.59, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01 A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.22 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.04, 5.33, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 [illegible]33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2 40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at [illegible].30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX	LOCATION
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale)
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and [illegible] Streets
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private.
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. Private.
913	Beggs & Cobb and [illegible]

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M.,
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call entire department
22, once repeated [illegible] denotes no session [illegible]
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

TELEPHONE 6-5.

LAWRENCE READE,

[illegible] St. Charles Church

Undertaker & Funeral Director

341 Main St. Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,

Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator

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Residence 6 Broad Street

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H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
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Residence [illegible] Addison street Arlington Mass

John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law.

No. 490 Main St. Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office 119 Main St., Woburn

A Trespasser

By HONORE WILLSIE

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The snow had disappeared from the valley, hedged upon three sides by mountains, but far up in the slopes there were still great white acres of it. Grigsby worried a great deal about these snow patches. At night, when the camp was still, he lay awake hour after hour considering the matter.

The New York stockholders who had sent the young mining engineer out to explore and test the mine had given him no information as to how, when or where to protect his workingmen. On Tuesday of the previous week a great wedge of snow and ice had loosened from the peak, had hurtled down the mountain side, gathering speed and size as it went, and had killed Jim Grady, the foreman, without even stopping to drop him after the deed was done.

"The oldest inhabitant" told Grigsby that such would probably be the programme until spring had set in thoroughly.

So for several nights Grigsby worried. Then on a certain cold, drizzly morning he called the men from the mine and set them, one and all, at work on his idea. The idea consisted of a great "V," with its apex turned up the valley, and when completed the engine house over the mine was to set snugly in the angle of a great fence of logs and bowlders. It took three days to complete the idea, and when it was done Jack Grigsby squared his handsome shoulders, set his teeth firmly on the amber stem of his pipe and said: "There, by gum! I'd like to see a snowslide harm that!"

The oldest inhabitant, who stood by Jack's side, grinned.

"You've put a lot of work on that thing," he said.

"Well, it's worth it," replied Jack.

"Huh," answered the old miner, "I could 'a' told you something that wouldn't 'a' been any work at all and would 'a' been just as effective as that!"

"A nice time to be telling me that!" exclaimed Jack. "Well, what is it?"

The old man pulled a dejected looking envelope out of his pocket, after a long search found a stubby pencil and made a few marks on the envelope back, then walked over to a tree and tacked the paper up on the trunk. Grigsby followed him curiously. On the envelope was written:

"Avalanches are requested not to trespass here."

Jack roared. "Well, you're a great joker."

The old man grinned, but shook his head. "Just as good as your wedge," he answered. "You ain't seen a real slide yet. You want to move your mine, that's what you want to do."

Grigsby looked a little troubled. "The president of the company and his daughter are due here this afternoon, but the weather has been so snappy lately I guess we are safe."

Then to himself as he walked away, "I'd give the world and all to see Madge, but"— Then he looked at the V shaped rampart. "Gee, that would stand anything," he said.

The visitors were not expected until late in the afternoon, but it was only 1 o'clock when the short, fat millionaire and his dainty, slender daughter dismounted from their horses and left them at the group of shacks on the mountain side. Then they descended into the gulch, where the shaft opened.

"Now, remember, Madge, no nonsense," the president was puffing. "These young engineers are all right in their places. But their places are not as sons-in-law of mine. Seems to me you've been showing rather a lively interest in young Grigsby."

Madge sniffed, but made no reply to her father's admonitions. They were an old tale, whose moral did not in the least interest her. Her father took the chaperonage of his pretty daughter very seriously.

Jack Grigsby ran toward them with bared head and outstretched hand, but the president had little time to waste on greetings.

"What in thunder is that mountain of rubbish built around the plant for?" he demanded.

Jack explained the mission of his cherished idea, but the president shook his head.

"Pooh, pooh!" he scoffed. "Fearful looking mess. Better tear it out. Don't need that to keep off a little snow and ice."

Madge interposed tactfully. "Oh, come on," she cried. "I want to see everything."

The three walked slowly over toward the engine house, Jack explaining eagerly.

"Where are all the men?" asked Madge.

"In the mine, even the engineer. We are having some"—

The oldest inhabitant grasped Jack's arm.

"For heaven's sake," he gasped, "ring the bell. It's comin'."

The three followed his gaze. Far up the mountain, at the beginning of the valley, a roar, and with the roar it seemed as if the whole side of the mountain was sliding down into the valley—a great, gray mass, that gathered to itself all that barred its path, huge trees, cabin-big stones, and always with a roar, increasing in volume to the din of a thousand trains.

"The men are safest in the mines," Jack cried.

He grasped Madge's arm, but the oldest inhabitant thrust him one side. "Manage the old man," he said; "I'll take the girl."

Then with his arm about Madge he ran with all his strength up the mountain side. Grigsby seized the president's arm.

"Come!" he cried.

The president started out bravely, but his weight told, and with the third step he stumbled and fell. With each heart throb the speed of the snowslide was lessening their chances. Jack tugged at the heavy old man. Now he could see the bowlders that bridged the front of the avalanche and now it had taken the very tree to which was pinned the fluttering trespass warning. With a superhuman effort Jack flung the president out of harm's way. Then he sprang himself, scarcely noticing a heavy blow from a whizzing tree top.

In another moment the avalanche was a thing of the past, and a great swathe down the center of the valley was polished smooth as a macadam road. With a single glance to see that Madge was safe, he called to the two men and ran to the shaft opening, over which the slide had passed. It was choked with a mass of logs and ice.

"Find ropes," Grigsby cried—"anything! The Lord knows how many were in the shaft!"

It was an hour of terrible toil, but somehow the three accomplished the task. With hands torn and bleeding, panting and half crazed with fear for those below, they toiled unceasingly—the oldest inhabitant, with the strength of a man twenty years his junior, his white hair wet with perspiration; Grigsby, with pale, drawn face, and the president, peeled down to vest and trousers, panting with the best of them.

Grigsby called down through the opening, and the answer came back faint, but cheerfully:

"All safe! What's the rip? Send us down a rope."

When all were safe the president climbed to Jack's cabin and sat down heavily. Jack and Madge followed. He looked at Jack closely.

"Great smoke, man, look at your arm!" he cried.

Jack glanced at the blood stained sleeve from which the arm dangled helplessly. "I know it," he answered cheerfully. "A tree top slapped me as the slide passed, but I don't care; every man is safe!"

The president stared at the white, dirt stained face. "Madge," he said, "I'd like to have you marry this sort of man."

"That's what Jack and I hoped," answered Madge, smiling even as she moaned over the wounded arm.

"That's settled, then," said the president briskly. "Now let's see what I can do for that arm." And if he noticed that the well arm was encircling Madge's waist he did not mention the fact.

By the Full Bench.

A story which used to be related years ago had to do with an incident which happened in Sierra county, Cal., the principal actor in which was Judge Searls of the district court.

The judge was on his way from Nevada to Plumas county. At Downieville there were two young lawyers who had agreed to argue a motion when the judge arrived. Then, as time was pressing and both lawyers were also going to Plumas, it was decided to ride along and carry on the argument by the way.

Up the mule trail from Downieville to Monte Cristo, down to Oak Ranch and so on to Eureka the argument proceeded. At Eureka the case was examined with the aid of refreshments, and in due time a decision was reached.

The loser consoled himself with the thought that he had ascended the mountain without being conscious of the grade.

"Possibly the mule felt it as usual," suggested the judge.

"I think from the result that he, too, was absorbed in helping to make up the opinion," said the lawyer.

The Japanese Way.

It is said that the Japanese are an ingenious race, but it appears to the occidental mind that there are limits to this boasted ingenuity. An entomologist in a New York college tells the Reader Magazine of a case where a trusted Japanese assistant failed him in a moment where singular ingenuity was required. The scientist had a tray of carefully arranged and minute specimens and was carrying it from one table to another, when he stumbled on a protruding chair leg and partly fell, scattering the specimens over the floor. Many hours of work were in a second quite undone. Some serviceable and hard worked expletive must have leaped to his lips and then proved inadequate to the occasion, for, after a pregnant moment of silence, he turned to the Japanese and said:

"Tell me, quick, what would you say in Japanese if such a thing happened to you? Give me the translation instantly."

"Ah," said the Japanese scientist, with calm gravity, "we would address the chair and say, 'You are very impolite.'"

Handle Work With Gloves.

"I hope," said the woman who was ordering a pair of slippers made of flowered satin, "that you will tell your workman to wash his hands before he begins to make these up."

"Wash his hands!" repeated the clerk. "Why, madam, he never will touch these with his bare hands." Then the clerk explained that all workmen employed in making slippers of light colors worked with white gloves on. "Try to keep them clean!" he continued. "I should say they did. They try so hard that they change their white gloves three times a day." Which is not so fantastic as it may seem, for if a shoemaker soils material of this kind the expense to him of replacing the material, to say nothing of the loss of his time, makes it worth his while to work in gloves and keep them clean at that.—New York Press.

His Part.

"Look here," remarked the thrifty man to his extravagant wife, "you're carrying too much sail, my lady."

"I don't know why you should bother about that," she retorted.

"No?" said he. "I think I should, since I have to raise the wind."

Brought Down the House.

Critic—I hear that the new man's acting brought down the house. Manager—Yes, it did. In one week it brought down the house from 800 to 10 people and the attendants.

In the Doctor's Waiting Room.

Doctor (entering suddenly)—Which of you has waited longest? Shears (sulkily)—I. I have waited six months, and you haven't paid me for that last suit yet!

The First Son.

Nodd—I can't make up my mind what college to send that boy of mine to. Todd—How old is he? Nodd—Nearly three weeks.

Weddings In Wales.

Many and curious were the old customs in Wales relating to marriage. The following is an account of the bidding ceremony, an old custom which is said to be celebrated even to this day in rural parts of Wales: The bidder goes from house to house with a long pole and ribbons flying at the end of it, and standing in the middle floor in each house he repeats a long lesson with great formality. He mentions the day of the wedding, the place, the preparations made, etc. The following is a specimen: "The intention of the bidder is this: With kindness and amity, with decency and liberality for —— and ——, he invites you to come with your good will on the plate. Bring current money—a shilling or two or three or four or five—with cheese and butter. We invite the husband and wife, children and menservants, from the greatest to the least. Come there early. You shall have victuals freely and drink cheap, stools to sit on and fish if we can catch them, but if not hold us excusable, and they will attend on you when you call upon them in return. They set out from such a place and such a place."

A Bride's Dilemma.

A successful schoolteacher married a wealthy widower. The man had lived alone with his servants since the death of his first wife. On the morning after the bride's arrival in her new home the cook appeared for orders. Now, the little woman was far more familiar with the classics than with roasts and stews, and she was not a little dismayed when Mary innocently put the question:

"An' how will ye have the beef cooked, mum?"

For the merest instant she hesitated. Not for a fortune would she have the old servant suspect her absolute ignorance of cookery. But her years in the schoolroom had not been in vain. Calmly and sweetly she answered:

"You may cook it your way today, Mary, and then another time you can try my way."

And the cook went downstairs with a high opinion of her new mistress.—New York Press.

Superstitions of Farmers.

Farmers "stick to the moon" in regard to planting corn and other crops. Some of them will not under any circumstances plant corn on moonlight nights, claiming that corn planted then will produce a tall stalk with a short ear. Others just as successfully plant when they are ready, when nights are dark or moonlight, as the case may be. Other notions are indulged in, such as throwing the cobs in running water to keep corn from firing. Some farmers would under no consideration burn pinder hulls, the seed of which is to be used for planting. They must be scattered along a path or highway, to be trodden upon in order to secure a good crop. Green butter bean hulls must be thrown in a road after being shelled for table use from day to day to insure a good crop the following season.—Charleston News and Courier.

Any One Can Spell Shakespeare.

One is not in danger of misspelling the word Shakespeare. Some one has discovered 4,000 ways, of which the following, as they actually appear in old documents, are examples: Shakspere, Shaxpere, Shakspire, Schaxper, Shakespere, Shagpere, Schakspeyr, Shaxespere, Shaxpur, Shaxper, Shaksper, Schackspeare, Saxpere, Shackespire, Shakespire, Shackespeare, Shakaspear, Shakspear, Shaxpeare, Shakspeere, Shaxpure, Shackspeyr, Shakspear, Schakesper, etc. If the chirography of Shakespeare himself is any authority twenty-two of these ways are correct.

A Nation of Sleepers.

"Rare slumberers are the Turks," declares a writer. "In the villages, at any rate, they will drop into the land of dreams on the slightest pretext and at the shortest notice. This habit has advantages, one being that the Turk does not at all mind being awakened in the dead of night, for the simple reason that he can go to sleep again the instant he wishes. When staying in very limited quarters I have often heard a member of the family get up and after searching about among his sleeping companions thoroughly rouse them all to ask where his tobacco was or upon some equally slight excuse."

Enough Money.

Half a dozen brokers were discussing Russell Sage and his peculiarities when one of them told this story: The financier was once asked, "When does a man get enough money, Mr. Sage?" "When he gets $10,000 more," said Uncle Russell as he stopped at an apple stand for a moment. Then he passed on without buying.

An Exception.

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "No, baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected. "Not in our family," said the pupil haughtily. "We are respectable."

The Real Simon Pure.

"The real simon pure" is one of those phrases which every one understands and not one in a hundred could account for. Simon Pure was a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's "A Bold Stroke For a Wife," produced at Drury Lane theater, London, in February, 1718. One Colonel Feignwell passes himself off as Simon and wins the heart of a Bristol heiress, Miss Lovely, after which the real Simon Pure turns up.

The Weather Prophet.

"How are you coming on with your new system of weather prediction?"

"Well," answered the prophet cheerily, "I can always get the kind of weather all right, but I haven't quite succeeded in hitting the dates exactly."

Great Ideas.

A great idea is usually original to more than one discoverer. Great ideas come when the world needs them. They surround the world's ignorance and press for admission.—A. Phelps.

Those are wise who through error pass on to truth; those are fools who hold fast to error.—Ruckert.

Old Time Acting.

The old time actor had peculiar and primitive views as to elocution and its uses. I remember a certain old friend of mine who, when he recited the opening speech in "Richard III." and arrived at the line, "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," suggested the deep bosom of the ocean by sending his voice into his boots. Yet these were fine actors, to whom certain young gentlemen who never saw them constantly refer. The methods of the stage have completely changed and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont in the tent scene in "Richard III." to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin, and he employed moreover a trick sword which rattled hideously, and, what with his foam flecked face, his rolling eyes, his inarticulate groans and his rattling blade, the small boy in the gallery was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!—Richard Mansfield in Atlantic.

Proficient.

When western Iowa was newly settled the farmers in an isolated section banded themselves together as a school district and proceeded to choose one of their number committeeman. A log schoolhouse was erected, and soon a young woman came that way seeking a chance to teach. The committeeman was designated to ascertain her fitness.

When the time for the ordeal arrived the public official was at his wit's end. He had been examined himself often enough, but that was when he was attending district school fifty years before. The very thought of conducting an examination himself, and for a teacher at that, staggered him. He could not think of a question to ask.

The young woman sat waiting, and the old man teetered nervously on his tiptoes.

"Well, now, Miss Burden," he said cautiously at last, "kin you say the alphabet back'ards?"

Miss Burden could, and did.

"Fine!" cried the committeeman. "I'll just indorse your certificate." He wrote it thus:

"Fully profeeshunt."

A Great Stamp Forgery.

The most colossal stamp forgery on record entailed the successful swindling of collectors throughout Europe in 1889. One day the French papers announced that King Marie I. of Sedang, an island in the vicinity of China, was coming to Paris. As it happened, this self created monarch was an ex-officer of the French navy, and his appearance in Paris created considerable sensation. As soon as his majesty had been duly "advertised" sets of seven different postage stamps marked "Sedang" and bearing three half moons appeared, and so great was the demand for them that in less than a month they realized 1,000 francs each. Not until the king and his ministers had reaped fat fortunes in this manner was it discovered that the whole thing was a hoax and the stamps consequently worthless.

Some Slips of the Tongue.

Never use the word "liable" when you mean "likely." Do not say, for instance, that "he is liable to come in at any moment." "Liable" implies misfortune and means "exposed to," "subject to," "in danger of."

Why do most of us speak of "unraveling a mystery?" Any good dictionary shows that "ravel" means "to unweave." You "ravel" a mystery, therefore, when you solve it. In "Hamlet" Shakespeare says: "Make you to ravel all this matter out."

If you and your friend Smith know a man called Jones, do not speak to Smith of "our mutual friend"—meaning Jones. Jones is your common friend. If you are friendly to Smith and Smith is friendly to you, you and Smith are "mutual friends," but that is the only sense in which the term may be rightly used.

Agreed With Her.

After an all night session with the boys a husband wended his way home, arriving there at about 5 a. m. He found his wife waiting for him in the dining room, the confusion of furniture indicating that she had been having an unhappy time.

"This is a nice time for you to be coming home," snapped the wife.

"Yes," admitted the erring husband. "It's a lovely morning."

"I haven't slept a wink this blessed night," with a severe look.

"Neither have I," said the husband.

The Strong Point.

He—Really, I never loved anybody before. She—That isn't the point. Are you sure you'll never love anybody by and by?

In so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome you share his guilt.—Johnson.

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetable. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR.
AGUE CURE.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

QUAINT PRESENTS.

Odd Wedding Gifts That Have Been Received by Celebrities.

Celebrities are often the recipients of quaint presents. For instance, on the marriage of Queen Victoria the farmers of East and West Pennard, Somersetshire, wishing to show their loyalty, manufactured from the milk of 750 cows an immense cheese nine feet in circumference. The gift was graciously accepted and was stored at Buckingham palace, where it would undoubtedly have found its way to the royal table had not its donors wished to exhibit it as an advertisement. Their request was granted, but after it had been exhibited and the makers would have returned it her majesty signified that owing to the altered conditions she could not accept it as a gift.

An equally homely gift was made to the late King Charles of Wurttemburg on the morning of his marriage to Princess Olga of Russia. A peasant woman sent him a pair of trousers of her own design, with a note expressing the hope that they might be found a better cut and fit than those which she had last had the honor of seeing his majesty wear.

The Italian singer, Signor Mario, inspired a hopeless passion in the hearts of so many women that at the time of his wedding some of this affection found expression in various strange gifts. One was in the shape of a cushion stuffed with tresses from the heads of many of his hopeless admirers. Another was from a lady in Munich who had had one of her teeth set in a scarfpin surrounded with pearls and emeralds. In an accompanying note she expressed the hope that by sometimes wearing the gift he might be reminded of his unknown worshiper.—New York Herald.

THE FIRST SPECTACLES.

They Were Made In Italy In the Thirteenth Century.

Spectacles were invented late in the thirteenth century. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked through a concave glass in watching the gladiatorial games, and many other historical men of his day were dependent on similar devices for lengthening their sight.

Till the latter part of the thirteenth century only the single glass was in use. In 1290 the double glass was invented, and in the fourteenth century spectacles were used quite frequently by the very wealthy and high born, although they were still so scarce that they were bequeathed in will with all the elaborate care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The first spectacles were made in Italy.

Somewhat later the manufacture of cheaper glasses sprang up in Holland, and it spread late in the fourteenth century to Germany, Nuremberg and Rathenow acquired fame for their glasses between 1490 and 1500.

For many years glasses were used only as a means of aiding bad eyes, until the fashion of wearing merely for the sake of wearing them sprang up in Spain. It spread rapidly to the rest of the continent and brought about the transformation of the old thirteenth century spectacles into eyeglasses and eventually into the monocle.

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver is found in veins of rocks, like gold, silver and other metals. Sometimes the tiny globules of the mercury appear in the interstices of the rock, but usually it is found in the form of cinnabar, a chemical compound containing 13.8 per cent of sulphur and 86.2 per cent mercury. When pure and reduced to a powder it is a bright red color.

The principal uses of quicksilver are for removing free gold and silver in placer and quartz mining, for manufacturing vermillion paints and dyes, for backing mirrors, for making thermometers and many other scientific instruments.

What Water Did.

A certain liquor dealer, a hard headed old Scot, grew rich in the trade. After he had grown rich the old man built himself a fine house, a limestone mansion on the hill, with a park around it, with conservatories, stables and outbuildings—in a word, a palace. One day the old Scot rode in the omnibus past his fine house. A temperance man pointed up at the grand edifice and said, with a sneer, "It was the whisky built that, wasn't it?" "Na, na, man; the water," the Scot answered.—London Mail.

The First Sapphire.

There is an Indian legend that Brahma, the creator, once committed a sin that he might know the torments of remorse and thus be able to sympathize with mortals. But the moment he had committed it he began repeating the mantras, or prayers of purification, and in his grief dropped on the earth a tear, the hottest that ever fell from an eye, and from it was formed the first sapphire.

Happy Thought.

Doctor—Your throat affection is one of the rarest in the world and is of the deepest interest to the medical profession. Patient—Then remember, doctor, when you make out your bill that I haven't charged anything for letting you look down my throat.

Ambition.

Ambition becomes displeasing when it is once satiated. There is a reaction, and as our spirit till our last sigh is always aiming toward some object it falls back on itself, having nothing else on which to rest and having reached the summit it longs to descend.—Corneille.

Easy Work.

First Transient—If you had got to go into business, what line would you choose? Second Ditto—I'd open an employment agency. It would be so nice to be getting other people to work without having any temptation to do any yourself.

Still Time.

Burroughs—Say, old man, there was a time when you promised to share your last dollar with me.

Richley—That's all right. I haven't got down to it yet.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It Undergoes Wonderful Changes During Its Growth.

The wonderful changes which the human brain undergoes from the moment when it first appears in the embryo until it becomes the perfected laboratory of thought characteristic to the matured human being has been commented upon by several of the leading writers on biology, physiology, etc. During these successive changes, or, rather, transformations from the lower to the higher sphere, the human brain not only takes upon itself the general shape and form of the brains of various representatives of the lower classes of animals, but appears to have the same structural constituents, at least to a certain degree. Thus it has been found that the original germ of the brain as it appears in the human embryo has the exact outlines of a serpent's thought factory. After that the changes which take place while the brain is assuming the various shapes which it must undergo before it becomes perfect give it a decided resemblance to the brains of fishes, birds and mammiferous animals.

"Hein's "Thoughts on the Structure of the Human Brain" and Wilson's "Anatomy of the Human Body" both mention these queer transformations, as does also Hugh Miller in his famous work, "Testimony of the Rocks." Miller puts it in this way: "It has long been known that the human brain is built up by a wonderful process, during which it assumes in succession the form of the brain of a serpent, a fish, a bird, and lastly, before it assumes the characteristic human form, it takes upon itself the outline of a mammiferous quadruped's brain." Hence the remark made by scientific writers that "man is the sum total of all animals."

POOR HANDWRITING.

One of the Causes That Downed Napoleon at Waterloo.

The nose of Cleopatra had a marked influence on the destinies of the ancient world. The handwriting of Napoleon I., we are assured by recent historians, had a similar effect upon the evolution of the modern world. He did not write; he scrawled. By reason of this, among other causes, he lost Waterloo. Grouchy could not read with exactness his decisive message. Was it "bataille engagee" (battle is on), or "bataille gagnee" (battle is won)?

Grouchy chose the latter significance and, not believing it necessary to press forward, arrived too late. So much for the curl of a letter, a pen stroke or an illegible swell to an "a."

This question was brought forward by the writing master of the elder Dumas.

"Remember, Alexandre," the master said to him, "the great defeat of the emperor was due only to his scrawling hand. If you wish to succeed in the world be careful of your heavy and your light strokes." So if Napoleon had known how to write legibly or if he had taken the trouble to do so his descendants would reign today in France and we should not have had the republic. It appears historically established today that Dumas' writing master was right. And on such slight things rests the fate of empires.—Cri de Paris.

The Osprey.

Allusion is often made, especially in fashion journals, to "osprey" feathers. Few words have been more loosely bandied about than this bird name. The Roman author Pliny's "ossifraga" (bone breaker) has been identified with the lammergeyer, a vulture that is reputed to break up bones too big for it to devour whole by dropping them from a height upon rocks. But both "ossifrage" and "osprey," a newer form, came to be applied to quite another bird, the fish hawk, which is now the true "osprey." Yet the "osprey" feathers — more properly egret feathers, or aigrettes — do not come from this bird, but from the egret, or lesser white heron.

The Sea Otter.

The sea otter combines the habits of a seal with the intelligence and amusing character of the otter. When met in herds far out at sea, which is but seldom now, they are commonly seen swimming on their backs. They even eat their food lying in this position on the water and nurse their young ones on their chests between their paws, exactly as a south sea island mother swims with her baby in the water. When swimming in this attitude they even shade their eyes with their paws when the sun dazzles them.

One of His Inferiors.

"He says he always tries to be polite to his inferiors and— Hey, where are you going?"

"Going to find him and give him a licking."

"What for?"

"I met him this morning, and he was as polite as a dancing master."—Houston Post.

The Other Way.

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, says English Country Life, and, with the incubator in mind, asked if eggs could be hatched in any other way.

"Yes, sir," said an experienced person of nine. "Put 'em under a duck."

The Remedy.

"You're not in love, Robbie. You only think you are."

"Well, how the dickens am I to find out my mistake if I am mistaken?"

"Oh, marry the woman by all means."—Home Notes.

A Distinction.

Mistress—Have you had any experience with children? Bridget—Nope, but they have had some wid me.

Their Reward.

Dr. Strachan, bishop of Toronto, was waited upon by two churchwardens, who complained that their clergyman wearied his congregation by repeating the same sermon. He had preached it twelve times. The bishop asked for the text. Neither of the churchwardens could remember. "Go back," said the bishop sternly, "and ask your clergyman to preach the sermon once more and then come back and tell me the text."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1906

MEMORIAL DAY.

The Grand Army of the Republic was founded in April, 1866, the year succeeding the close of the Civil War. Its founder was Major B. T. Stephenson, who died in 1871 and was buried in the soldiers' lot in Rose Hill cemetery, Petersburg, Illinois. Much of the ritual was written by Robert Mann Woods, of Joliet, Illinois, who became Adjutant-General, the founder taking the position of Department Commander. The first Post was organized April 6th, of that year, at Decatur, Illinois. Posts were rapidly organized and the first National Encampment was held in the fall of 1866 in Indianapolis, Indiana.

In Woburn there are two Posts. The oldest is Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., which was organized on Nov. 5, 1867. On Feb. 1, 1868, the following officers of the Post were elected: W. Grammer, Commander; Edwin F. Wyer, S. V. C.; Huntington Porter, J. V. C.; Arthur B. Wyman, Adjutant; Edward D. Hayden, Q. M.; Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, Surgeon.

On Jan. 23, 1884, Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., was organized, and a few years after, mainly through the efforts of the late Dr. Frank W. Graves, its membership materially increased.

In the years that have elapsed since their formation many deaths have occurred, and the ranks of both Posts have become thinned.

MEMORIAL DAY 1906.

Observance of the day began on Sunday, May 27, when Posts 33 and 161, together with Co. G, 5th Reg't. M. V. M., Captain Thomas McCarthy, and representatives of other bodies, attended divine services at the M. E. church. Arrangements had been made by them to accept the invitation of Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector of Trinity Episcopal church, to gather in his sanctuary that morning; but he was suddenly called away, and Rev. Wilson J. Vandermark, Pastor of the M. E. church, cordially invited the Veterans to come and listen to a sermon by him. It was an excellent one on "Sacrifice," and listened to with marked interest.

IN THE SCHOOLS.

Patriotic exercises, consisting of declamations, readings, music and addresses, were held in each of the public schools in anticipation of Memorial Day. The Veterans detailed from the Posts to address the teachers and pupils were: High and Rumford, Andrew R. Linscott; Cummings, Albert P. Barrett; Cedar, J. Fred Leslie; Goodyear, Edwin F. Wyer, George H. Ayer, Edward Hoskins, Benjamin F. Story; Plympton, Abijah Thompson, Arthur B. Wyman; Parker, John W. Nichols; Johnson, Henry C. Hall, Benjamin F. Smith, Joseph W. Field; Wyman, William P. Warren.

THE EXERCISES.

The morning of May 30 opened auspiciously for the exercises of Memorial Day. More delightful weather could not have been asked for—bright, full of sunshine, neither too hot or too cold. It allowed the Veterans to march to the cemeteries and perform their sacred duties there in comfort.

Led by the National Band playing "Marching through Georgia," escorted by a detail of police and Capt. McCarthy's Co. G., accompanied by the Sons of Veterans, and viewed by a great gathering of people from the sidewalks, between 8 and 9 o'clock a. m., Post 33 marched to the headquarters of Post 161, received that Post, after which they all proceeded to the Common, where the usual ceremonies were held. The Soldiers Monument was handsomely and patriotically decorated, Flags waved at halfmast everywhere in the city, none more conspicuously than the public Flag from the new Libertypole on the Common which, happily, Com. Kennedy of the B. P. W. had succeeded in getting raised in season for the exercises of the Day.

TO THE CEMETERIES.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the Common, the Posts, Sons, Military, led by the Band, and escorted by a police squad, marched to the cemeteries where loads of choice flowers awaited their hands for the decoration of the graves of their companions in the Civil War who have passed over to the other side, and heroes of other wars. After the discharge of their duties at Woodbrook and Calvary the parade returned to their respective Headquarters.

THE DINNERS.

At noon each Post, with invited guests, partook of their regular Memorial Day dinner, that of 33 at the First Baptist church, and 161 at their Hall in Savings Bank block. Speeches, stories and music followed the repasts. At 2.15 they marched to Lyceum Hall.

REV. DR WILLIAMS's "LINCOLN."

The oration of Rev. Dr. H. B Williams, pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Lyceum Hall, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was an eloquent tribute to the memory of the great statesman and Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln. A synopsis of his address would fail to do it justice. The Hall was densely packed with earnest listeners who exhibited their appreciation of the merits of the production and its gifted author. Dr. Williams is an entertaining speaker, and his subject is dear to the heart of every loyal American citizen. His words fell on sympathetic ears and appealed strongly to patriotic hearts. His eloquent tribute to the Flag struck a responsive chord in every bosom present and elicited rounds of enthusiastic applause. It was an able, entertaining and instructive oration.

The other services at the Hall were carried out in accordance with the programme published in the JOURNAL last week. They were appropriate and impressive.

The singing of patriotic selections by pupils of the High School, conducted skilfully by Miss Dora A. Winn, with piano accompaniment, was fine and melodious, and contributed materially to the pleasures of the meeting.

But the music number of the programme, the last, that captivated the assembly, and held them spellbound, was the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Jennie Trecartin. It brought down the house. Amid a sea of waving Flags, decked out brilliantly in Red, White and Blue—the colors of "Old Glory"—she gave her splendid voice free rein and when it soared away up among the high notes, clear as the ring of silver, or in soft tones touched the lower ones, the effect was electrical; the audience were thrilled and brought to their feet. It was a fit ending of one of the best Memorial Day services that has ever been held in Woburn.

☞ Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder is doing admirable work in Hawaii, conspicuously so in his editing the *The Friend*. He steadfastly fights the forces of evil and also lets it be known that there is a difference between Americanizing and "whitizing" the islands. He contends that both the yellow Asiatic and the brown Hawaiian have political, industrial and social rights which must be preserved.—*The Congregationalist.*

Rev. Dr. Scudder, former pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn, is one of the most earnest, conscientious and successful laborers, in the Lord's vineyard. Unselfish, wholly devoted to the spread of the Gospel, amply endowed intellectually and physically, he is capable of an immense amount of hard work, and has the right disposition to make these qualities available to an almost unlimited extent. Having lived in Japan as a missionary Dr. Scudder has a strong liking for the people of that country and is accomplishing a great deal towards Americanizing the thousands of them whose homes are in Hawaii. Long may he wave!

☞ A sinful cause and bad company led to the use of fists by one member of the Legislature on another member last week, the culmination of which disgraceful affair was a lame apology to the House by the assaulting member.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Shumway Co.—Long.
Dauchy & Co.—Parker.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
S. W. Mendum—Citation.

— Mr. John H. Hovey of California has been in Woburn this week.

— George W. Low has been elected Submaster of the High School. More anon.

— The next in order of holidays is Bunker Hill Day, June 17, or a little less than 3 weeks hence.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday June 3, will be Mrs. Carolyn Reed soprano of Arlington.

— The exercises of Commencement Week at Lasell Seminary for Young Women are to be held on June 6 12.

— Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Blake and heir of Abbott street go to Thetford, Vt., for their vacation about July 1.

— The Ladies' Aid of Trinity will hold a Food Sale at the Parish House every other Saturday afternoon during the summer.

— A waitingroom at the head of Winn street would be a mighty good thing for the patrons of the Lowell & Woburn electric road.

— Mr. Wilbur Brown is rusticating in Vermont. He finds the climate in that region more favorable to his physical condition than anywhere else.

— Rev. Mr. Beekman returned from the bedside of his sick father in New Jersey yesterday. His place there was taken by Mrs. Grover, sister of the Rector.

— Please bear in mind that the Celtic Association are to stage "A Celebrated Case" at Lyceum Hall on June 6, and that it will be a tiptop dramatic entertainment.

— The Woburn Brass Band played for the Charles Russell Lowell G.A.R Post last Sunday morning on their march to Berkeley Temple, Boston, to attend divine services.

— The K. of C. held an agreeable smoker last Monday evening. A heavy rain prevailed, but a little thing like that couldn't dampen the ardor or keep the boys away from the "talk."

— Thursday at 3 p. m., June 7, the Maternal Association of First church will observe Babies Day. Members invited to bring children under four years. A social hour for mothers and little ones.

— Mr. Edward K. Porter, head shipping clerk of the Carter Ink Co., Boston, and wife took an ocean sail to Philadelphia last week, and return this week by rail, with a stopover in New York.

— Yesterday was another summer day. And, by the way, the vanguard of the Swallow visitors put in an appearance here yesterday morning; but, to be sure, "one swallow does not make a summer."

— Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett and Harry Brackett have gone to Southport, Maine, for a week. Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett has bought a 25 foot motorboat for use down there, and will have a fine time sailing it.

— Trouble developed at a meeting of the Council last Monday evening between that body and Chief Engineer Littlefied over the appointment of a driver for Engine 1, which will result seriously unless amicably settled.

— The farmers in this part of the country were delighted with the storm of Sunday and Monday, for it gave them an assurance of abundant crops next fall. The rain was sorely needed, and the ardent hopes and wishes of the husbandmen were abundantly gratified.

— The Alabama Jubilee Singers are to give a song service consisting of Old Plantation spiritual melodies, at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening, in the First Congregational church. A first-class concert of a unique character is assured.

— The Sunny Corner Class of the M. E. church are to give an entertainment in the church at 7.30 Monday evening, June 4. It is to consist of a dialogue; drill by 20 young girls; violinist from the N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston; singing by Male Quartet; singing by Girl Quartet; solos by Miss Edna Felch. From which it will be seen that the programme is a fine one.

— Nothing doing yet in regard to the new playground.

— Mary D. Prior, one of our talented High School teachers, sails for England on June 20.

— Mrs. Amy H. Gilbert of Boston is visiting at the Haynes residence on Pleasant street.

— Flag Day comes in 2 weeks from yesterday, June 14, and Bunker Hill 3 days after, June 17.

— The graves of 79 Revolutionary soldiers were decorated in Woburn cemeteries on May 30.

— Memorial Services were held at St. Charles church by several Catholic Societies last Wednesday.

— Salesmen and clerks in the provision markets are happy over the Wednesday afternoon closing.

— The Military Club dancing party in Lyceum Hall last Tuesday night was attended by a large crowd, many of whom were from out of town.

— Civil War Veteran Stephen R. Moreland of Post 161 came up from his home at West Medford last Wednesday to take part in the Memorial exercises. He is over 80 years old.

— Mr. Cummings of Stoneham, formerly of this city, who recently attempted to commit suicide, is in a dangerous condition, according to reports, and it is doubtful if he recovers.

— June and October are the months during which more people embark on voyages of connubial bliss than any other of the 12, June, of course, being always preferred, and generally having the whiprow, because it is the month of roses.

— "A Celebrated Case," an old and popular play will be presented under the auspices of the Celtic Association in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, June 6. To take it in will be worth a good deal more than the price of tickets.

— A note from Adjutant Warren of Post 33, G. A. R., published in another column of this paper, sets Mrs. Nourse right respecting the Philbrick grave. The Posts never fail, intentionally or by neglect, to pay due respect to the memory of deceased Comrades on Memorial Day.

— The Business Men's Association voted at a recent meeting to close the stores on Wednesday afternoons, as well as evenings, during the months of July, August and first two weeks of September. The marketmen have agreed to close every Wednesday afternoon during June, July, August and September.

— Some people are beginning to pick out with the minds's eye places at which to spend the rapidly approaching summer vacation. Ocean resorts have the preference with a majority of them, but inland lakes, primeval forests, rural retreats, etc., will come in for a share of the patronage, and pretty soon the Old Pine Tree State will be full and running over with hot weather visitors.

— Charles H. Taylor and Mrs. T. are happily rusticating and luxuriating, or were at last accounts, at Ruggles & Turnbull's Lookaway Inn, located at Pine Point in the town of Scarboro, Maine, a popular seaside resort, famous for the quantity and quality of its clams and healthiness of its ocean breezes. It is a quiet, restful waterside nook, and if there is anything in the world that Mr. Taylor dotes on it is quiet and rest.

— When the patrons of Engineer "Cy" Chase's and Conductor Dick Carton's train makes up at 5 55 a. m., the first to Boston, each morning, summer and winter, they find McDonald, the ticket vender, briskly on deck at the Woburn station ready to ladle out the pasteboards promptly on demand, and to wish everybody a safe and prosperous voyage to the Hub Mac is a jewel, the patrons say, and long may he wave!

— Mayor Linscott has about given up hoping that the land owners on the westerly shore of Horn Pond can be prevailed upon to sell their land at a reasonable figure, a condition upon which boulevard extension depends, and now thinks well of putting Arlington road into first-class driving condition. In connection with this he has asked the Selectmen of Winchester to supplement the work by resurfacing Pond street from Cambridge street, which is a State road, to the Woburn line.—*Winchester Star.*

— Gateman Callahan has planted the little fields which lie contiguous to his snug, cozy stationhouse with flowers of various sorts which, when in full stature and bloom, will successfully vie with the famous lily and rose gardens of ancient Sharon. The Railroad Company have abandoned flowers and taken to green velvety lawns in their stead, but Mr. Callahan sticks to blossoms, the color and fragrance of which are a perpetual delight to him, and by this token he proposes to have the finest floral display in Woburn this summer.

— Clarence E. Gage, son of Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the District Court and member of the Board of Assessors, sailed from New York for the Isthmus of Panama last Tuesday to enter the employ, as mechanical draughtsman, of the U. S. Canal Commission. He is a graduate of the Woburn High School and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has the reputation of being a smart and reliable young man. The situation is a desirable one from all points of view, and there can be no doubt at all but that Clarence will fill it to the satisfaction of the Commission, and to his own advantage.

— We call the readers' attention to the advertisement of the Lynn Steamship Co., which you will find elsewhere in this paper, season commencing Saturday, May 26. This popular line will open its 14th season. Its three fast, safe and commodious steamers have been thoroughly overhauled and renovated. These popular boats are of twin screw type, running on 35 minute schedule from the wharf at the foot of Market street, Lynn, to the popular Relay House, Bass Point, Nahant We especially recommend this trip and resort to all who are desirous of finding a quiet, restful, fascinating day's outing as Bass Point has no peer in all the resorts of New England.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— We look for a large delegation of Woburn people to attend the June breakfast of the Winchester Visiting Nurse Association in Winchester Town Hall from 6 to 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, June 2. It will pay to do so.

— The L. C. S. Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will hold their annual meeting Thursday afternoon, June 7, at 4 30 o'clock. A Strawberry Supper will be served at half-past six o'clock followed by musical program All invited.

— So far this spring weather has proved to be an article of every day use not to be depended on as to quality. E. g.: Last Sunday, up to nearly 3 p. m., was oppressively hot, 85 degrees, with a plenty of humidity in the air. About the hour above named a change took place and in the space of 20 or 30 minutes the temperature fell from over 80 to 50, and people really suffered from the cold. Extra fires became necessary to comfort; east winds pierced to the marrow; and a little later a heavy rain set in, which lasted, without cessation or interruption, pouring hard all the time, until 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 29. At that hour the wind shifted to the north and the frigidity of the atmosphere, for some time after, was without a parallel so late in May and so near Memorial Day. Whether, or not, the above named condition of things is the result of commotions in the bowels of the earth, to which, also, the California earthquake was due, is more than we are able to say.

— Dr. H. G. Blake, Medical Examiner for this District, wife and young son went to Vermont last Wednesday on a fishing trip. The Doctor is an enthusiastic disciple of old man Walton, the famous English angler, poet and philosopher, and loves nothing better, as a sport, than whipping New England streams and pools for trout, the fairest and finest fish that swim. According to the testimony of old man Walton aforesaid, the true time to whip the brooks is just after the alders have dropped their blossoms and the advent of blackflies is recorded—later in June; but, our word for it, the Doctor and Mrs. Blake will find trout, and have a fine time hooking and landing them on the grassy banks of the pellucid waters of Vermont during their present trip.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Innitou's Anniversary.

One of the most noteworthy and satisfactory social affairs that have taken place in this city for a long time past was the celebration of the 20th anniversary of their organization by the Innitou Canoe Club at the boathouse on Horn Pond last Friday evening, May 25. The weather was not of the most encouraging quality, and, yet, the attendance of members and invited guests was commensurate with the importance of the event, and consisted of officers and past officers of the Club, privates of more or less repute as oarsmen, representatives of the American Canoe Association and clubs, and citizens.

The features of the celebration were a bountiful dinner of choice viands furnished by a popular caterer; fine music by J. J. Hern's Orchestra; a poem; stories; songs; lively and entertaining speeches; and delightful social intercourse, The menu was a work of high gastronomic art, and its discussion afforded the keenest gratification to appetites sharply whetted for that service. The house was most invitingly prepared for the occasion; everything about it was neat, nice and comfortable, and duly approved of.

A warm fraternal feeling pervaded the assembly and greatly enhanced the pleasures of the occasion. Innitou's guests, from home and abroad, were handsomely received and entertained, and the courtesies extended fully appreciated.

The order of postprandial exercises ran something like this:

Introductory remarks by Commodore E. F. Wyer. Call for toasts by F. B. Richardson, Master of that branch of the ceremonies. Rattling good responses by Mayor Arthur H. Linscott, H. Lansing Quick of Yonkers, N. Y., Commodore of the A. C. A.; Fred S. Chase, Commodore of Signet B. C., Manchester, N. H.; H. D. Murphy of Winchester B. C; John Howard of Medford B. C.; W. W. Crosby of Innitou C. C.; and Hon. W. F. Davis, Ex-Mayor of Woburn.

The speeches, all spirited and to the point, were interspersed with songs by F. J. Babcock and Daniel Norris, and excellent instrumental music by the Orchestra and F. Percyval Lewis.

This 20th anniversary of the birthday of Innitou Club was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and one that will not soon be forgotten as a milestone in its existence.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE. Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.

The report of the Directors to the stockholders of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company shows that Woburn had 422 subscribers at the close of the year 1905. The total number of exchange and toll stations connected with the Company's system in the four States of Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, was 203,821, representing an increase of 100 per cent in less than three and one-half years. More than 98 per cent of the whole population of the States named, can avail themselves of the facilities which the system affords, either by means of individual telephones, or by public telephones located at points through which they may communicate with places in their immediate neighborhood, or with far distant cities and towns in New England, or other States. Thousands of agriculturalists have become connected with the neighboring market towns and thence with all the important centers of population reached by the Bell east of the Rocky Mountains.

The report names Woburn as one of the cities in which it is expected that a new relay switchboard will be in operation during the present year.

The total estimated expenditure of the company for new construction and real estate in the present year is $2,750,000, a sum which indicates the increased demand for telephone service. About $5,750,000 will be disbursed by the Company during the twelve months for maintenance and extensions of the property.

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
09-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Literary Notices.

There is as much important and entertaining reading in MCCLURE's for June as one would expect to find in a volume let alone a single number of a magazine. The leading story is Buried Treasure, which combines romance and reality. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker contributes The Railroads on Trial. Mr. Burton J. Hendrick continues the story of Life Insurance. Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved, is a most engrossing story of last summer's Battle of New Orleans. The second instalment of the Kipling series is even more engrossing than the first. Other fiction in this number is Uncle Sammie; The Strange Adventure of Lulu; Lost—An Echo by George Allan England, and The Sewing-Machine Story by Frank H. Spearman. The poems are Timed to an African Chant and The Sea Witch. The June number is remarkably illustrated by such artists as Andre Castaigne, Frederic Dorr Steele, P. V. E. Ivory, E. Dalton Stevens, and George A. Shipley.

William Marion Reedy's San Francisco's past, so rich with gaiety and genius, is the principal feature of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for June. Myrtle Garrison writes of The Ruins of Stanford (with pictures), and Frank Putnam of Loss and Gain at San Francisco. Ethel Armes contributes Portugal's gigantic daughter Charles Warren Stoddard's essay is A Fin de Siecle Friar. American politics and economics are treated by John McGovern, who has a keenly ironic article on Government by Injunction, and by Frank Putnam. Adventures of a Special Correspondent is concluded in this number. Joe Mitchell Chapple's Affairs at Washington is, as usual, a breezy budget of personal chat, freely illustrated. There are fiction stories by Miriam Sheffey, Wm. Forster Brown, L. H. Hammond and Judge C. W. Tyler and poems of high grade by A. A. B. Cavaness, Harriet Whitney Durbin, Curtis Hidden Page, Horace Traubel, Frank Putnam and Ernest McGaffey. The Home department is running over with timely hints and suggestions for housekeepers.

"Sparks."

Rum reigns.

All the time is the time to advertise.

There is considerable uncivil service in some postoffices.

Woburn hens are now giving us a "free and unlimited coinage" of eggs.

A good way to "deliver us from evil" is to vote NO on the license question.

The one thing a Woburn man wants, after he has all the money he wants, is more.

Those tickle-footed pests, the house flies, have made their appearance in Woburn.

Some of the roads in Woburn were better before they were mended than they are now.

Whatever is wrong for the individual cannot possibly be right for a well-regulated town.

Willie Steele has just been appointed cashier of a Vermont bank. Time alone can answer the question.

The JOURNAL continues to be the leading paper in Woburn, and don't you fail to remember it.

The voter who says he "loves his neighbor as himself" and votes "yes"—well, he don't tell the truth, that's all.

A well-known citizen recently purchased a mandolin for his wife and said she would now have something to "pick on" besides him.

An enterprising Burlington farmer advertises for "a boy to milk and take care of a horse." Are the cows on a strike in Burlington?

A society for the suppression of profanity should be established near "Woodberry's Corner," especially for the evenings when the stores close.

It is now a common and very sensible practice for ladies to remove their "Gainesboroughs" while attending theatres. We shall be glad to see an effort made to have the ladies remove their bonnets while sitting in their pews at church. It warps our religion worse than the crooked streets of Boston to sit behind a double-column hat trying to get a glimpse of the sky-pilot.

A Western editor says he has two subscribers who frequently get full, and every time they are in that hilarious condition they come in and pay a year in advance on their subscription. One of them is already credited to 1941, and now the newspaper fraternity throughout the West are just crazy to find out what brand of whiskey he drinks. They probably want to offer it as a premium. We venture to say there is no such brand sold in Woburn.

A POEM.

"Two dealers trading side by side,
One for his trade on ads relied;
One to old fogy methods trusted,
The first one's rich, the other's busted."

C. B. L.

Real Estate.

Agreements have been signed at the office of C. E. Smith for the transfer of the estate No. 18 Lake ave. consisting of single house with about 10,400 ft. of land owned by J. M. Harlow. Purchaser is John Mullen who buys for occupancy.

At the same office agreements have been signed for the transfer of 4 acres of land on Willow and Thornton streets Cummingsville, owned by Bishop heirs. Purchaser is John Newman, who will improve the same.

Also rented store, 416 Main opposite Walnut street, to M. B. Brown of Malden for the millinery business.

Rented Elmwood Cottage, Wyman Green, to Henry McMahon.

Wilmington.

Last Friday evening the Masonic Lodge of this town held a Ladies Night which was a fine affair and great success. There was a banquet provided by Crawford, the well known and popular Woburn caterer, speeches, music, and a dance to close the exercises with. The event was keenly enjoyed by everyone present, and Crawford was praised for his superb catering.

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 25c.

Montvale.

Last Sunday the new addition to Calvary cemetery was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies by Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles church, assisted by curates Rev. Henry A. Walsh and Rev. James F. Doherty. There was fine singing by pupils of St. Charles Parochial school. The attendance was large, and the people interested.

BOSTON LETTER.

Guild's Police and Excise Appointments Good.

GIVE GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Members Defend Closed Bribery Investigation.

There is general satisfaction with Governor Guild's appointments for police commissioner and excise commissioners of the city of Boston. When the measure was first proposed for the separation of the licensing and police functions, at that time administered by the metropolitan police commission, there was a general concession that the two duties of the board were incongruous, but there was quite a common fear expressed that unless the men selected to fill the new positions were of the highest character it might be a disastrous move.

The appointments just made give eminent satisfaction not only in Boston but throughout the state.

Stephen O'Meara, the new police commissioner, is a man well known in this section of the country. To his friends it seems that he has in an eminent degree the qualities which should make the best police commissioner Boston has ever had. He has the distinctive qualities of the disciplinarian and is a man of ripe judgment, absolute fairness and fearlessness. Mr. O'Meara is distinctively a newspaper man. Ever since acquiring his education he has been engaged in that occupation, almost exclusively with the Boston Journal, on which he served as general reporter, legislative reporter, city editor, managing editor and general manager.

Excise Board a Strong One

The three members of the excise board are equally strong men. The chairman, Ezra H. Baker, was for several years a member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. and is a banker. Samuel H. Hudson is the Democratic member of the board, and until last November was the first assistant corporation counsel of the city of Boston. Fred A. Emery, the other Republican member of the board, is a manufacturer engaged in the carpet business.

It is distinctively a business board, and Governor Guild has made excellent selections to these most important positions.

The Democratic Boston Post says, editorially, that it thinks the nominations made by the governor will prove judicious, sagacious and satisfactory. It adds that Mr. O'Meara possesses energy, sincerity and hard common sense in a marked degree, and that he will assume his position with the confidence of the community, not only in his purpose, but in his ability, to make good.

The Boston Journal thinks Mr. O'Meara should make an ideal executive, and that the personnel of the excise board is also a matter for public congratulation.

The legislature has finally enacted the bill for the licensing of express companies to carry liquor. This is a measure asked for by the temperance people and the authorities of many no-license cities and towns to remedy a condition which has grown to be an evil. This bill allows the licensing authorities to license one or more legitimate express companies to transport liquors, and will cut out those expresses in no-license places which have existed in the past for the sole purpose of bringing intoxicating liquors into towns which have voted against the granting of liquor licenses.

The temperance people of the commonwealth are very much pleased at the passage of this legislation, but the measure has had a very tempestuous passage through the house and senate and cost its friends a good deal of anxiety from the time it was introduced until it reached the governor and was approved by him.

That Bribery Investigation

An attempt has been made, many members think without reason, to make a sensation out of the fact that the Massachusetts legislature determined to hold behind closed doors its investigation of the charges of bribery. It is true that in the past such hearings have been held in public. It is also true that none of these investigations in recent years have done anything more than show a lavish expenditure of money or to convict a lobbyist of efforts to bribe members. Some have felt that these former investigations might have developed more if the hearings had been private. In this present day case, however, there were grave suspicions that one and possibly more of the members of the house had been engaged in an effort to corrupt that body.

The committee on rules, after considerable time spent in consideration of this question, decided that it was, on the whole, wiser to carry on this hearing privately on the theory of hearings by the grand jury which are carried on behind closed doors and with the intention that accusations against an individual shall not be made public until there is sufficient evidence to warrant a belief in his guilt. It was felt to be wise that unfounded suspicions of members of the legislature should not be blazoned abroad by the press until there seemed to be some basis of fact to sustain them.

It was also felt that a member of the legislature would be unwilling to testify publicly to suspicious circumstances against a fellow member, while he would be willing to testify privately before such a committee as the committee on rules not only as to what he knew but as to what he suspected.

Hard to Convict of Bribery

It is always difficult—in fact, well nigh impossible—to secure evidence of bribery. The person who offers the bribe is usually very careful in his selection of the one to whom the bribe is to be offered, and the person who receives the bribe is not likely to testify against himself. A good many suspicious circumstances taken together might lead to valuable evidence, and the committee on rules evidently believed that they could get such evidence more efficiently behind closed doors. Whether this reasoning appeals to any particular person or not it is not an unreasonable point of view.

There is, of course, an honest difference of opinion as to the method by which an investigation of this sort should be carried on. There seems to be no difference of opinion within the legislature as to the honesty and competency of the committee on rules, which has charge of this delicate matter. It is agreed in that body that the committee is made up of men of the highest character, and, as is well known, the investigation has been conducted by Attorney General Malone or his assistants.

Whatever may be thought of the method which the committee on rules pursued to obtain the evidence they desire, there seems to be, now, no doubt that it has made commendable progress and got at some very striking facts. Perhaps the criticisms which have been made on this method of investigation has spurred the members to do all within their power to get at the bottom facts in the case and prove the truth or falsity of the accusations which have been made. The committee is evidently determined to do no whitewashing.

Most Legislators Are Honest

A careful inquiry would convince one that the house is thoroughly satisfied with the investigation as being an honest and a searching one. Whatever evidence is disclosed will at the proper time be made public, and if any member is proven guilty it is unquestioned that unsparing action will be taken. There will be no attempt made to hide the culprit or to condone his offense.

The committee has heard a great deal of evidence, for all the members of the house have been summoned to appear and testify, and if any persons have any knowledge of bribery it is wholly probable that the committee will discover it. In addition to that the assistance of the state police will be likely to uncover further evidence that is desired.

A great many ridiculous and unjust statements have been made in regard to this and other legislatures. Those who have been longest connected with the great and general court, including the veteran newspaper men, take no stock in the wholesale charges of corruption which have been made in some of the newspapers. The membership of the legislature is representative of the different elements of the population of Massachusetts, and represents no doubt in a fairly accurate way its qualities and its defects. There are, probably, some dishonest men there, but a large majority of the legislators are undoubtedly honest, and as honest this year as in previous years. No one who is at all familiar with the composition of the Massachusetts legislature and whose judgment is conservative and sound would say otherwise.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

Peculiar Beliefs About Them That Exist In the Old World.

"Dead men's shoes" is a common expression, but means much in many parts of the old world, where the boots of the dead are accorded much importance.

In Scotland, in the northern parts of England, in Scandinavia, as well as in Hungary, Croatia and Roumania, the utmost care is taken among the lower classes that each corpse is provided with a pair of good shoes before being laid into the ground. If the dead person happens to be a tramp and to have been found dead barefooted there will always be some charitable soul to furnish a pair of good boots for interment along with the corpse.

An inspector of police in Scotland has been known to purchase of his own accord a new pair of boots and to place them in the grave, reopened for the purpose, of a murdered stranger who had been inadvertently interred barefooted the day before.

This practice, which likewise prevails among the Tsiganes as well as in many parts of Asia, is attributable to the belief that unless the dead are well shod when buried their ghosts come back to haunt the locality where they breathed their last in search of a pair of boots.

The shoes are popularly supposed to be needed to pass in comfort and safety the broad plains which the departed soul must traverse before it can reach paradise. Among some nations these plains are declared to be covered with furzes, thorns and morass, while other races say that they consist of burning sands. These plains of suffering are popularly credited with forming a sort of antechamber to hell. It is for this reason that the boots of the dead are called "hell shoes" in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark

The Tally Stick.

An old time way of proving one's right to the payment of money loaned was by tally sticks. A plain stick was used, and when a man loaned a sum a stick was broken, and the creditor and debtor each took a part. When the time for payment came the man who had the stick which fitted exactly to the stick held by the creditor received the money. Two sticks never break in exactly the same shape, so there was never any dispute about who had a right to the money.

Since 1879

We have made good bread; so good in fact that it has become a regular standby for thousands of families in this district, and all on account of our trying to give the best possible bread regardless of cost to us.

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread

fresh morning and night at your grocer's. Price 10c.

Ask for Winner Bread at 5c. the loaf.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Church Unity and Heresy."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 21, Bernice A. Smith, aged 2 years, 6 months, 26 days.

In this city, May 25, Sven J. Bowerman, aged 65 years, 1 month.

In Winchester, May 26, James Maxwell Murdock, aged 24 years, 6 months, 26 days.

Burbank Post, No. 33, G. A. R.

WOBURN, May 28, 1906.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL:

A communication in last week's issue of the JOURNAL reflected severely, if not insultingly, on the G. A. R. of Woburn in regard to the decorating of the grave of John E. Philbrick. We wish to inform the writer, Mrs. S. M. Nourse, that it is the desire of the G. A. R. of this place that not a Soldier's grave, without regard to race, creed or color, be omitted in any cemetery coming under our jurisdiction. Had she sent a card to either of the Post Commanders the matter would have been attended to without such publicity. We regret that anything of this kind has been brought to our attention in this manner.

At our last meeting inquiries were made in regard to the location of the lot in which comrade Philbrick was buried that we might be sure that it would be decorated. On visiting the cemetery yesterday to place flags on the soldiers' graves we found the lot named in the communication. There were four headstones on the lot, not one with the name of Philbrick on it. We placed a marker and flag on the lot, which will be accompanied with flowers Memorial Day, May 30.

If, hereafter, any person noting any omission will kindly drop a postal card to the Commander of either Post of the G. A. R. it will be immediately recognized.

W. P. WARREN,
Adjt. and Chairman of Cemetery Committee of Post 33, G. A. R., Woburn.

Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50 cents.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

In answer to many requests from music lovers, the Castle Square Theatre will remain open during the summer as the home of light opera productions. A new company modelled on the famous Castle Square Opera Company, has been engaged, and with J. K. Murray, Clara Lane, and other well known singers at its head, it will perform from week to week a series of popular standard operas. The opening bill next Monday will be "The Mikado," the famous Gilbert and Sullivan classic that will then have its first performance here in several seasons.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

College Ices

better than ever. Each customer receives a separate cake, smothered in choicest fruits, of the

HARDEST ICE CREAM

The *reputation* of our

Soda — Coldest — Best

Only place in town dispensing

SWETT'S ROOT BEER

FROM THE KEG

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

& Northern Street R. R.

PORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7 45, 8.15, 9 15, 10 15, 11.15 A M, 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Walter Widgery, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily L. Widgery and Charlie A. Jones, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Erskine Ames, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Willaim A. Prior, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Giroux, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lillian F. Graves, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neil C. Olsen, otherwise called Niels C. Olson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated February 25, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1959, Page 410, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, June 5, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots three hundred and seventy-one (371), three hundred and seventy-two (372), three hundred and seventy-three (373), three hundred seventy-four (374), and three hundred seventy-five (375), on Felton street, as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, owned by the Montvale Land Company, (said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan —. Said lots measure thirty-five (35) feet in width, by seventy (70) feet in depth, and contain two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet, excepting lot numbered three hundred and seventy-five (375), which is irregular in shape and contains 2450 square feet, more or less, to the canal property line.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1905 and 1906, and to other municipal liens if any; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ELLA M. HAZELTINE AND SARAH H. RICE,
Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, May 11, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to Timothy Fitzpatrick dated December 15, A. D., 1882, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 1618, Page 417, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the sixteenth day of June, A. D., 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Main street with Carter street, so-called; from thence the line runs northerly on and by the easterly side line of said Main street about sixty-four and one-half ($64\frac{1}{2}$) feet to land now, or formerly, of Heirs of Leonard Thompson; thence easterly by land last named about one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the middle of a brook at land of John G. Richardson; thence southerly along the middle of said brook about sixty-four feet and ten inches to said Carter street; thence westerly in and by said Carter street about one hundred and thirty-eight (138) feet to the point of beginning.

For title of said James F. McKenna see deed of John G. Richardson to him dated August 2nd, 1882. The above premises are conveyed subject to a right of way four (4) feet wide on the southerly side thereof to be used by the public and become a part of said Carter street.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

TIMOTHY FITZPATRICK, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., May 22, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, praying for a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musilino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larson, to some point near the residence of Andrew Larson, it was adjudged that said new highway is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the twenty-second day of June, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

RALPH W. SMITH, Asst. Clerk.
May 5th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

BUTTER
— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

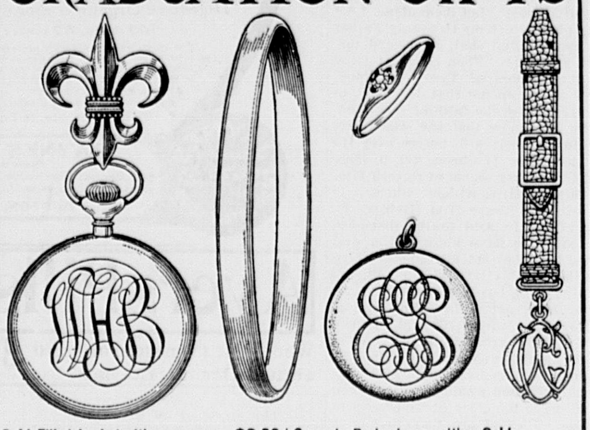
Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

Don't Be Stubborn;

Just because you have been eating a certain bread for years, doesn't follow that you are getting the best bread. If you could get better, richer and more delicious bread you would want it. CREAMALT is the bread that will please you better than any bread you ever tasted.

Fresh daily at all grocers.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON



GRADUATION GIFTS

Gold Filled Locket with monogram	$2.00
Solid Gold Locket with monogram	5.00
Gold Filled Locket with necklace	4.00
Solid Gold Locket with necklace	10.00
Gold Filled Bracelet	2.00
Solid Gold Bracelet	5.00
Ladies' Waltham Watch, Gold Filled Case engraved with monogram, and Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine—complete	12.00
Same in Solid Gold	18.00
Same in Boy's size—either Gold Filled or Solid Silver and monogram fob—complete	$10.00
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is all the time, if it is the right kind. So delightful and delicate an odor as THELMA is never out of place and its use cannot but prove pleasing to refined peeple. We'll consider it a favor if you will ask us to show you THELMA—whether you want to buy or not. Some time you'll want it and then you'll be glad you learned about THELMA.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
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GO TO BASS POINT
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot. Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, praying for the alteration and relocation of Burlington Avenue in said town, from the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge to the Burlington line, it was adjudged that said alteration and relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, on the fifteenth day of June, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Asst. Clerk.
April 27th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

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National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Memorial Day passed much as usual here. The Oration was a fine one.

The Winchester Country Club, in which our people take a lively and commendable interest, is in the most flourishing condition. Golf is its best hold at the present time, in which delightful game, or athletic pastime, the members have no successful competitors in Greater Boston.

Days are designated by our schools when the public will be received and welcomed by the teachers and everything done to make things agreeable all round. By the public is meant parents, guardians, friends, etc. The visits are a great incentive and stimulous to the acquisition of book knowledge.

I am delighted to be able to tell the readers of the JOURNAL that Winchester has a new Libertypole and that it was in full and successful operation on Memorial Day. We were really in straits for one and have been ever since the old staff disappeared. All communities with any pretensions at all to patriotism should have a Libertypole.

The regular June breakfast of the Visiting Nurse Association is to be ready for consumption in the Town Hall from 6 to 9 a. m. Saturday, June 2. A most tempting bill of fare has been made out which includes all the substantials and delicacies that the most fruitful mind can imagine, embracing pork-and-beans and rye-and-indian bread, with frills and trimmings to kill, and potables galore.

Some oldfashioned people in this town appear to think that if ministers would confine their pulpit efforts to expounding the Scriptures and preaching the Gospel as found in the Four Evangelists it would be more like doing God's service and consistent with their ordination vows than exploiting heresy trials. The modern tendency of "the cloth" to seize on every public sensation on which to found a Sunday sermon is reprehensible and lamentable. Who is able to draw the line between such preaching (?) and "yellow journalism?"

The baseball spirit is rampant here. Nobody is thought much of, and stands but poor show for recognition in athletic circles, nor polite ones either, who cannot swing a bit or whirl a "sphere" about as well as a professional. This spirit is more apparent among the High School girls than anywhere else, which makes it hard for the boys. In fact these H. S. lassies look with the greatest contempt on any and all lads who are the least mite deficient in the arts and sciences of the great American game.

No Disguise.

Husband (admiringly)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact that you are smarter than I am, my dear. Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.

Diaries.

If the people who keep diaries are wise they never put into them the things that would make them most interesting to other people in the years to come.—Boston Globe.

EARLY FIRE IMPLEMENTS.

Appliances Used In This Country In the Seventeenth Century.

Undoubtedly the first fire company organized in this country was formed in New York in 1658. It was called the Prowlers and was composed of eight men, with 250 buckets, hooks and small ladders. Where the buckets were obtained and whether or not they were in addition to those owned by the town the records fail to state. In 1679 Salem purchased two or three dozen cedar buckets, besides hooks and other implements; also the selectmen and two others were authorized to take command at fires and to blow up and pull down buildings when such action was necessary. This practice appears to have been much more common before the use of engines than afterward. Boston on Sept. 9, 1679, ordered that every quarter of the town should be provided with twenty swobes, two scoopes and six axes. The swobes, or swabs, as they are now called, were long handled mops that could be used to put out roof fires. The general use of swabs has long since disappeared, but when a slight blaze is beyond the reach of a pail of water and more improved apparatus is not at hand a long handled mop is today the most efficient article to be used. In Japan these swabs may be seen on many roof tops.

In 1690 New York ordered that five ladders and also hooks be made. In Philadelphia no mention is made of public precaution against fire until 1696, when a law was passed forbidding the firing of chimneys or allowing the same to become foul. Each house was to have a swab, bucket or pail. Another act was passed in 1700 ordering every household to have two leather buckets. In the following year six or eight hooks for the purpose of tearing down houses were ordered to be made.

BINDING THE FEET.

This Queer Chinese Custom Is a Comparatively Modern One.

China's custom of binding the feet of its women is not as ancient as has been supposed. A correspondent of one of the native Chinese papers quotes from the letters of Yuan Mei, who lived in the eighteenth century. In one of his letters Yuan Mei wrote to a friend: "You ask me to get you a handsome wife and ardently desire, as your first requisite, that she shall have small feet. Surely you cannot be one who admires true beauty. An admirer of true beauty has his own individual tastes, disdaining to follow the dictates of others. Our ancient literature, in both prose and poetry, has many allusions in praise of beautiful women, but in no instance touches upon small feet.

"A work treating of the customs of the Sung dynasty by Shen Yo says a man's well made shoes are said to be square, and a woman's round, at the toe. In the T'ang dynasty, the first allusion to the feet of Yang Kwei Fei, the court beauty, was about her silk stockings. In one of Han Tung Lang's poems, referring to a woman's feet, he says, 'Her six inch feet so bright and sleek.' These allusions clearly point to unbound feet."

Yuan Mei's letter concludes by saying that the taste of those who ignore the beauty of face and form is depraved. He laments that sensible men should be so led away by a foolish fashion.

Origin of the Orange.

It is to India and to the Arabs as middlemen that Europe, and through Europe America, owe the orange. The orange crossed from Africa to Spain with Mohammedanism, while probably the crusaders are to be thanked for bringing it to Italy and western Europe among their trophies of the east. The very name is really Arabic—"naranj"—and of eastern origin, though the legend that it comes from two words meaning "elephant" and "be ill," because elephants ate oranges to make themselves ill, is absurd. Probably in French the initial "n" is dropped off from naranj, with the final "n" of the indefinite article, just as our "an apron" represents "a napron," and the spelling with an "o" points to false association with "or" (gold).—Economista, Havana.

A Good Reason.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little, puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

Fixtures.

One day four-year-old Fred climbed upon a chair to reach something he wanted.

"You must not get on that chair with your feet, dear," said his mother.

Fred looked down at his feet, evidently puzzled. "Why, mamma," he said, "I can't take 'em off!"

How Not To.

"Please read our paper," annotated the editor in returning the manuscript.

"I do," wrote back the contributor, "and my stuff is designed to show that I know what is the matter with your old paper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The trouble with people who lay something by for a rainy day is that they seem to take such delight in seeing other people out in the wet.—New York Times.

The Fate of Cities.

Some ancient cities have disappeared. The archaeologist digs through the sands of the desert, the accumulations of vegetable mold and the debris of human habitation in a search for the palaces of great kings, the markets of wealthy traders and the homes of a once numerous people. The massacres of ancient warfare may explain some of these dead and buried cities. The inability of people in early history to deal with the sanitary problems of a congested population may have been a contributing cause to their destruction. Cities may have died because their people could not live. But in most cases a change in the routes of commerce will be found to have diverted the stream of nourishment from a city and left it to die of starvation. Yet the Eternal City and Athens, Byzantium, Jerusalem, Antioch and Damascus illustrate the tenacity of municipal vitality, even though a long succession of centuries brings great changes in the methods and subjects and courses of traffic.—Philadelphia Record.

TRIP TO A FIXED STAR.

Would Be a Long Journey Even With Transportation Facilities.

There is a perpetual fascination about the stars and the immense distances at which they lie from one another and from us. To demonstrate the vast distance of Centauri from this planet a popular scientist gives the following illustration in London Answers: "We shall suppose that some wealthy directors, for want of outlet for their energy and capital, construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect for the present the engineering difficulties, a mere detail, and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. We shall go further and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way.

"Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors have made the fare exceedingly moderate—viz, first-class at 1 penny per hundred miles. Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, a gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the national debt of Britain and a few other countries and, presenting himself at the office, demands a first class single fare to Centauri.

"For this he tenders in payment the price of the ticket, £1,100,000,000.

"Having taken his seat, it occurs to him to ask:

"'At what rate do you travel?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"'Then when shall we reach Centauri?'

"'In 48,663,000 years, sir!'"

HENRY BELL'S COMET.

The First Steamer That Plied For Hire In Great Britain.

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's Comet. Thus ran the advertisement in the Glasgow Courier of 1812:

"Steam passage boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburg. For passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays about midday or at such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present 4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second, but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

What would poor neglected Henry Bell have said could he have seen his humble little Comet, of whose elegance, comfort and speed he was so proud, alongside a modern ocean racer or one of the latest palatial river steamers of the Clyde or Thames, all so well advertised?—Chambers' Journal.

Why Timothy Grass Is So Called.

The forage grass known to the farmers of the United States as timothy is so called because first introduced and extensively cultivated in this country by one Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland. This species of grass is well known in England and all over western continental Europe, where it is grown extensively by most farmers between the Mediterranean and the North seas. The botanical name of this grass is Phleum pratense. Timothy is known in the British Isles as cat's tail grass and in several of our eastern states as herd, or herd's, grass. It was grown in large quantities in Maryland and Pennsylvania long before a spear of it had ever been seen in England, the first seed of it ever seen in the last named country being imported from America.

The "If" Is Rather Important.

Here's something that may save your life when a bull gets after you: When a bull charges, just before the final lurch he shuts his eyes, and if you have the presence of mind to stand stock still until he is about two or three feet from you all you have to do is to step aside, and he misses you. Any child with sufficient presence of mind to do this can let a bull charge all day with perfect safety. This is not a new thing, as it is one of the secrets of the bullfighter in the countries where the sport is practiced. The bullfighters say that a cow does not do this, and they would never try any such tricks with a mad cow.

Their Annoyances.

Neighbor—I called to say that you must keep your dog from barking. He won't let our baby sleep. Householder—I'm glad you called. I wanted to say that if you don't keep your baby from crying I shall have to enter a complaint. It annoys my dog awfully.

Works Like Magic.

Caller—Have you ever known any cures effected by what they call suggestion? Mrs. Hewjams—Oh, yes; I once cured Willie of a violent toothache by suggesting that he go to the dentist's and have the tooth extracted.—Chicago Tribune.

Naturally.

Knicker—There goes a man who would rather fight than eat. Bocker—Soldier? Knicker—No; dyspeptic.—Watson's Magazine.

The Size of the Sun.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is 866,000 miles in diameter—i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 1,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its center and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of 240,000 miles. There would yet remain nearly 200,000 miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the center, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two and a half years. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth it only weighs as much as 332,000 earths, or two octillions of tons. The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was 150 pounds to weigh two tons.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
. . . BOILER AND PLATE GLASS . . .

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 131-2
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

ICE CREAM
To Take Home.

Our Cream is made fresh every day and contains the fresh crushed fruit. Harvard, Harlequin, Tutti Frutti, Country Club, and all flavors.
Individuals 10 cents each.
Individuals in Quart Bricks 50 cents.
In Bulk 25c. Pint; 40c. Quart.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.]
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

When You Have Company

You want your table to look its prettiest. Snowy linen, a few flowers and some of our silverware and cut glass will give your guests many pleasant thoughts of their visit.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Strawberry and Pineapple Ice Cream
MADE FROM NEW FRUIT

NABISCO in 10c. Packages

CRAWFORD'S
412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

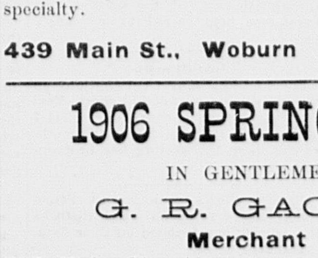
GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

PROPERTY FOR SALE

1906 SPRING STYLES
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn



GOOD THINGS WITHIN SIGHT
and worth eating is our stock of high-grade
MEATS
and Poultry. Carefully selected in the first place, kept in a freezing temperature and in sanitary surroundings, no wonder every housekeeper keeps our Meats in sight and within reach.

They mean family health, good eating, *money saved by our low prices.* For juicy steaks, tender chops and fragrant hams, deal at

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Telephone, 128-6

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HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.

CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficulty work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine.

Avoid Inferior "Just As Good" Imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late
James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

The Message From Bleaker's

By Alice Crittenden Derby

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

The night operator at Bleaker's Lift had been crying. Job Daly, the taciturn old track walker, saw that with half an eye—which was all he ever directed toward the sex—when he came in for the coal scuttle that evening. Taxing his imagination for a cause, Job surmised that Rhoda wept because her father was laid up again with his crippled back, a memento of the last landslide, which he had defied in order to tick off a warning to others. As a matter of fact the girl's tears were not filial ones, but pertained to the discovery that the young engineer of No. 7 was no ordinary sweat-of-the-brow running man, but a chap of very different caliber—in short, a son of the first vice president, with a penchant for practical knowledge concerning his father's road.

True, Dave maintained that a man is not accountable for his father and had blustered reassuringly when Rhoda wormed out of him the admission that his sire had shown a tendency to a hot box when told of their matrimonial plans.

"Dad needn't be so doggoned critical," grumbled Dave, blissfully depositing a cinder smudge near Rhoda's pink mouth. "He's self made, every inch of him; began at rock bottom forty years ago. He isn't snobbish either in some ways. He's often told me that I'm named for an old 'buddy' of his; some one he thought the world of and would give a lot to find."

Notwithstanding the vice president's magnanimity toward the memory of a whilom "buddy," Rhoda felt that her humble self as a daughter-in-law should not be wantonly thrust upon him, particularly since Dave confessed light heartedly that the act might bind him to an engineer's life in dead earnest. She was a girl with a conscience, and that unfeeling mentor represented that she ought not to wreck her lover's career. Therefore Rhoda was digging a little heart grave that night at Bleaker's Lift and trying to shovel big Dave into it.

Old Job in his wordless sympathy had filled up her coal stove so solicitously at 10 o'clock and again at 1 that Rhoda was driven to the open door for a breath of the keen mountain air of late November. The black night showed only a few sickly stars above the tall pines and Job Daly's lantern swinging along the winding path toward his own shanty. Suddenly this one friendly twinkle amid the darkness lurched sideways and went out.

"Job," called Rhoda concernedly. "Job, did you fall?"

There was no answer, and the girl turned resolutely within the office. She had lighted another lantern and was reaching for a wrap when unusual sounds made her wheel quickly. Five burly, evil looking men blocked the doorway.

Rhoda stepped across to the table, her eyes seeking the old fashioned photograph hanging above it as one might appeal to a crucifix. It was the likeness of her father, whom she idolized, and she was taking counsel of him now and also thanking God that it was she on duty that night instead of him. Then she coolly faced the intruders, her back to the table and one hand creeping out stealthily behind her.

"Drop that, curse you!" snarled one of the men. "You'll finger that ticker when I tell you to and not before. See?"

It was the ugliest villain of them all who spoke, and Rhoda's arm fell at her side.

"Now you'll wire the old man at Rumford," the fellow commanded, levelling a shining barrel at her head, "that there's a rock or a tree—make it a tree—on the track, and the express 'll have to take the siding. Tell 'em the old guy is hurt and they'll have to throw the switch themselves." He lowered his voice, speaking to the others, "That'll give us time to fix the engineer and get aboard?"

His accomplices nodded.

"Now hump yourself, girl. This man, Telegraph Bill, is next to the dot and dash lingo, so you can't fool us, and you'll do the job up proper or it'll be all day with you." A metallic click emphasized the threat.

Rhoda glanced slowly about the circle of dark, sinister faces. Coming last to Telegraph Bill, she saw that the man was listening intelligently to a message passing over the wire, and she knew the leader had spoken truly. They were not to be fooled.

An ashen pallor overspread her face. She reached hesitatingly for the key. Her fingers stiffened on it unwillingly, and jerkily the instrument began to tick. At the first sound Telegraph Bill looked up, and their eyes held each other for an instant, then the man's brow contracted doggedly, and he looked down. Even a train robber may not relish seeing a loyal hearted woman compelled to betray her post.

Tick, tick, tick, sped the message, while Rhoda gazed fascinatedly at the one man who understood it. When she had finished their eyes met again, but his spoke only a bold admiration before which Rhoda's lashes sank.

After cutting the wires the men filed out, engaged in muttered colloquy. Rhoda flung herself down, her head upon her arms. Then, at the thought of all that might yet be, she drew a bright little revolver from the drawer and held it tremblingly. A muffled step and Telegraph Bill stood before her, glancing back apprehensively, as if to see if he were watched.

The girl's weapon flashed aimlessly. With a hoarse imprecation the man lunged to the floor, his temple striking a broken drawhead, which fate, in the person of Job Daly, had cast into a corner that afternoon. Blood gushed from two wounds and he lay white and motionless where he had fallen.

In Rhoda's ears was a running reverberation. She thought it was her own heart till the deck lights of a freight whizzed past and then she knew why the report of her shot had not brought the other men back. She crouched in her chair, hiding her eyes from that rigid, white faced object with its oozing blood. The wonted companionship of the sounder was gone and the mournful sighing of the pine trees without seemed a ghostly requiem for slain hope.

After many hours, she thought, there came a locomotive's sharp cry, waking the mountain echoes; then the nearer rolling thunder of a train. She heard the brake shoes grind upon the wheels and then oblivion enfolded her, unpenetrated by the hubbub of shouts and firing which followed.

What she knew next was that Dave bent over her, pressing her drooping head against the breast of his sooty coat. The room was full of men, some of them bound and gagged. Among these latter was Job, for once more silent than even he enjoyed, though he spoke no word when some one loosed him.

A stately old gentleman emerged from the background and, crossing over, twitched the engineer's sleeve. The young man lifted his eyes, a tender, adoring light still filling them.

"Father!" he exclaimed. "What in the name of all"—

The old gentleman smiled quizzically.

"I had a fancy to see how you ran an engine, Dave, and I got right into it. Hey, boy?"

At that moment a commotion arose from the ruffian in the corner. Raising himself on one elbow he stared stupidly about, then lifted a vindictive fist and shook it at Rhoda.

"You young Jezebel, you," he roared painfully, "to serve me like this after I'd saved you from the gang. They'd have slung you a through ticket if I'd blowed your message, and you know it, too, you—you—bully little devil hen! I was going to help you make a sneak if you hadn't plugged me, but"—

A groan and a collapse ended the sentence.

Rhoda sprang forward, remorsefully wringing her hands. Dave's gaze went with her devouringly.

The vice president looked from one to the other. Then he adjusted his eyeglasses and picked up the yellow telegram slip which the division superintendent had just laid down. He read:

"Danger at H. Robbers waiting for train No. 7. Don't stop, for God's sake."

The official smiled again, this time a little uncertainly. Edging closer to his son he laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Lad," he said reproachfully, pointing to the little old photograph above the table, "why didn't you tell me long ago that she was Dave Brody's girl? Surely you knew that he was my old buddy?"

The Color of Water.

After long hesitation scientific men agree in admitting that water physically pure seen in mass is sky blue. This color is that taken by the white light of the sun when absorbed by the water in consequence of a phenomenon the explanation of which would be a little long. It is not due to the chemical purity of the water, since the sea, which is the bluest water, is also that which contains the most salt. Nevertheless, according to Forel's experiments, the matter in solution should be the predominant cause of the modification of color, upon which act besides the matter in suspension the color of the bottom and the reflection of the sky and of the banks. Consequently blue water is pretty rare in nature. A good many seas and lakes that give us the impression of this tint are green. The water at present acknowledged to be the bluest is that of the Sargasso sea, between the Cape Verde islands and the Antilles. The water of the Mediterranean off the French coast and around Capri is bluer than that of Lake Leman, much less blue itself than that of the lakes of Kandersteg and Arolla, in Switzerland.—Paris L'Illustration.

Calling the Landlady.

A man's curiosity got the better of him in a Back Bay lodging house one day, and he paid for it, as is usually the case. He said he hadn't seen the landlady during his stay of three months, the rents being paid to the housekeeper, and a friend to whom he made this remark said that she was around about every day—in fact, he wouldn't be surprised if she was in the house then. To test his confidence he was willing to wager the cigars that she was there, and his doubting friend considered it too easy a thing to lose, so he said, "Agreed." Then the man who was certain proceeded to win easily. Seizing a plate from the table, he dropped it upon the floor, and in less than a minute the woman of the house was on the scene inquiring about the cause of the noise. The doubter was satisfied.—Boston Globe.

Men Need Big Mirrors.

"A man's dressing room needs a full length mirror as much as a woman's boudoir." This declaration was made by a speaker at a convention of merchant tailors, and the statement met with no contradiction—in fact, after the convention had adjourned it was found that every maker of garments in the hall believed that it would make the American citizen a better dressed person if he would make arrangements to "see himself as others see him." This is not "foppish," it was declared, even though it can be done only through the use of the long mirror, heretofore held sacred to my lady's uses.

Installments.

Bacon—Did you ever get anything on the installment system? Egbert—Yes; I got my household that way. First I got my wife, then her father and mother and now I'm getting her brothers and sisters.

Extreme views are never just. Something always turns up which disturbs the calculations founded on their data.—Tancred.

Akin.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure, Mr. Askin?" said Miss Elder to a young man whom she knew to be engaged.

"I haven't got that far yet," was the frank reply, "but I'm pretty well convinced that courtship is bankruptcy."—London Tit-Bits.

"A Bare Bodkin."

"Bare" means "mere" as well as "naked," and I cannot doubt that by "bare bodkin" Shakespeare meant "mere bodkin," the point of the passage being with how contemptibly small an instrument we could, if we chose, put an end to life and all its bother. "Bare" probably was used instead of "mere" for the sake of effective alliteration. (Cf. with Hamlet's "bare bodkin;" Richard II.'s "little pin," III, 2, 169.) For "bare" in the sense of "mere" I need cite only "bare imagination of a feast."—London Notes and Queries.

Four Days In the Year.

There are but four days in the year when the sun and clock exactly correspond. In other words, there are but four days of the 365 in which the sun is directly south at noon.

The 15th of April and the 17th of June remember,
August 31 and 24th of December.
On these four days (and none else in the year)
The sun and clock both the same time declare.

The Miracle.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me for $5 and I'd lend it to you it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so. Lorain—And if you returned it that would be a miracle.

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

How This Cheerful Little Cannibal Eats and Develops.

A wonderful spirit of tidiness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own eggs, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victims take it all as a matter of course. I have disturbed a strong member of the community just as he had begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer has not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work.

For some time there is no grave change in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny foot on either side of the base of the tail. These grow slowly, but seem unable to move independently until shortly before the border land is passed which leads to perfect froghood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear, and, while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth, and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades, and no doubt being voted a bore; then a more vigorous effort breaks the skin and the tiny hand and arm appear.

There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for last year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had an entirely left handed crew.—Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC AT SEA.

Conditions Under Which Ships' Sails Sometimes Sing.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away.

Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had traveled a distance of upward of 100 miles over the smooth water and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances and especially in a moisture laden atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

English Regard For Teaching.

If there is one occupation which Englishmen are unanimous in condemning as degraded and degrading it is that most fascinating, most difficult, delicate and important work, the training of the mind. In what are humorously called "the higher walks" of teaching there are respectable salaries to be earned and agreeable rooms or houses for occupation. Here, purged of the dross of utility, a man may once more take rank as a gentleman, and if he becomes head of a house the supreme uselessness of his position commands universal and silent respect.—Nineteenth Century.

Gentian Root.

Gentian root, often used as a tonic, is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica, in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

Quite the Contrary.

"After all, my friend," began the solemn stranger, "life is but a dream, a"—

"Not much, it ain't," snorted the hard headed man. "In nearly every dream I ever had I was gettin' more money than I knowed what to do with."—Philadelphia Press.

Frenchmen and Spanish.

French people find it difficult to speak Spanish properly. Victor Hugo boasted that he was the only Frenchman who could really speak Spanish, something of Spain being mingled in his ancestry.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens.

Had Her Guessing.

Margie—I wonder if Mr. Smartly meant to give me a left handed compliment? Rita—Why? Margie—He said these artificial flowers I am wearing just match my hair.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

A Coincidence.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis in perfect confidence, "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

"Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine!"

Cause and Effect.

"Poor Jones is suffering from melancholia."

"Why, I thought he was the editor of a comic paper."

"He is."

The More the Merrier.

"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight 'n gold."

"Stout girl, I hope."—London Tatler.

Dandies of Papua.

Even the natives of Papua have their fine gentlemen, their dandies. To rank in this class the young man is compelled to lace his waist and to have a nose ornament of polished shell. But, as an explorer says, "very few young blades can afford to possess one, and accordingly it may be lent either for a consideration or as a very special favor. The possessor of one of these ornaments could easily buy a wife for it, and sometimes it is paid as a tribal tribute by one should he have to pay blood money or be unable to give the statutory pig as atonement for a murder." Papuan husbands, too, have a primitive way of dealing with their recalcitrant wives. A man named Gedon had a shrewish helpmate whom he attempted to tame according to this method: "He would pick up a billet of wood when she was halfway through a tremendous scolding and give her a terrific blow over the back. Thereupon ensued pandemonium. The other men and women would gather round, jabbering, but they would make no attempt to stop the beating once it had begun."

The Fashionable Dinner.

Eight men exclusive of the butler are required to serve a dinner of twenty-four covers, one being allowed for every three diners. Another is stationed in the pantry to "run in" the courses. Absolute order and silence reign among these men, who perfectly understand the butler's cabalistic signs. Electric signals pass constantly between chef and butler. From the seating of guests until the ladies leave not more than eighty-five minutes should elapse, for long dinners are considered bad form. Upon these occasions scarcely a member of the domestic corps escapes some special duty. The housemaids assist the pantry maid. After each course twenty-four silver plates and countless small silver must be carefully cleansed, wiped very dry and then polished with chamois before being put away. Nearly 200 pieces of engraved crystal ware must be washed and polished, and it is too costly and brittle to be hastily handled.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ghost or Illusion?

A minister of the gospel, according to this tale, was walking to and fro in a long passage that ran through the house and meditating upon his next sermon. There brushed by him a housemaid. He watched her pass and enter his study. Fearing that she would disarrange his papers, he hurried after her, went into his study—and no one was there. No means of egress was possible but by the one door through which he had seen the girl enter. He rang the bell and—the housemaid came down from the top of the house, where she had been performing her duties. And the unusual part of the story is that nothing happened—no one sickened and died. The young woman married happily. And yet that minister of the gospel is sure that he saw that housemaid pass him. Nor to this day does his stout and happy matron know that she was ever in two places at once.

Wealth In Old Roman Times.

Our wealth, as much as we boast of it, is comparatively puny as compared with the wealth of men of old. There was Mark Antony's house that was sold to Messala for over $500,000, and Scaurus' villa was burned at a loss of over $12,000,000. Otho spent over $14,000,000 in finishing one wing of a palace commenced by Nero. Nearly $36,000,000 was found in the coffers of Tiberius, and Caligula spent it all in less than a year. Paulus could make a trifling present to the mother of Brutus of a pearl worth over $30,000. So let us be modest. We are a cheap people, even the wealthiest of us.

Smoking the Nargile.

A Greek thus tells how the nargile is smoked by his brethren:

"Only pure tobacco is used in the nargile. It is grown expressly for the purpose in Persia. The weed there is called tumbeky. This kind of tobacco is first washed two or three times by the man who keeps the restaurant. He puts it under a faucet and squeezes the juice out. Otherwise the tobacco would be too strong. Then, when the smoke of it is drawn through the water, the tobacco having, of course, been dried first, all the nicotine is deposited in the water, and a delightful and innocuous smoke is the result."

The Test.

"How do you like your new music teacher?"

"He's no good."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Yesterday I played a common tune clear through, and he didn't say it would take a week's practice to offset the harm done."

Surely.

"Tommy is such a sweet child," said a doting mother, "that I often think it will be a miracle if he lives to grow up."

"It will," said the candid neighbor, with a baleful gleam in his eye.

Cigar Smoke and Love.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become betrothed to the girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or a cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth, and thereupon, provided there is no impediment in the birth months and years of the respective parties, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide at least $1,000. In Calabria, as in certain parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

An Oddity In Toes and Digits.

There is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which you will never become acquainted if you depend on your text books for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one toed creation; the camel of the two toed; the rhinoceros of the three toed and the hippopotamus of four toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders belong to the great five toed tribe.

Fame.

Stranger (in Vienna)—Then this is the hotel which Beethoven used to frequent! I say, waiter, can you not show me the table at which Beethoven used to sit? Waiter—Beethoven? Stranger—Why, he very often came here! Waiter (bethinking himself)—Ah, yes! The gentleman is out of town.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON X, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 3.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vii, 24-30. Memory Verse, 30—Golden Text, Matt. xv, 28—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After shepherding the shepherdless 5,000 so fully He constrained His disciples to return in the boat while He sent the multitudes away whose souls and bodies He had ministered to so graciously and compassionately. Then He went away into a mountain to pray. Misunderstood by the people who would by force make Him a king after seeing His power, and also by the twelve to whom He was a constant mystery, He always found relief by turning to His Father in heaven. The disciples in the storm tossed boat, toiling in rowing against a contrary wind, and Jesus away on the mountain top, seemingly neglectful of them, is quite a picture of this present age, during which the church seems to make little progress against the adverse circumstances and the Great Head of the church is at the Father's right hand in heaven. But He will come in the morning watch, and immediately all her troubles will cease (John vi, 21).

When they had landed, the people hastened to bring to Him all the sick and diseased, and as many as touched Him were made whole. About this time He preaches the great discourse of John vi, and afterward to the Pharisees gives His scathing words concerning mere outward washings, saying, "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me" (Mark vii, 6). When His disciples told Him that He had offended the Pharisees, He replied: "Let them alone. * * * Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up" (Matt. xv, 12-14). Then He went away into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and it seems to me that He went to be refreshed by the faith of this woman, for He knew that she was there, and He saw her faith before ever He went near her (II Chron. xvi, 9; Heb. iv, 13). Nothing seems to refresh Him like faith in Him, without which it is impossible to please Him (Heb. xi, 6). How often He said to the disciples, who ought to have known Him and trusted Him beyond all others, "O ye of little faith" (Matt. vi, 30; viii, 26; xiv, 31; xvi, 8), but to this one He said, "O woman, great is thy faith," and of the Roman centurion He said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (Matt. xv, 28; viii, 10). To Martha and Mary in their darkest hour He said, "If thou would'st believe thou should'st see the glory of God," and to Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed" (John xi, 40; xx, 29). There is no way to bring His joy and peace to our hearts but by believing, and no other way to overcome the world (Rom. xv, 13; I John v, 4).

How suggestive the saying, "He could not be hid," and yet in many who bear His name He seems to be hidden, for no one would know by their words or works that they belong to Him, and this notwithstanding the command, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v, 16).

The account of this incident in Matthew is much more full than in Mark, and there we learn that the woman first cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou Son of David." Her next cry was, "Lord, help me," and the third, which alone Mark gives us, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." To her first cry Jesus answered not a word, possibly because as Son of David she had no right to expect aught from Him, she being a gentile. His remark to the disciples, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xv, 24), would imply this: As Lord in her second cry He could help her, but, knowing how much she could bear, He in His infinite wisdom saw fit to test her further by His remark about the children and the dogs. This last drew from her the cry that prevailed and from Him the blessed words, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." "For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." The faith that prevails is that which takes the lowest place in reference to ourselves and gives to Him His rightful place. It has the persistence of Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me" (Gen. xxxii, 26), and the humility of Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii, 5, 6). See how the mother's faith prevailed for the daughter who was not present and possibly was so tormented that she was not in a condition to exercise any faith herself. Compare the nobleman's faith for his son and the centurion's for his servant (John iv and Matt. viii) and the faith of the four for their palsied friend (Matt. ix, 2).

See how even the children become possessed by demons and learn from this mother how to have them healed. A friend of mine told me of his little boy whom he could not subdue by any kind of moral suasion or wise chastening, and in despair, believing him to be possessed by demons, he obeyed the command, "Bring him hither to me!" and the Lord delivered and healed him. It is so easy to give place to the devil in the case of a precocious child, calling the work of the evil one cleverness on the part of the child, but alas for the result. A wise parent will remember that the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, may be seen in a very little child and will prayerfully watch against it.

Natural Privileges.

"It is a physical impossibility to keep a watering place exclusive."

"Why so?"

"Because there anybody who pleases can be in the swim."—Baltimore American.

The Most Curious Known Animal.

The most peculiar and remarkable animal in the world is the Ornithorynchus paradoxus, the famed egg laying mammal of Australia. It is shaped like an otter, has fur like a beaver, is web footed like a swan, has a bill like a duck and a tail like that of a fox. It is the only known fur covered creature that lays eggs. A corresponding oddity among feathered bipeds would be a bird that brought forth its young alive.

Same Thing.

"Rimer takes himself very seriously, doesn't he?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Most of his poetry is pathetic, isn't it?"

"That's what he calls it, but the editors say it's pitiful."—Boston Advertiser.

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The Story of an Invention.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

The Pointer.

There is as much fallacy in attempting to prove the origin of pointing as in a like attempt to prove the origin of eating. As a matter of fact, the pointing act commonly exhibited by the pointer and setter is an incident of the capture or attempted capture of food by dogs, and also by wolves and foxes. Coyotes have been seen to draw and point on prairie dogs and grouse in precisely the same manner that the pointer and setter draw on game birds. There were the same rigidity and stealth, the pause to judge of distance and opportunity and the final rigid pause when all the energies are concentrated for the final spring to capture. All the phenomena displayed by the dog family indicate that the drawing and pointing in the pursuit of prey were ever natural traits. It may be reasonably believed that man could not breed the pointing instinct out of the dog if he attempted to do so.—Forest and Stream.

A Gentle Wish.

It was their honeymoon. They had moved into a pretty suburban house and were getting settled cozily at last.

"I have something for you," she said when he came home from the office.

"A present?"

"Yes. You have no night key, so I had one made for you. Here it is."

"That was very thoughtful of you. But how did you come to take so much trouble?"

"I wanted it as a kind of barometer. You'll let me look at it now and then, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"I'm not going to say you mustn't go out evenings, and I'm not going to sit up until you come home when you are out late. I only hope," she said coaxingly, "that every time I look at it the key will be a little bit rustier, and then I will know that home pleases you more than any other place."

The Fountain Pen.

The fountain pen is not an invention of recent years. In Samuel Taylor's "Universal System of Shorthand Writing," published in 1786, we find proof of the fountain pen's great age.

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument, but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

Useless Labor.

Teacher—Johnny, I don't believe you have studied your geography. Johnny—No, mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things get settled.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Wonderful Sensitive Plant.

An incident related by the author of "The Pearl of India" in his description of the flora of Ceylon is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa, or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether the plant has intelligence. The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family on the broad piazza which formed the front of the bungalow of a coffee plantation recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa."

The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child.

"Now," said the host, "will you touch the plant?"

Rising to do so, he approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger."

STRIKING EYEGLASSES.

No Law Which Declares It an Aggravated Offense.

It is the common opinion that for striking a man with glasses on there is a severer penalty than for striking him under similar circumstances when he is not wearing glasses. Careful search, however, does not bring forth any statutory provision which declares the offense greater when the man who is struck wears glasses. The prevalence of this idea is due, no doubt, to the probability of the judge in such cases giving the convicted the extreme penalty. The legal term for assault under such circumstances is "mayhem," signifying that the assailant has in one way or another deprived his victim of the power of defending himself.

During an altercation from which a struggle is apt to ensue any one wearing glasses would be wise to remove them, unobserved if possible, however, because if noticed it might act as a signal to begin hostilities.

Many think that glasses would be a source of general protection in these cases and often take advantage on that ground, but this is wrong, because no court would hold it worse to strike a man with glasses than one without unless the assailant struck directly at his opponent's eyes, with the intent to wound or maim him, and whether one were hit elsewhere than on the eyeglasses would not enter the case at all.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

When Spencer Traveled.

When Herbert Spencer went on a long railway journey it was his practice to have reserved for him a first class compartment. Across the carriage he used to have a hammock swung, in which he traveled to avoid the vibration and concussion. There was something funny in the spectacle of the staid philosopher traveling in this fashion, and so it appeared to the people who witnessed the preparations for his departure. The inquisitives were soon disappointed, for as soon as Spencer recognized that he was being made the object of unsolicited attention he would shout out in stentorian tones to the porters—he used to have four to look after him—"Draw down those blinds!"

Origin of Ox Tail Soup.

During the reign of terror in Paris in 1793 many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The abattoirs sent their hides fresh to the tanneries without removing the tails, and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of the noble beggars asked for a tail, and it was willingly given to him. He took it to his lodging and made (what is now famous) the first dish of ox tail soup. He told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.

Though the sun scorches us sometimes and gives us the headache, we do not refuse to acknowledge that we stand in need of his warmth.—De Mornay.

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Young Linguists.

"It's a queer thing, about children—babies," said the proud father. "If I say 'cat' they [illegible] get to [illegible] make up a word like 'oobijooble' that youngster can speak it more clearly than I can!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Skin Deep.

The first known, if not the original use of the phrase, "beauty is only skin deep," occurs in Ralph Venning's "Orthodoxe Paradoxes." "All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep, a sunne blast defaceth it."

Always Awake.

Bacon—They say a person will die for want of sleep in ten days. Egbert—It's miraculous what keeps that baby of mine alive.

Impatience.

Impatience turns an ague into a fever, a fever to the plague, fear into despair, anger into rage, loss into madness and sorrow to amazement.—Jeremy Taylor.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Wendell Phillips.

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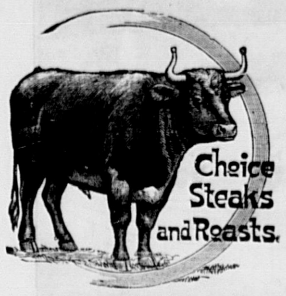
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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return at** 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

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THE EIGHTH GIRL

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

When John Walker was left a widower, although he was in the prime of manhood, with a comfortable income and good habits, it was universally predicted that he could never win a second wife.

For what manner of woman—that is, of the type fastidious John Walker would fancy—could contemplate the prospect of stepmothering seven daughters ranging in age from pert thirteen to precocious four?

If the children had been boys, John Walker's prospects would have been more favorable, for a squad of boys can be turned afield, but seven girls to hear and heed until they should come to an age when they would with their lords depart!

John Walker was domestic, and after two years of widowerhood he began to yearn for a goddess of his hearth and home. The affairs of his household had not been administered so badly since his wife died. The cook was capable and honest and had been reigning over the kitchen for eight years. The seamstress, who had always spent a month each spring and autumn "sewing up" for the young Walkers, continued her visits, with the added responsibility of selecting and purchasing material.

The eldest girl, Madge, was promising to be quite a practical little housekeeper, but John Walker knew that a wise feminine hand and heart were essential to the guidance of his active, romping, unruly troop of youngsters.

He began to call assiduously upon Cecilia Rayne, a young woman renowned for her intellect, practicality and excellent judgment. She accepted his attentions, though reservedly, and with a general air of careful consideration and "weighing in the balance."

His intentions were regarded as unmistakable when he invited her, with her mother, to visit his home and drink tea one afternoon. The children on this fateful day had never been so noisy or unattractive. Even Madge was boisterous and untidy.

John Walker did not know that it was malice aforethought on the part of his offspring. Madge was precocious and acute eared. She had heard it said that John Walker would marry just as soon as he could find any one to have him. She had sized up Miss Rayne as a home ruler, and in the mother of Miss Rayne she scented a natural enemy.

So she instigated and encouraged rebellion in her many sisters, and their deportment carried the day. John Walker escorted his guests to their home and returned with the firm intention of administering unto his own something stronger than rebuke.

He found his flock white robed and sweet voiced, awaiting with uplifted mouths his good night caress, and he could not bring himself to mar their slumbers by so much as a word.

"If she only could have seen them as they are now!" he thought, with a regretful sigh.

Madge's busy little brain worked overtime that night on the solution of the stepmother problem. A day or two after the eventful visit of Miss Cecilia Rayne, as John Walker was passing a little park, he met two or three kindergarten teachers walking with their young charges. He gave them but a casual glance, when his attention was attracted by a delighted cry of "Papa!"

The littlest and last child in the procession let go of the hand of the young girl with whom she was walking and rushed up to him.

"Why, Tot," he said, taking her up in his arms.

Then he looked hesitatingly at the young teacher, who was walking on slowly.

"You must be Mr. Walker," she said naively. "I am Tot's kindergarten teacher."

"Are you?" he asked interestedly. "I didn't know that Tot attended a kindergarten."

"Didn't you?" she asked anxiously. "Madge brought her to school yesterday and entered her as a pupil. I supposed it was your wish."

"Of course it is," he replied promptly, "only I hadn't thought of it before. I am glad Madge is so wise."

"I've learned lots, papa. I'm going to prick you a card," assured Tot.

"Thank you, darling. Where is your school, Miss"—

"Worden," she said, supplying the name. "The school is on the corner of Wood and Third streets, three blocks below. Are you fond of children, Mr. Walker?" she asked, looking up at the princess enthroned on his shoulder.

"Naturally," he said, with a whimsical smile.

She flushed and laughed a little.

"Come and visit our school some time, then."

"I will walk there with you now," he responded promptly, setting Tot down on the sidewalk.

The child instantly appropriated a hand of each guardian and skipped along between them.

"Who takes her to and from school?" he asked, remembering the automobiles and trolley cars.

"Madge has so far."

"Madge said you could stop for me noons on your way home to luncheon," said the little girl.

"Why, yes, so I can. How did Madge know of your school, Miss Worden?"

"Oh, Madge and I are old friends. I give music lessons afternoons, and her inseparable companion, Grace Landon, is one of my pupils."

"I wish you would give Madge lessons too. Her teacher left the city some time ago and I have neglected to have her start again."

"I should be glad to teach her," said the girl simply.

"Very well. You may commence tomorrow, if agreeable, and give her two lessons a week."

"She's a sweet little girl," thought John Walker as he pursued his way from the kindergarten. "She must be Tom Worden's daughter. Poor fellow! His failure took all he had. She's a trump to take hold and help in this way."

The first day that John called for Tot he so cordially seconded the child's invitation to her teacher to come home with them to luncheon that she was forced to comply.

Madge's music hour was from 5:30 to 6, and she would not practice properly unless her teacher would consent to stay to dinner. The children all claimed her as a kindred spirit and called her "Bess," for which they were sternly and ineffectually reprimanded by their parent, who finally followed their example and called her by that name himself.

In the month of July the Walkers went to their summer cottage on a lake some twenty miles from the city.

"You need a vacation more than any one," said John Walker abruptly to Bess one day. "You must go with us."

"Thank you very much," said the girl gratefully. "It's kind in you to ask me, but of course I can't accept."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Your father is going west on an extended business trip, and he won't need you."

The girl blushed, hesitated and then said frankly:

"Why, you see, of course, it would really be all right, but then you know people would talk—they wouldn't approve."

She began to flounder in her explanation, and John suddenly comprehended.

"I see," he laughed, nodding. "But you see you have come to seem to me like one of my own—my eighth girl, I call you—but I suppose you are grown up enough for a chaperon."

"I am twenty years old," she said with dignity.

"Indeed! A great age. Well, I have a second cousin, a meek, elderly widow, whom the children rule firmly. I presume she would like a month or so at the cottage."

So it was finally arranged.

From that time on John Walker suddenly regarded his children's teacher in a new light.

"I wonder if a beautiful young girl like Bess could come to care for an old duffer like me," he pondered. "I had supposed that she considered me an old man!"

A thrill stirred within him as he looked up at the fair young face gazing happily over the waters of the lake on the first night of their arrival.

"Bess!" he said suddenly.

But the children had also called "Bess," and she was away for a romp on the beach.

"She is only a child, after all," he thought, with a sigh.

In the Walker boathouse was a canoe which the children were forbidden to use, but Bess one Sunday morning ventured forth alone in it. She managed it very skillfully, but on her return a sudden wind came up and made the lake choppy. She had all she could do to keep her little craft right side up.

John Walker, coming out on the veranda of the cottage, saw her danger and rushed to the boathouse, intending to row out after her. Another emotion besides anxiety surged within him, and he knew now that he loved this playmate of his children.

She was making great progress with her tiny canoe, and as he rowed out from the boathouse she was landing at the pier.

It was a very merry, winsome face, alight with the excitement and danger, that was lifted to his.

In the reaction from his fright he was beginning to censure her when he was interrupted by Madge, who had appeared upon the scene and who instantly resented her father's lecture.

"You shall not scold her!" she cried hotly. "I wanted her for our stepmother, but I'll give her up if you aren't going to be nice to her."

Bess turned red and pale by turns.

"I'll race you to the house, Madge," she cried, and they were away.

"Bess," said John softly when he had succeeded in getting an interview, "as I said, I had thought of you as my eighth girl. I don't want to think of you as a stepmother, but I do want you to be my wife and a companion to the girls because I love you. Will you try and care for me?"

The verdict of the world was that John Walker had eight girls now and needed a woman in his house more than ever.

Complete Letter Writers.

One of the earliest of these "guides," dated 1615, was styled "A President For Young Penmen." It was advertised as full of variety, delight and pleasure. The former quality it undoubtedly possessed, as will be seen from the following headings: There is "A letter from a friend to a fantastical, conceited madcap," "A byting letter to a clamorous gentlewoman," with a "byting" answer to the same, which must have relieved the feelings of the writer; also a "Melancholy, discontentive letter upon the frowne of a kinsman," and, as a variation, "A kind of quarrelsome letter upon a frowne of a friend."

A letter to an "unkle to borrow a horse," strikes one as being of more practical value than all the rest put together and infinitely to be preferred as a model to the epistle of "Miss Molly Smith to her cousin, giving her an account of a very remarkable instance of envy in one of her acquaintance who lived in the city of York." How a distracted scribe was to get help or comfort from Miss Molly Smith is more than we are prepared to say.—London Graphic.

The Elephant's Trunk.

An elephant's trunk answers that animal as nose and hand. He also uses it for drinking, drawing up the water through his trunk and then pouring it into his mouth. The elephant has a singular habit when suffering from the heat of poking his nose down his throat into his stomach and withdrawing a quantity of water, which he then squirts over his back and sides to cool his body. As during a warm day this operation is repeated about once in every five minutes riding an elephant in the sun is no pleasant undertaking.

Upside Down.

"So you don't believe in college education?"

"No, sir. After graduation I nearly starved to death practicing law."

"But you look prosperous now."

"Yes, sir. I went into vaudeville and made a fortune balancing a barrel on my feet while standing on my head."—Detroit Free Press.

HANDLING MONEY.

It Is No Temptation to the Seasoned Bank Teller.

"Money? Don't the sight of so much of it make me hungry for it? Not at all. To tell the truth, it is like so much mud to me."

Thus spoke a teller in a Denver bank. He was talking to a young man outside the cage. On the counter were heaped piles of gold and silver coin and bunches of paper money.

"I'm sure I couldn't stand the constant temptation to appropriate it for my own use," said the man outside.

"Yes, you could," replied the teller. "You could easily after being in here a week. For the first few days the money would look pretty good to you, and you'd have to use your will power to keep away from it, but after a week or so it doesn't seem like money. It seems like merely an article you deal in, just as potatoes seem to the grocer. There isn't a sixty dollar a month bank clerk in a thousand who thinks of stealing the money he handles unless he is in debt and is being crowded for funds. To the bank employee who has his debts paid and has enough to keep from thinking of an urgent need for cash money has no value. Handling money is just like eating to a teller. As long as he has enough food in his stomach he has no desire for more and even a big, fine, juicy steak has no temptation for him. But let him get good and hungry, and he'll covet that steak. The only way for a man who handles money in a bank to be free from the temptation to appropriate it is to keep out of debt and not develop any urgent and expensive ambitions."—Denver Post.

BUNDLE HANDKERCHIEFS.

Introduced Into New England by the Salem Sea Captains.

Housewives of today would not know what was meant by the bundle handkerchief, yet 100 years ago the woman who did not have a pile of them neatly folded and ironed and laid away in smooth piles in a drawer of one of the capacious closets which were then built into houses was considered a poor housekeeper. The bundle handkerchief was first introduced by the Salem sea captains. It was brought from abroad with choice things, such as sandalwood fans, guava jelly and amber beads.

Those imported were the white india silk and were used to tie around the "best cap" box when ladies went out to spend the afternoon. Those of home make were of squares of calico or muslin and used for everyday bundles. When ladies went visiting to other towns their piles of dainty, handmade underware were wrapped in fine lawn or linen handkerchiefs sweet with lavender and orris. A new gown always came home from the dressmaker's carefully pinned in a thin, worn and much used madras handkerchief.

No Salem infant was considered to have been properly introduced to society till it had dangled in a bundle handkerchief from a pair of steelyard scales.

When the servants went to the bakery they carried a couple of coarse blue checked bundle handkerchiefs, and in one was wrapped the pot of beans, and in the other was wrapped the brown bread.

Louisa Alcott's Education.

In 1846 Mrs. Abbott, with some family property, bought the house known now as the Wayside, since Hawthorne bought and renamed it in 1852, says F. B. Sanborn in the Critic. The Alcotts had called it Hillside and had passed pleasant childish years there. Louisa's story telling gift was developed here, and in the barn her earliest plays were acted by herself and her sisters and schoolmates. In her earlier years at Concord she had been for a short time a pupil of Henry Thoreau and still earlier of her father's Boston school. Her other education came irregularly from her parents, from a temporary governess and sometimes from town schools, but she always missed the careful education that most of the Concord girls had, either in public or in private schools.

Hissing "Carmen."

One of the most popular operas of the present day, "Carmen," underwent an unfortunate experience, but achieved success too late, alas, to console the disappointed composer, whose death was accelerated, it is said, by the ill reception accorded to his chef d'oeuvre. "Carmen" was, in fact, actually hissed off the stage on its first performance in Paris in 1875, and poor Bizet died shortly after, unable to foresee the great success in store for his latest and best work, whose stirring music so admirably fits the thrilling Spanish libretto it illustrates.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Same Idea.

It is recorded that Napoleon, when asked to summarize the art of war, answered briefly, "The art of war consists in being strongest at a given point at a given time." This answer was terse and true, but that born but untaught fighter, General Forrest, expressed the same idea, yet more briefly and forcefully. When the grim old Confederate was asked how to win in battle he replied, "Get thar fust with the mostest men."

Where They Met.

Angry Wife (after a quarrel)—Seems to me we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met. Husband (emphatically)—I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table.—London Tit-Bits.

Nothing to Hope For.

Cholly—I am poor, but very ambitious. Will you marry me? Mabel—Yes, I'll marry you. I'm not at all ambitious myself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Era of the Olympiads.

The "era of the Olympiads," or the "Olympian era," began July 1, B. C. 776. An Olympiad was a period of four years, the games being celebrated every fourth year. When it was first proposed to use the Olympian era the earliest record that could be found was that of the victory of Choroebus, who won the great foot race long before horse racing and chariot racing were introduced. His victory was taken as the starting point of the Olympiads.

DEATH BY DROWNING.

Two Minutes Under Water Sufficient to Cause Fatal Results.

Drowning is a quicker death than most people suppose. Insensibility is said to begin in about one minute, and fatal unconsciousness generally supervenes in the neighborhood of two. Even practiced divers cannot remain under water more than a minute and a half, and it is almost fatal to remain beneath the surface longer than that.

At Navarino, where there are many expert divers who plunge into the sea after sponges, not one was found who could remain under water for two minutes. In the Red sea the Arab divers generally remain down one and a quarter minutes, while at Ceylon the pearl fishers can seldom stay below for even one minute. There is a case on record at Falmouth, England, where a diver had descended eighty feet and on giving the signal was drawn up slowly, so it was two minutes before he reached the surface. Blood ran from his ears and nose, and he was insensible. He died without speaking.

Insensibility, however, does not always involve death, for in many cases a person may be resuscitated by the use of energetic measures. The bringing to of people who have been under water for five consecutive minutes, however, is considered doubtful by physicians. There have been extraordinary cases related, nevertheless, where persons have been brought back to life after having been submerged for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it is probable that they have come to the surface again and again during that time.—Blackwood's.

SAINT OF THE COOKS.

A Queen of the Culinary Art Who Lived In Genoa.

Santa Zita, as the patron saint of the cooks is named, lived, it appears, at Genoa and was there canonized. She could, so runs the legend, cook better than any chef within 300 miles of the town, which, we all know, is noted for its wonderful soups and dumplings, though of course in the latter indigestible article of food outrivaled by Vienna, since it is one of the chief articles in the religion of gastronomy that it is only in the kaiserstadt that the "glose" is in perfection. Santa Zita was, it seems, not less famous for her piety than for cooking and was a constant attendant at the cathedral during high mass.

One day, however, she fell into a trance, so called—though, in plain English, a good, sound sleep—and quite forgot that she had to produce an exceptionally fine dinner for a large company. On awakening she hurried forth from the sacred edifice in a way which was far indeed from her wont, but on reaching the kitchen what was her surprise and delight to find a party of cherub celestials busy cooking the required dinner. She did not interfere, but was at first not unwilling to accept the praise which was lavished on her culinary success. She soon repented, however, and told the world the truth about the spiritual and miraculous help she had received, and it was agreed on all sides that she deserved to be canonized. Accordingly she became Santa Zita.—London Queen.

Philosophers and Traffic.

Many a philosopher in the course of his star gazing has fallen into a ditch—and worse. The fate of Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, who, intent upon its possibilities, fell under the wheel of a wagon and was crushed to death, might be paralleled by several instances of the kind from lives of philosophers, notably that of Archimedes of Syracuse, who was so concentrated on a mathematical problem when its Roman besiegers at last burst into that city that he fell under their swords in spite of his impatient, "Noli turbare circulos meos!" Stepniak, too, the Russian refugee, was so engrossed with the study of nihilist questions in the course of a walk in a London suburb that he was run over and killed by a train at a level crossing.—London Chronicle.

Winning a Verdict.

Sir James Scarlett, the famous English lawyer, held that verdicts could be won without eloquence, and he proved it many a time in his own career. His skill in turning a failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach of promise case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been cajoled into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a witness in behalf of her daughter and completely baffled Scarlett, who cross examined her. But in his argument he exhibited his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You saw, gentlemen of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

Consolation.

"Well, I'll die game, anyway," remarked the sparrow as he was shot by mistake for a reedbird.

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.—Whately.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

NATURE'S COURSE

By NORA BRYANT

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Mrs. Humphrey shelled the peas in silence, waiting for the outburst. She was a meek little woman accustomed to listening to her beautiful, tall daughter and obeying her behests unquestioningly. Alice possessed all the independence of spirit which her mother lacked.

"No, mother," said Alice, seizing viciously on a pea pod and breaking it open, "no, you can't. It just isn't born in you. I've got to do it alone."

"Why, Alice!" exclaimed her mother with hurt inflection.

"Oh, I know it, mother. I'm a horrid cross girl, but I can't help it. Father's gone off again and left us with no wood. This has been going on for three years now. Sometimes he remembers to buy a load, but when he does we have to split it. And in the meantime we have to scratch and scramble for wood just as if we were as poor as poverty. Just look, we've burned most of the fences till the place looks more ghastly than ever, if possible."

"Alice, Alice," sighed Mrs. Humphrey, "you shouldn't talk so of your father."

Alice's face flushed deeper and she shelled a handful of peas before replying. Then she looked out of the door at the jimson weeds.

"Everything is all wrong, and it's all father's fault. Why shouldn't I marry Bob Phillips? Tell me that? Just because he is a college man and his people live in town father has set himself against him. Now, why does father send me to college if he expects me to settle down to chopping wood and cooking for the rest of my life? No, mother. I'm a sophomore now and I know more than I did once. I am going to marry Bob and father is going to agree to it too."

Alice looked at her mother sternly. "See your hands, blistered and hard. You creep out and chop wood every time I turn my back. Look at my hands." She held up slender fingers. "Nice things to carry back to the college this fall! Now, I'm going out to chop enough to get dinner with." And, pulling a shade hat over her eyes, Alice walked out into the hot harvest sun and picked up the ax.

Straight up to the new brooder house she went and with a neat swing of the ax began battering up the brooder house door. In a few moments the door had disappeared and in its stead on the ground near by lay a neat pile of stove wood. Still not quite satisfied, Alice looked about her. A hayrack lay on the ground waiting for the afternoon trip to the oat field. A few firm blows from the broad of the ax, and the side boards showed signs of weakening. Half a dozen clever cuts with the blade, and the boards dropped to the ground. In five minutes the pile of wood by the brooder house was augmented by a pile of heavy sticks, and before Mrs. Humphrey could catch breath to inquire the source a brisk blaze lighted up the front of the old cooking stove.

A little after 12 Mr. Humphrey appeared at the door.

"Mother"—Mrs. Humphrey paused, with a bit of bacon poised on her fork—"mother, can you tell me what has happened to the old hayrack and to the brooder house door?"

Mrs. Humphrey looked at Alice. "Why—why, father, I don't know. Alice, do you know?"

Alice poured the steaming peas into a china dish and then glanced at her father. "Well," she said calmly, "you will find part of the door still in the wood box, but the last of the hayrack is just going up the chimney." Then she carried the dish of peas into the dining room and set it carefully down on the table.

Then Mr. Humphrey began: "Alice, if you were not grown up I'd send you to bed for two days."

Alice squared her shoulders, looking into her father's eyes with an expression strangely like his own. "Father," she said, "you are not fair. You give your men the best sort of implements with which to do their work. You keep the horses and cattle in buildings that are for their greatest comfort, but you expect mother and me to find our own means for doing work that neither of us is strong enough to do and to live in a building that scorches us in summer and freezes us in winter. To say the least, you are not fair."

The great veins swelled in Mr. Humphrey's forehead, and he took a single step toward Alice and then stopped as if controlling himself by a physical effort.

"Alice," he said, "I forbid you to destroy any more of my property. Just how to punish you for what you have already done I don't know. I shall wait until tonight."

That afternoon Alice was left alone, as her mother was called away to see a sick neighbor. For awhile she sat quietly, then suddenly she flushed a little. Far down the road she could see the figure of a man and a horse moving leisurely through the heat. Alice smoothed her hair and glanced down at the dainty whiteness of her gown. Then she waited. Soon the rider turned into the yard, with an eager shout at the sight of Alice. A fine looking young fellow was Bob Phillips in his natty riding togs, sitting his saddle with the ease of a westerner. And a charming figure was Alice in the doorway with the color deepening in her cheeks, her great dark eyes brightening and the dimples coming to the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, Bob," she cried as he dismounted and tied his horse, "I've been wishing for you. Everything is so topsy turvy in this horrid place!"

Bob looked anxious. "Is it your father again?" he asked as he drew her down on the step beside him. Alice told him of her morning's experience. Bob's face darkened.

"Look here, Alice," he exclaimed, "I'm not going to stand this. I knew things were pretty bad, but I never knew you had to do this sort of work." He took her hand, looked at the pretty pink palm with the row of blisters across it. "I'm not going to say any of the things to you that I think about your father. But this is going to stop! This architect business is slow in starting, but I've got enough to keep the pot boiling. I'm on my way out to the Scotts' summer home now. They want me to plan an addition for them. But tonight I'm coming back to tell your father that we are going to be married at once."

Alice shook her head a little fearfully. "No, Bob, dear," she said. "I can't leave mother that way, and I want to finish college first. No; father has got to change. There is no sense in his acting so to such a dear as you."

Bob grinned appreciatively as he drew her to him, but he lost none of his look of determination. "That's all very well, Alice, darling, but I've a few rights, and after supper I'm coming back and read the riot act to your father."

Alice sighed. Then she nodded her head. "Yes, come back. I don't know just how, but some way I'm going to shame father."

"Don't you worry," said Bob. "I'll fix him."

As Bob disappeared Alice's glance wandered toward the broad stump of a tree that stood in the dooryard. As she looked her eyes lighted with a mischievous smile. Then she began her preparations for supper. In a short time she appeared in the yard with two covered dishes in her hands. These she placed on the top of the old stump where the sun blazed down on their shining covers. Then she returned to the house to set the table.

The hay wagon rattled into the yard.

"Well," called Mr. Humphrey, seeing Alice in the door, "isn't supper ready?"

Alice looked anxiously toward the old stump. "I'm afraid things have not begun to boil yet," she answered.

Mr. Humphrey looked at the strange array of utensils on the stump. "Alice," he said, "what nonsense is this?"

"It means just this," answered Alice bravely. "You refuse to buy wood for us, and this noon you forbade me to destroy any more of your property. So when it came time to get supper the stump seemed the hottest place at hand, and I put the vegetables out there to let nature take its course. It is much easier for me."

Mr. Humphrey stood in silence. Alice watched him anxiously. Slowly the angry flush died away, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He turned to the man who had been an interested spectator.

"Jim," he said, "you might as well finish up the old hayrack. Split up enough wood to get supper with." Then he walked into the house with never so small a twinkle in his eyes.

That evening, as Alice and her father sat on the steps waiting for Mrs. Humphrey's return, Mr. Humphrey broke the silence.

"I've been thinking it over, Alice," he said, "and—and—well, I guess father has been negligent of his two girls. You see, I didn't realize how hard some things are for women folks. Now, do you suppose you could plan a—a porch or a—a window or something?" he asked vaguely. "And we'll surprise your mother on her birthday."

For a moment there was silence; then he heard a low sob beside him. He reached out an awkward hand and drew his daughter toward him.

"Why, little girl," he said, "I didn't know it meant so much to you."

Alice nestled against his shoulder. "It means more than a porch," she sobbed; "it means that, after all, you are nice, like other fathers."

Mr. Humphrey cleared his throat. "And I've been thinking, Alice," he went on, "that I've been hard on Bob. A rough old fellow like me gets prejudiced against these college chaps. When you finish school and Bob gets a start—well, you'll find that father wants you to be happy after all."

Indians Are Poor Shots.

During a residence of many years among four different tribes of Indians I found, with very few exceptions, they were poor shots, either with the gun or rifle. When one considers that from young boyhood they have been in the habit of using a gun almost daily and their very living depends in a great measure on accurate shooting, their poor marksmanship is to be wondered at; nevertheless such is the case. A good wing shot is a rarity among the Indians. The Montagnais of the Labrador and north shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence are no exception, and this in a country where most of the wild fowl are killed flying. It is admitted they kill wild geese and ducks while on their passage north and south, but this is only possible from the immense numbers of birds and a lavish expenditure of ammunition.—Forest and Stream.

Goldsmith's Obituary Notice.

It would be difficult to find a more quaint announcement of death than that published in an old newspaper in 1774, at the time of Oliver Goldsmith's demise.

"1774, April 4. Died, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Deserted is the Village; the Traveller hath laid him down to rest; the Good-natured Man is no more; he Stoopse but to Conquer; the Vicar hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful task from which the Hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Grecian or Roman fortitude."

The Harvard Cross.

The iron cross burnished with gold which is over one of the entrances to the Harvard college library (Gore hall) was at the time of the 1745 siege of Louisburg taken from a Catholic chapel there and brought to Massachusetts as one of the spoils of victory. In 1877 Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard college library, found it in the cellar of the library and had it gilded and placed in the position which it now occupies.

Daring and Dexterous.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Bosjesman of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggles to escape and attempts to bite its assailant the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Bosjesman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1906.

REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

It is expected that the time will soon arrive when the Middlesex County Commissioners, after having received instructions from the Legislature—if that is the proper term to use—will enter on the somewhat difficult and perplexing work of dividing the county into Representative Districts.

It is fair to presume that the Commissioners have already canvassed the matter with considerable thoroughness and arrived at some rough conclusions; but, of course, nothing definite has been decided on by them, or can be until they hear officially from Beacon Hill.

We are inclined to think that the Commissioners will not greatly disturb our Woburn District; but that, contrariwise, Woburn and Reading will be allowed to remain in Representative partnership another 10 years, with a few small towns thrown in to make up the number of legal voters required to constitute a District.

NEW SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

If the committees report be adopted by the Legislature, of which little or no doubt exists, Woburn will find itself in a new Senatorial District this fall. According to said report the Sixth Middlesex District will, for the next ten years, be composed of Woburn, Wakefield, Winchester, Medford, Arlington and Stoneham, containing 16,226 legal voters, and an excellent combination of cities and towns it is.

Representative H. S. Riley of this city surprised his associates on the Essex end of the Legislative Senatorial Redistricting Committee by the fight he put up to pull Woburn out of that county and include it in a wholly Middlesex District. They were not looking for his kind of a contest; but he won out in good shape, and succeeded in securing the change he aimed for from the start. He did a good job and perhaps it may land him in the Senate next winter.

THE CHICAGO MEAT REPORT.

Last Monday President Roosevelt submitted to Congress the report of his special investigating commission on the conditions which prevail in the slaughtering and meat packing departments of the great companies engaged in that business at the Chicago stockyards, which was accompanied by a message from him urging immediate remedial legislation, in doing which he rendered an inestimable service to this and foreign nations.

The report was an astounding revelation of the dishonesty, gross filthiness, and heartless disregard for human life and health by the packers, that defies all power of description. A perusal of it is revolting to the last degree, and makes one feel that he never wants to eat, see or hear of Chicago meat again as long as he lives.

MUST DIE.

The appeal of Charles L. Tucker to Gov. Guild for commutation of death sentence failed, and he must die by electrocution.

☞ It comes from reliable sources that the 90th anniversary of Rev. Dr. March's birthday, July 21, 1906, is to be made an occasion long to be remembered. Plans for it are only just beginning to be thought out, but the cardinal idea is for the whole people to celebrate the event without regard to sect, party, sex, age, or color, and make it an affair of the masses. Everybody loves Dr. March, and everybody would like nothing better than to have a chance to meet him on his 90th birthday at the old First church and tell him how much they honor him, and how glad they are for the privilege of paying him their hearty and sincere respects. No doubt every minister in the city will gladly embrace such an opportunity to show their love and reverence for the venerable Pastor, and their flocks will follow them to the Old First in droves all through the day.

☞ Last week the Woburn *News* changed hands again, when John P. Feeney, Esq., sold it, with all the privileges and appertenances thereunto belonging, to Messrs. Baker & Wainwright, new comers to Woburn. In his Salutatory last Friday the Editor made the customary promises of devotion to local interests; publication of all the local news; political and religious neutrality; and a live sheet every week. It had a familiar ring. We certainly hope the new proprietors will prosper in this Woburn venture and never have reason for repenting their purchase of the *News*.

☞ Last Monday evening Mayor Linscott appointed Mr. Frank W. Greydon a member of the Board of License Commissioners for a term of 6 years, to fill the seat of Enoch H. Curtis, who was appointed by Mayor Reade last year to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Wallace G. Parkin. Greydon's was a good appointment, for he is an honest man. More than that, it looks as though Mayor Linscott had taken the first step towards purifying the Board, although Mr. Curtis was a fit person for the place. It has a squinting, too, towards reform in, perhaps, other Departments.

☞ A leading and influential Boston journal announced last Monday that Hon. Eugene N. Foss had returned to America, his native land, loaded to the muzzle with free trade and reciprocity literature, gathered at foreign Capitals, for use, presumably, although the journal didn't say so in so many words, in his Congressional campaign this fall. The journal aforesaid seemed quite put out because O'Meara, the new head of the Boston Police, received more attention and honors on his arrival, in the same boat, than Foss did.

☞ The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts was organized at Boston in 1638, or 8 years after the settlement of that town, and last Monday night was the first time in its history, covering 268 years, ladies were admitted to its post-election banquet at Faneiul Hall. They had a great time.

☞ United States Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland died at Washington, D. C., last Monday morning, aged 67 years. He was one of the ablest members of the Democratic party in the Nation, and a leader of the Senate minority for years. He was believed by many of his political friends to be the best and most available candidate for President that could be nominated, and, had his health permitted, might have been the Democratic candidate in 1908.

☞ Class Day exercises of the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University were held last Tuesday at Ford Hall, Boston, in the presence of as many people as the Hall could possibly hold. Mr. W. P. Gray of Woburn, a law student, Clerk of the Woburn City Council Committees, was the Orator, which office he filled with honor and credit. He is a smart young man who, with studious habits and ambition, is sure to win a prominent place in his profession.

☞ A prominent Boston Democratic Lawyer who sleeps in Woburn nights says that John B. Moran's nomination for Governor this fall is practically assured, and that he will whip Gov Guild out of his boots. Which "looks well on paper."

☞ Mayor Linscott gave a secret hearing last Monday night on charges against one of the License Commissioners, the nature of which was not disclosed to the public.

☞ The able and strenuous Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk county declares that he will go for the alleged Legislative bribers "if it takes all summer." He has got his dander up.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Weapons.
C. A. Jones—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
W. A. Hubbard—Prob. Notice.
Unitarian Church—Lawn Party.

— M. E. Children's Day 5.30 P. M. Sunday, June 10.

— Read the notice of the Unitarian Lawn Party in this paper.

— Miss Sarah W. Chamberlain is visiting at Hillsboro, N. H.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft has been visiting friends at Haverhill lately.

— Another fine warm summer rain visited this city last Tuesday night.

— The Woburn Assessors found a slight falling off in the number of polls this year.

— Work on the foundation of the new St. Charles Parish school is nearly finished.

— The finest flowers that grow are supplied on orders presented at Brooks's drugstore.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, June 10, will be Mr. Louis Schalk.

— Bunker Hill Day comes on Sunday, and the celebration is to take place on Monday, June 18.

— Clarence Pierce reports a plenty to do and lots of customers in running his patent leather factory.

— At last accounts the "sweet girl graduate" was busy writing her essay for Commencement Day.

— Mrs. Eaton, who has been visiting her brother, Postmaster Wyer, returned to Haverhill last Tuesday.

— Mrs. Daniel W. Bond and Mrs Percy W. Linscott are to give a reception on June 14, at Mrs. Bond's home.

— The Alabama Jubilee Singers were greeted by a full house at the Orthodox church last Sunday evening.

— The Common street fountain received professional attention from Highway Super, Hugh Martin, the other day.

— Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Board of Health, reports no cases of spotted fever in this city at the present time.

— Attention is respectfully directed to the changed timetable of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company in this paper.

— Whitcher took a photographic picture of the new Liberty pole while it was being raised on the afternoon of May 29.

— Cars on the Lowell & Woburn trolley road will soon run to Boston without change at Winn and Pleasant streets.

— Dr. Lane's health is improving every day. He has not yet quite regained his normal strength, but is in a good way for it.

— Miss Ada Carter, who is one of the favorite school teachers of Milford, N. H., has been visiting her home on Bennett street this week.

— Miss Susan E. Tidd of this city received a degree from the College of Liberal Arts Boston University at the present commencement.

— Messrs. J. W. and E. F. Johnson have bought a 23-acre tract of woodland belonging to the Jonathan Thompson estate. It adjoins Forest Park.

— Crovo's fine fruit store announces the fact that native strawberries will soon be found there in ample abundance and cheap. Crovo keeps step with the times.

— Last Sunday was a busy day for the street railroads. The weather was just right for riding about the country and it was improved for all it was worth.

— Miss Nellie O'Neil, daughter of policeman E. T. O'Neil, has been appointed Chief Operator of the telephone exchange in this city. She is a smart one.

— Treasurer John C. Buck of the Woburn California Relief Committtee made his final report last Monday evening. The amount collected and paid over was $3,412 67.

— The height of the new Liberty-pole above the ground is just 115 feet. It is surmounted by a gold ball 12 inches in diameter. Whitcher got pictures of the man while gilding the ball last Tuesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Conn of Cleveland, Ohio, with their young child, arrived in Woburn yesterday.

— Thieves made professional visits to the stores of Shaw & Campbell and J. C. Larock last Wednesday evening.

— A complete outfit for celebrating Bunker Hill Day, June 17, can be obtained at Mrs. Jennings's store, 419 Main street. The boys and girls won't miss it by giving her their patronage.

— Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cummings are occupying their summer cottage at Thetford, Vermont, where they will remain until next October. They have a fine residence up there and greatly enjoy it.

— On Monday next Professor Chandler, the astronomer, will give an illustrated lecture, with Polyoramic scenery, at the First Congregational church. Read the program, and go and learn the wonders of the star depths.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell returned from a month's visit to his cottage at the beach a few days ago. He and family spend a few weeks there each spring and fall, and other seaside visitors occupy the cottage during the heated term.

— Mrs. G. E. Winn entertained the 1906 Hospitality Committee of the Woman's Club at her lovely home 236 Winn street, Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Winn and Mrs. Fox were Chairmen. A delightful meeting was reported.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers is waiting patiently for the moving of the waters that will allow him to repair to Grand Lake, Maine, for a fortnight's fishing. He is an enthusiastic devotee of the piscatory art—or science, as some claim it to be.

— Submaster Clark of the High School would enjoy nothing better than the privilege of casting a line, this afternoon, into some favorite trout stocked brook, pool or pond down in Franklin county, Maine. We second the motion!

— Mary A. Poore of Somerville has sold, through the real estate agency of E. Prior, the property 25 Lawrence street to Seth T. Gifford for occupancy. It consists of a dwelling with modern improvements, stable, and about 19,000 feet of land.

— Mark well and remember the change of time in the departure of trains from the Boston & Maine Station in this city. Please accept notice, too, that the 9 09 p. m., or Montreal, train will not resume regular summer trips until June 25.

— Dr. Harry G. Wyer, son of Postmaster Capt. E. F. Wyer, and family of St. Louis, Mo., are visiting relatives and friends here. They will visit the family of Arthur C. Wyer at North Conway, N. H., and return later to their home in St. Louis.

— We are glad to see that Greenough & Co. of Boston, the old and reliable Directory publishers, have started in to give Woburn a new one. It is high time we had another, and no house can give us one so complete and correct as Greenough. The price per copy will be $3.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Nason of Everett visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tripp in this city last Sunday, to the pleasure of all parties concerned. Mr. Nason's excursion business has been good this season, and is increasing, which his numerous friends here are glad to learn.

— Notwithstanding spring housecleaning is about through with for this year, the business at Mr. C. A. Nichols's quarters in Buel Place goes right on. He finds a plenty to do in supplying the demands for his fine rugs, orders coming from all points of the compass every day.

— The clerks are exceedingly grateful for the Wednesday afternoon closing of business houses during June, July, August and September. The employers really granted more than the clerks expected, consequently are pleased with the privileges so generously extended them.

— Last Wednesday afternoon, near night, there was a severe change of temperature, from 80 to 63 degrees in the course of a short space of time, which was another of the unpleasant meteorological experiences of the present season. Yesterday a cold, raw east wind prevailed, and the day was a cold and uncomfortable one.

— At the Congregational church next Sunday evening The Alpine Quartette will furnish the music for the service, which will be chiefly a musical service. This well known organization of local talent renders religious music in a most inspiring and helpful way. The pastor will make a brief address. All are welcome.

— The dramatic entertainment given by the Celtic Association in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening drew a plum houseful of people, who were pleased with the performance. "A Celebrated Case" was never played better by unprofessionals in this city, and everything went off in the finest shape. The Celtics were entitled to the credit they received for one of the best entertainments of the season.

— Be it remembered that next Thursday, June 14, is Flag Day, and should be patriotically recognized. Rev. Mr. Williams told us in his Memorial Day oration that the American Flag is the oldest National Emblem now in existence, the Stars and Stripes—Red, White and Blue—having been adopted by Congress in 1777, while that of all other nations, now used, has been adopted since that date. Up with the Flag!

— President C. A. Jones of the Savings Bank had a lovely fishing trip down in Maine, and returned safely to his home here a few days ago. Of course, the JOURNAL's regard for absolute accuracy of statement in reports from the fishing grounds, by fishermen, and its rigid adherence to a rule adopted by it several years ago to reject all fiction, or suspicious of dalliance with exact truth, from its columns—these conditions and exactions would not exclude Mr. Jones's account of his late trip and luck; and this we have no doubt of, to wit; he had a fine time at Grand Lake and caught a great many fish, some of which he sent back home.

— Maude Littlefield, a real artist, is to give a musical recital in the vestry of the First Baptist Church at 8 P. M., June 15.

— The Board of Health petition the Council for an appropriation of money for additional sewers and connections. They want the law complied with.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Last Sunday was one of those lovely June days of which the Cambridge poet sang so sweetly some years ago. It was called "seasonable" weather by the Bureau, and nobody was found to dispute it.

— The contractor, Mr. Frank P. Greydon, says the Johnson block, on which he and his men have been working for a month past, will be ready to receive Mr. M. A. Burnes and his big stock of all kinds of house furnishing goods by July 1. It has undergone material alterations, increased largely in size, and otherwise improved, and will make a fine commodious store and warerooms for Mr. Burnes and his great trade.

— Children's Day is to be observed at the M. E. church by a concert to be given at 5.30 next Sunday afternoon, June 10. It will consist of religious exercises, organ music, chorus singing, recitations, exercises, distribution of plants, presentation of diplomas, etc. The children who are to take part in these latter will be Evelyn Snow, Hanna Peterson, kindergarten class. Maud Livingstone, Sadie Cooke, Isabel Brooks, Ruth Kimball, M. Robie, Carleton Dean, Florence Duley, Earl Blackburn, Daisy True, Lydia Duley, Ethel Tabor, Ellen Banwell, Blanche Fountain, Francis McMahon, Margaret Sanborn, Mildred Holdridge.

— It is hardly to be doubted that a considerable share of the present prosperity of the Macullar-Parker Company, Leading Clothiers, 400 Washington street, Boston, is due to the fact that, for many years, they have been liberal patrons of the advertising columns of the Woburn JOURNAL. Through the favorite medium, The A. E. Sproul Advertising Agency of Boston, the name of Macullar-Parker and their attractive business announcements have appeared almost continuously on the choicest pages of this paper—so regularly, indeed, that the absence of them would produce a feeling on our part akin to the loss of a cherished companion. No clothinghouse in New England enjoys a higher rating than that of Macullar-Parker, and no one better deserves it. It has earned its enviable reputation by selling the best of goods at lowest prices and giving everybody a square deal.

— "Church Unity and Heresy" was the theme on which Rev. Henry C. Parker discoursed, in his customary earnest and forcible style, at the First Unitarian church, of which he is the respected pastor, last Sunday. It was reported in the Boston Monday papers, or, rather, a synopsis of it followed the hackneyed phrase, "he said in part" in those papers; but from a perusal of what he "said in part" it was found impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to what the sermon was all about. That is the natural and almost invariable result of reporting what "he said in part." Mr. Parker has a clear intellect and knows how to use properly his mother tongue; but neither is proof against a partial and inadequate newspaper report. In the case under consideration the reader may have been in the fault; but he certainly failed to satisfy himself whether Mr. Parker approved or disapproved of the "Crapsey Heresy Trial," or of the verdict. Other and better testimony was to the effect that the newspaper report failed to do justice to Mr. Parker's able sermon.

— At the First Unitarian church of Woburn, beautifully decorated in white roses, carnations, ferns, asparagus, and palms, was the scene of a brilliant and fashionable wedding last Friday evening, June 1, when and where Rev. Henry C. Parker performed the ceremony that bound two loving hearts together in the holy bonds of wedlock. At that hour and place Mr. William C. Stephenson of Somerville and Miss Helen Bancroft Cook of Woburn were married in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, friends and relatives of the contracting parties, residents of the bride's home town and elsewhere, many of whom attended the delightful reception given at the close of the wedding ceremonies in the church parlors, the pair being assisted by Mrs. Andrew Brooks, aunt of the bride, and the parents of the groom. Mr. Fred Percyval Lewis, Harvard classmate of the groom, played the Wedding March on the organ. The bride, maid of honor, and flower girl were elegantly dressed, and the ushers appeared in full evening costume. Miss Cook, whose home has been with Mr. and Mrs. A B Brooks, was one of the most popular young woman in this city. She is talented, and as a reader her services were always in demand by managers of entertainments. She graduated from the Boston School of Expression, and has rare ability in her line. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson are to reside at Somerville.

— Mr. James Phillips of Normal, Illinois, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue, also, his home and places familiar to him more than a half century ago. He is a brother of Mrs. Simonds, the family living at Lawrence when the young son James left there in 1853. The elder Phillips drove the team that hauled the first load of stone from the quarry for the foundation of the first cotton mill built at Lawrence, when the site of that now large manufacturing city had but few houses on it. Three of his sons, including James, the subject of this item, were at the Andover Phillips Academy, and later became professional men and teachers. James has been engaged in educational work all his life. He went West 53 years ago, and this is the first visit to his native New England since leaving it in 1853. The most of these years has been spent by him at Normal in Central Illinois, to which place he will return about June 25 to welcome his daughter and her husband of Denver, Colorado. The daughter has been a teacher at Greeley, that State, many years. Mrs. Simonds went to Lawrence with her brother last Monday, the first visit she has made to that place since settling in Woburn. They found many changes in their old home on the banks of the Merrimac. Other brothers and sisters of Mrs. Simonds settled in Chicago and elsewhere in the West, but the most of the family have passed away.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

From Over the Water.

A letter from Miss Amalia Lieberknecht, daughter of the American Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, informs us that Miss H. Josephine Ellis of this city was in Rome, Italy, on May 27, and would soon leave there for Switzerland, where, and in other European climes, she will remain until fall.

Of late Miss Lieberknecht has been studying music with a distinguished Professor at Berlin, Germany, and the following note concerning her progress, taken from the *Continental Herald* of Berlin, is of especial interest to us who know and admire the young lady:

"Miss Lieberknecht, daughter of the American Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, returned home on Friday after a stay of four months at the Woman's Club. Miss Lieberknecht has been studying voice and has made such gratifying progress that she is seriously considering a professional career. During her stay here, she has been the recipient of many charming social honors especially from the Germans, a most unusual honor for an American girl. In the noted salon of her Excellency Madame Freytag Miss Lieberknecht has made the acquaintance of the leading people in the German world of letters, art and music."

Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50 cents.

Children's Day and Anniversary.

The First Baptist Sunday School will observe Children's Day and its 88th anniversary next Sunday morning and afternoon with following programme:

MORNING AT 10.30.

Voluntary — William Lowell Brown, Organist
Doxology
Invocation
Gloria
Responsive Reading.
Chorus. "Praise the Lord."
Scripture Lesson
Violin Solo. "I will extol thee." — Molique
Miss Maude H. Littlefield
Prayer Response
Offering
Hymn No 414
Address — Mr. W. W. Main
Chorus. "Spring Song."
Benediction

Mrs. Harriet Smith, the only living constituent member of the Sunday School, is expected to be present.

John J. Hern, Cornetist.

AFTERNOON AT 4.

Organ Prelude.
Processional. March of the Christian Soldier
Responsive Reading by the School
Invocation
Children's Day Greeting — Alice Bulfinch
Flower's Lullaby
Duett and Chorus of Young Ladies
Recitation Seven Little Sunsbeams
Bessie Smith and Seven Little Ones
Recitation Thoughts of God — Eva McDonald
Chorus. Join the Song — School
Recitation How the Flowers Grow
Eleanor Stevens, Ariel Buckman, Emily Bromley
Recitation Jesus and the Children — Marion Lord
Children's Day Song — Primary Department
Recitation True Blue — Seven Boys
Recitation Make Room for the Children — Edna Cole
Chorus of Boys Daisies and Roses
Solo by Einar Matson
Recitation Help Somebody — Ethel McDonald
Recitation Full of His Goodness — Seven Girls
Chorus. Sailing Toward Home — School
Address — Mr. W. W. Main
Recitation The Land of Smiles — Lois Fisk
Chorus of Girls. Little Things
Duet by Muriel Northrup and Marie Sorensen
Offering
Recitation. Lessons from the Flowers — Seven Girls
Closing Chorus. O Happy Days — School
Benediction
Distribution of Flowers

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

A Sad Drowning.

At 5.30 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, June 5, Arthur R. Gage, aged 20 years, son of Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the District Court, and one of the Board of Assessors, was drowned in Horn Pond. He was honor member of High School Class '06, and had been chosen Class Prophet for the graduating exercises to take place this month, for which part he had been rehearsing just before going to the Pond, with Tom Brown and George Winchester, for a swim.

In a boat obtained at Upton's boathouse the three rowed to the island where they undressed and, leaving Winchester on shore, pushed off into deep water. When 30 feet from the island Brown leaped overboard and swam towards the western shore of the Pond. He saw Arthur dive into the water and waited to see him come up. Fearing trouble, Brown swam swiftly to the spot where his companion disappeared and dove to rescue him. He failed in his search, the water being 35 feet deep, although his head came once to view, but immediately sank out of sight.

Brown and Winchester hailed nearby boats and the search was resumed, but without success. In the meantime the police had been notified from the pumping station, and patrolmen Roche, O'Neill and McKenna began dragging for the body. Their efforts were finally successful, the body being recovered at 6.30. The failure to appear more than once is ascribed to heart trouble. Undertakers Tripp were sent for and responding to the call, the body of the unfortunate boy was taken to the family residence, 8 Sherman Place.

Arthur was a fine, bright and exemplary young man, a good scholar, and a prime favorite of his teachers, schoolmates, and associates. He was a member of the First Baptist church of this city and of the Society of Christian Endeavor. The father and family left to mourn his death have the heartfelt sympathy of this community in their great sorrow.

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 25c.

BOSTON LETTER.

Democrats Likely to Nominate Bartlett For Governor.

ARE AFRAID OF JOHN B. MORAN.

No Immunity For Testifying Legislators.

The outlines are already being drawn for the plan of the next state campaign. So far as the Republicans are concerned the state ticket will be the same as last year. Governor Guild has made such a splendid record that his renomination will be unanimous, and Lieutenant Governor Draper will be named for second place with practical unanimity.

The Democrats have also practically decided what their course will be in the fall convention. General Charles W. Bartlett of Boston will probably be the candidate for governor. The recent conference of Democratic leaders in Boston at which the general was present was practically the first definite step toward placing Mr. Bartlett at the head of the ticket for another campaign.

This action was probably taken with a view to crystalizing Democratic sentiment around Mr. Bartlett before the friends of John B. Moran had an opportunity to corral any delegates in any of the cities and towns of the commonwealth. With the Democrats John B. Moran is a disturbing element. The Democratic leaders in Boston do not take kindly to the idea that he might aspire to the Democratic nomination this fall. They are extremely afraid of him, and will endeavor to see to it that any effort on the part of his friends to control the fall convention is frustrated.

Men like Colonel William A. Gaston, former Governor Douglas, Josiah Quincy, Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, James Donovan and W. T. A. Fitzgerald would be willing to make a tremendous fight rather than see Moran secure a regular nomination for governor.

Strength of Mr. Moran

When one takes into account the fact that Mr. Moran was elected district attorney of Suffolk county on nomination papers against M. J. Sughrue, who was the regular candidate of both political parties, it will not occasion surprise that Democratic political leaders look upon his candidacy for governor with considerable concern. They are questioning with themselves whether at the present moment Mr. Moran could repeat the exact performance of last year, and if he could in Suffolk county, whether he would be able, were he so-minded, to go out and capture the regular Democratic nomination for governor this fall.

Democrats who are willing to talk about it profess to believe that Mr. Moran is not nearly as strong today as he was last year, and that if he were to be a candidate this fall for re-election as district attorney of Suffolk county he would be sure to suffer defeat.

However that may be, it is undoubtedly true that the Democrats of Boston do not intend to permit Mr. Moran to secure the regular Democratic nomination for governor this fall, and they will leave nothing undone which will aid in securing the nomination of candidates who are acceptable to the Democratic machine, which Mr. Moran is not.

Moran as an Independent

At the present time, however, the general opinion seems to be that Mr. Moran will not be a candidate for a regular party nomination, but that he will insist upon following the same course pursued by him in the district attorney fight last year. That is to say, he will run on nomination papers as an independent candidate and seek the votes of the people regardless of their party affiliations on pledges similar to those which he gave a year ago in the district attorney campaign.

As a matter of fact, friends of Mr. Moran state in the most positive language that he will begin to secure signatures to his nomination papers some time next month, and by this course cut himself off from the possibility of a Democratic nomination. Some of his friends state that he has said unequivocally that under no circumstances would he accept the regular Democratic nomination; that he believes his strength lies in making an independent canvas, along the lines pursued in his canvas for the district attorneyship.

Whether this is true or not, it may be taken for granted that the Boston Democracy would not permit his nomination as the regular Democratic candidate if there is any possible method by which to prevent it, and they believe they know of several.

With a strong financial backing Mr. Moran would be able to make a very strenuous campaign for the governorship, and if he did not desire to resign his present position it would not be compulsory for him to do so, although many Democratic leaders regard it as highly desirable.

It is said that the Democrats this fall will make their chief fight on securing the election of as many members of congress as possible, with the general expectation that the Republican state ticket will be re-elected in any case.

Whether this is given out with an idea of lulling Republicans to sleep cannot now be determined, but there have been no campaigns in the last two or three years in which Republicans have not found it necessary to make as strong a contest as possible in order to roll up a safe majority.

No Immunity For Legislators

The best legal authorities connected with the legislature are of the opinion that Mr. Moran is mistaken in his claim that appearance before the committee on rules of the house sitting jointly has brought immunity to members of the lower branch. Attorney General Malone also is said to be quite sure that members who have testified before the committee can be brought into court and sentenced if found guilty of bribery or an attempt to bribe.

The committee on rules proceeded with its deliberations in the face of Mr. Moran's allegations, feeling entirely satisfied that he was not dealing in good law. The committee has secured sufficient evidence to give one or two members of the house a very uncomfortable feeling, and undoubtedly action will be taken in these cases on the part of the house.

Members of the house feel that Mr. Moran, in making the statement he did in regard to immunity of members was offering an excuse for not taking further steps to push the matter before the grand jury. His remarks indicate that it is certain he will make no further attempt to investigate the charges of bribery made against members of the legislature. He started such an investigation only to drop it before he had proceeded very far in the case.

No indictments were reported, however, by the grand jury. It is entirely probable that the house will do more than Mr. Moran has done toward discovering and punishing individuals who have attempted to corrupt the legislature.

The Merger Measure

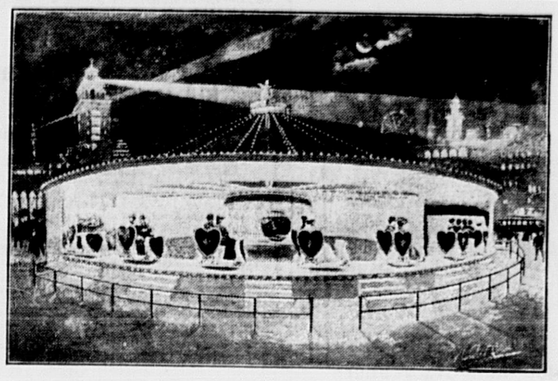
The committee on street railways and railroads, sitting jointly, have reported the merger bill allowing steam railroads to purchase street railway properties. It is not a unanimous report, but it is as nearly so as could be expected, only three members of the two committees dissenting.

This bill was considered by the legislature last year and by it referred to a special commission which considered the whole subject, drafted a measure, and presented it to the present great and general court. With two committees so nearly unanimous in its favor, it seems almost a foregone conclusion that it will meet with the favor of both branches of the legislature.

The legislature is having a hard battle over the bill providing for a subway to Cambridge for the Boston elevated railroad. The measure provides for an elevated structure on the Boston end and this has been bitterly opposed by the representatives of that section of Boston known as the West End.

The Cambridge people are very much interested in the measure because they have been greatly opposed to an elevated structure for that city and are unwilling to see the measure which embodies their wishes defeated on its passage, as they do not feel sure of securing, another year from the elevated railroad, the same concessions embodied in the present bill.

Our One Aim
is to give the people of this town perfect bread, and to that end we spare no pains or expense to keep our bread up to the highest standard.
Winner Bread for 5c. and Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread for 10c. represent the height of goodness.
Fresh twice daily at the grocer's.
C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM



"LOVE'S JOURNEY," one of many attractions at Wonderland Park Revere Beach.

Base Ball.

The second game in the Patent Leather League between Lawrence & Sullivan and Beggs & Cobb team was won by the former 12 to 10.

The game between the North Woburns and the South Ends will be an interesting one. McMahon will probably pitch for the South Ends.

At the Park tomorrow afternoon Woburn Council K. of C. will try to give the Charlestown team the same reception that Medford got last Saturday.

The St. Charles are scheduled to meet the Fr. Matthews team of Cambridge at that place tomorrow afternoon. The last game between these two teams resulted in a shutout for the St. Charles.

Harold McDonald of the St. Charles, and Billy Rupp of the South Ends played with the North Woburns against the South Borders last Saturday. Higgins the South End twirler may join the local K of C. team.

At the Park last Saturday the second contest for the championship, which will be decided at the South End Field Day and Picnic at Pinehurst Park, June 18, was played, North Woburn defeating the South Borders 5 to 1 in an interesting game. Doherty and McMahon were the pitchers. The deciding game will be between the North Woburns and the St. Charles, the winner will be given a purse of $25. It will be played at Pinehurst Park.

The local K. of C. team defeated Medford in the opening game of the Knights of Columbus League here last Saturday at Salem street, in a very interesting game. The Woburn lineup was as follows: Harkins 2b; Hearn s.s.; F. Hardy lf.; Young c.; T. Hardy 1b; McCarron rf.; Sweeney cf.: Hogan 3b.; Moloy p.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Woburn	0	3	2	0	0	3	0	0	x	—8
Medford	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	—5

An Ideal Household Article.

The modern theory of germ life and its relation to disease has shown the housekeeper how important it is that all unclean conditions liable to become sources of sickness or disease should be removed. For this work nothing equals that well known article Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol. Throughout the house, in kitchen, pantry, bathroom and cellar—in fact from cellar to attic—everything should be thoroughly washed with it in the water instead of soap, for it has cleansing properties vastly superior to any other agent.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Science and Prayer."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Trinity Sunday.
At 10.30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man, evolved by Atomic Force?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, June 4, by Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Harry Dean and Gertrude Louise Woods, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 4, Elizabeth Jane Hathaway, aged 65 years.

In this city, June 5, Arthur Reuben Gage, aged 19 years, 11 months, 15 days.

While Boston Sleeps.

While the people of Boston are enjoying their night's rest, a small army of men are engaged in preparing a treat for tens of thousands of them in their immense baking plant of the Geo. G. Fox Co., Charlestown. The Fox bakery has for years been one of the sights of the city and it is always open to visitors to see the process of modern bread making. Cleanliness is the law there and visitors are impressed by the thoroughness with which this rule is observed.

It is in this establishment that every night thousands of loaves of bread, pies, cakes and doughnuts are made by the most expert bakers, ready to be loaded on their sixty wagons for morning delivery.

Only the best is good enough for the Fox Co., not only as to the materials used but to the equipment of the plant and the workmen.

Charlestown has certainly many attractions, and the Fox Co. bakery is fast taking front rank as one of its most interesting sights.

It is marvelous to witness the deftness of the men, aided by patented machinery, transforming hundreds of barrels of flour, oceans of milk, etc., into bread, which for quality and taste rivals the best product of the most skilful housewife.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

College Ices

better than ever. Each customer receives a separate cake, smothered in choicest fruits, of the

HARDEST ICE CREAM

The *reputation* of our

Soda—Coldest—Best

Only place in town dispensing

SWETT'S ROOT BEER
FROM THE KEG

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7 45, 8.15, 9 15, 10 15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11 15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Walter Widgery, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily L. Widgery and Charlie A. Jones, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Erskine Ames, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William A. Prior, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Giroux, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lillian F. Graves, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

To Let.

A STORE:
Corner Main street and Church avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:
Steam Heat; very desirable.

Apply to
A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Avenue, Woburn

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neil C. Olsen, otherwise called Niels C. Olson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated February 25, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1959, Page 410, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

TUESDAY, June 5, 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots three hundred and seventy-one (371), three hundred and seventy-two (372), three hundred and seventy-three (373), three hundred seventy-four (374), and three hundred seventy-five (375), on Felton street, as shown on Plan B of land in Woburn, owned by the Montvale Land Company, (said plan being recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan —. Said lots measure thirty-five (35) feet in width, by seventy (70) feet in depth, and contain two thousand four hundred and fifty (2450) square feet, excepting lot numbered three hundred and seventy-five (375), which is irregular in shape and contains 2450 square feet, more or less, to the canal property line.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1905 and 1906, and to other municipal liens if any; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ELLA M. HAZELTINE AND SARAH H. RICE,
Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, May 11, 1906.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to Timothy Fitzpatrick dated December 15, A. D., 1882, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 1618, Page 417, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereafter described situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the sixteenth day of June, A. D., 1906,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Main street with Carter street, so-called; from thence the line runs northerly on and by the easterly side line of said Main street about sixty-four and one-half (64½) feet to land now, or formerly, of Heirs of Leonard Thompson; thence easterly by land last named about one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the middle of a brook at land of John G. Richardson; thence southerly along the middle of said brook about sixty-four feet and ten inches to said Carter street; thence westerly in and by said Carter street about one hundred and thirty-eight (138) feet to the point of beginning.

For title of said James F. McKenna see deed of John G. Richardson to him dated August 2nd, 1882. The above premises are conveyed subject to a right of way four (4) feet wide on the southerly side thereof to be used by the public and become a part of said Carter street.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

TIMOTHY FITZPATRICK, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., May 22, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[L. S.] MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1906.

On the Petition of the citizens of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, praying for a new highway in the southerly part of said town of Wilmington, beginning at some point near the junction of Chestnut street and Burlington Avenue and running southerly through land of Marguerite C. Musilino and land of Frank E. Day and land of Andrew Larson, to some point near the residence of Andrew Larson, it was adjudged that said new highway is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the twenty-second day of June, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

RALPH W. SMITH, Asst. Clerk.
May 5th, 1906.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

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— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

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FITZ & STANLEY.
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The Oval Loaf

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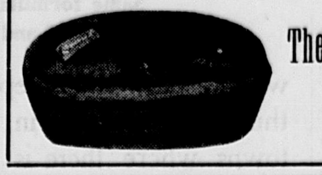
We know the taste will tempt you.
Fresh daily at all grocers.



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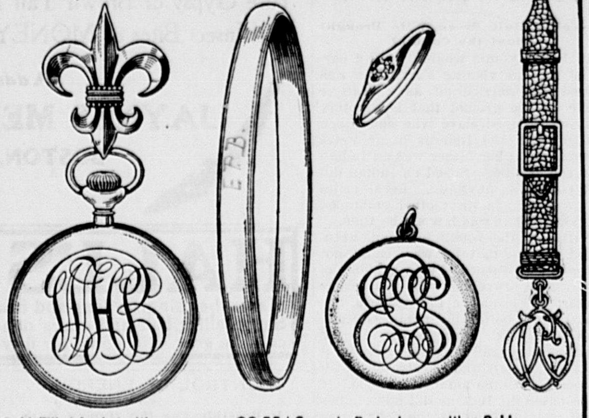

Gold Filled Locket with monogram	$2.00	Same in Boy's size — either Gold Filled or Solid Silver and monogram fob — complete	$10.00
Solid Gold Locket with monogram	5.00	Diamond Ring	16.50
Gold Filled Locket with necklace	4.00	Diamond Ring, larger	25.00
Solid Gold Locket with necklace	10.00		
Gold Filled Bracelet	2.00		
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Ladies' Waltham Watch, Gold Filled Case engraved with monogram, and Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine — complete	12.00		
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of every city use THELMA, the new perfume, so we're told. We don't wonder at it. It is peculiarly acceptable to people of refinement because of its sweetness and delicacy. We don't know of anyone who doesn't like it but we could tell you of a great many who think it is the most delightful odor they have ever used.

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361 Main St.
WOBURN

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FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie M. Wyman, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charlotte W. Wyman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.
J. G. Maguire, Attorney.

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Woburn, Mass.

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Lawn Party
WEDNESDAY JUNE 20th
— AT —
Mr. E. D. Hayden's, Warren Ave.

AFTERNOON
From 3 until 6
Progressive Whist, Games, Etc.

EVENING
From 7 until 10
Music and Dancing, Games, Etc.

Refreshments both Afternoon an Evenig

Admission, afternoon	25c
Admission, evening,	35c
Season Ticket, afternoon and ev'g,	50c

If stormy the 20th, will be held Thursday' the 21st

CITY OF WOBURN.

ACTS OF 1906—CHAPTER 172 ENTITLED,

An Act to Regulate by License the Carrying of Concealed Weapons.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. The justice of a court, or trial justices, the board of police or mayor of a city, or the selectmen of a town, or persons authorized by them, respectively, may, upon the application of any person, issue a license to such person to carry a loaded pistol or revolver in this Commonwealth, if it appears that the applicant has good reason to fear an injury to his person or property, and that he is a suitable person to be so licensed.

SECTION 2. Whoever, except as provided by the laws of this Commonwealth, carries on his person a loaded pistol or revolver, without authority or permission as provided in section one of this act, or whoever carries any stiletto, dagger, dirk-knife, slung-shot or metallic knuckles, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment. [Approved March 16, 1906.

Any person desiring a license under the above law, may apply to Charles F. McDermott, Chief of Police.

[Signed]
ARTHUR H. LINSCOTT, Mayor.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Rosella P. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

WILLIS A. HUBBARD, Adm.
26 Vernon street.
June 6, 1906.

Answers to Correspondents.

Bibulous—We never drink.

Old Subscriber—No; he is not crazy—he only appears so.

Anxious—No, they are not married, but they are willing to be.

Jen—Meet me at the corner of Walnut street where the team stands.

Rube—Barnum & Bailey's circus will not show in Burlington this season.

Inquirer.—No; you cannot judge a mule by the length of his ears, nor a man by his coat.

Maude—We cannot truthfully say that we consider a green complexion goes well with a blue gown.

Amateur—Should be glad to have the article you speak of, and if of sufficient merit, and not too long, will publish it soon.

Constant Reader—You certainly have been misinformed. She is still living on Arlington Road, and is not as young as she used to be.

Levi—It is not considered good whist always to trump your partner's ace. In fact, if your partner is larger than you are, it is extremely dangerous.

Birdie—The editor of this department is married, but for various reasons we prefer not to send you our picture—the principal one being, we haven't got one.

Hattie—The poem you refer to was published in the JOURNAL back in the early 80's. We have a few back numbers containing it, and have mailed a copy to you.

Willie—Your question is pertinent, but respect for the person mentioned prevents our answering it in full. Yes, she was a compositor at the time on the *Advertiser*, published by Mark Allen.

C. B. L.

An Ideal Boat Trip.

No boat line running out of Essex county harbors presents such an ideal trip as the Lynn Steamboat Co. plying from Lynn to Bass Point. To make this trip take the electrics to Central Square, Lynn, walk one block north to the foot of Market and Broad streets (next to Narrow Gauge Depot) and take the boat which runs every 35 minutes out through the channel of Lynn harbor to Bass Point. The boats are never far from shore. The management make no charge for children, and the fare for adults is but ten cents. This trip is recommended to the people who are looking for a cool trip this hot weather.

The Railroad's Big Stick.

In "The Way of a Railroad with a Town" in the June *McClure's*, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker shows how a common carrier holds up an entire section of country and says whether this industry or that shall prosper, or whether this class or the other shall be utterly driven out of business. Mr. Baker spent a long time studying his material for this article in Danville, Virginia, which is tapped by only one railroad, the Southern, and which on this account is quite at the mercy of the rate-makers. A comparison is forcefully drawn between the conditions here and those in the city of Lynchburg, sixty-six miles away, which has plenty of railroad competition. Mr. Baker states facts which unless backed by statistics might well arouse incredulity. For instance, fertilizer shipped from Chicago to Danville at $5.80 a ton, whereas if it went sixty-six miles further to Lynchburg, the rate would be only $4.40 Horses shipped from the West can be delivered at Richmond, 141 miles further, at so much less freight that Danville shippers have been known to book their stock all the way through and then remove it by stealth from the cars as they stood in the Danville freight yard. The tragedy of all this lies in the fact that Danville has contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to railroad companies for competition and is still paying interest on a part of this money. Mr. Baker tells how the tobacco-growers are barely able to struggle along while certain favored exporters are given rates which are like finding money. The story of the contest between the railroad and the anti-railroad parties in the town is of absorbing interest. Every one who wants to understand the Big Stick powers of the rail road should read this sane and forcible article.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Literary Notices.

The Desert and the Sown is the title of a new novel, by Anna C. Minogue. The first chapters appear in the June number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Maurice, Jr. and The Foreman at Brand's are other attractive features of the June contents. Catholic San Francisco and The Old California Missions are the leading articles. The illustrations include the Old Missions, the churches ruined by earthquake or fire, scenes in California in the good days and since the recent disaster. Aloyse Frederick Thiele contributes a Word Portrait of Kubelik, and L O'Connell writes of A Wheel Pilgrimage to the Shrines of the Black Forest. The Rev. Charles Warren Currier describes the establishing of an American branch of the Order by the Redemptorist nuns. Catholic Plays and Players is the subject of the Rev. John Talbot Smith's monthly review of the stage. In a second paper on The Papal Wars of the Nineteenth Century J. Loftus takes up Garibaldi's attacks on the property of the Holy See.

THE AMERICAN BOY is bidding high for public favor when it runs, as it does in its June number, stories by Edward Stratemeyer, Horatio Alger, Jr, Clarence Hawkes, the blind naturalist, J. L. Harbour, Tudor Jenks, Ernest Gilmore, Will Levington Comfort, Helen Leah Reed, and Fred Myron Colby. Among the matter of special interest are sketches of Senator Beveridge, Auguste Rodin, Paul Laurence Dunbar; the story of a Wild Elk Round-Up; instruction as to How to Play Baseball; a description of Uncle Sam's Flag Shop; and many items in which boys are interested. There are in addition over 70 illustrations. Subscription Price $1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Soucoup, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

Memorial Day was properly observed here.

Our people are getting their minds focussed on vacation.

Baseball is still a favorite pastime here. The season for the game closes in a few weeks.

The Senior Class of the High School have selected "Arant" for their Class motto. Why not Arrarat, or A-rat?

At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, June 8, the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is to be held in the vestry of the Congregational church.

The Dumping Question is the all-absorbing theme for discussion here these days. But it will cease on the coming of vacation days.

While Melrose has gained only 5 in population in the last year Winchester has made remarkable progress in that direction. A good many houses are going up here this summer.

A goodly number of our esteemed citizens are on fishing trips in Maine. They send back great stories about their "luck," which stories are received here at a discount of 125 per cent.

The *Star* last week published an appreciative story of the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Metcalf which was celebrated in grand style on May 29. Mr. Metcalf has been Superintendent of the Winchester schools for many years, and is greatly beloved.

E. L. Dunning, Nelson H. Seeley, R. E Simonds and F. B Jordan have been elected Directors of the Y. M. C. A. to fill vacancies. E H Rice has been chosen Secretary, and Mr. Simonds, Treasurer. Regular meetings have been suspended during the vacation season.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Having auspiciously opened the summer season at the Castle Square Theatre with a series of performances that have drawn enormous audiences during the past week to see "The Mikado," the management on Monday will continue the good work of offering firstclass opera at popular prices by producing "Il Trovatore." This famous opera by Verdi is rarely sung except at excessive charges for seats, and its production at the Castle Square next week will therefore give Bostonians a rare opportunity. In the voting contest for choice of operas, at least 10,000 votes were received. They came not only from all parts of Massachusetts, but cards were also received from New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island and elsewhere. "Il Trovatore" will be followed on June 18, by "The Chimes of Normandy," and that popular opera on the Monday thereafter by the always popular "Carmen."

Queer Things About Flames.

There is a relation between the color of flame and the energy of the combustion causing it. The more vigorous and complete the combustion the higher the refrangibility of the light. A flame burning in a tardy and restricted way emits rays that are red. When burning in a more complete and effective manner the emitted rays change to violet. The flame of a candle or a lamp consists of a series of eccentric luminous shells surrounding a central dark core. These shells of flame emit light of different colors, the innermost one—that in direct contact with the dark core—being red and having a temperature of exactly 977 degrees F. Upon this and in their proper order of refrangibility are shells of light which are orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The reason that such a flame does not appear to us as a nest of cones of different colored light is this: When we look upon such a flame all of the rays issuing from the different layers or strata of concentric luminous shells are received by the retina of the eye at one and the same time. This can only impress with the sensation of neutral or white light.

Rubies.

The finest rubies are still kept in Asia. The Great Mogul had 108 large rubies in his throne, and among them was one weighing two and one-half ounces. Of European rubies Charles the Bold, that luckless son of a fortunate father, had three rubies called the Three Brothers, of perfect color and worthy size. They passed into the possession of James I., who sent them to "Baby Charles." There is a large heart shaped balas ruby in the English crown. It has been neither cut nor polished, is only semitransparent and is of a dark red, like a morello cherry. Austria had, or has, an oriental ruby the size of a hen's egg, and Queen Elizabeth showed Sir James Melville one as big as a racket ball. Runjeet Singh had a large ruby with the names of many kings engraved on it. Among them was that of Aurangzeb. A king of Persia had one which he prized at the value of a city or even a kingdom. It was a table cut balas ruby of a beautiful color of at least a finger's breadth.

The Ship's Log.

The record of a ship's voyage is called its log because the observations of its speed, usually taken hourly, by the log line are a very important factor in the record. The log line is so called because the float attached to the line was originally a small log or stick of wood. This "log" is now a square or triangular piece of board weighted so that it sits upright in the water. The log line is divided by knots or marks into lengths of fifty-one feet, which is about one one-hundred-and-twentieth of a marine mile, so that the ship is going as many marine miles or knots in an hour as the number of knots or lengths that run off the reel in half a minute when the "log" is thrown overboard.

Animals In Mohammedan Heaven.

According to the Mohammedans, ten animals have been admitted to paradise—the dog Kratim, the follower of the seven sleepers, Balaam's ass, Solomon's ant, the honeybee, Jonah's whale, the ram which was offered in sacrifice in place of Isaac, the camel of Saleb, the cuckoo of Balkis, the ox of Moses and Al Borak, the monstrosity which conveyed Mohammed from earth to heaven and back again in a very short time. These creatures were all sainted for some special services which they had rendered to man

As long as the heart is young and the thought is youthful old age cannot touch you.—Success Magazine.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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Toilet Requisites.

We take pleasure in our Toilet Goods Department. Having made it a practice to order anything for which there is a demand. We now have a full line of Hudnuts, Rogers & Gallets, Colgate's and Lazelle's Perfumes, Toilet Waters and Toilet Powders at lowest prices.

Mennen's Talcum Violet or Plain, 19 cents.
Colgate's Talcum Violet or Cashmere Bouquet 19 cents.
Gold Seal Cold Cream, 25 cents.

McLaughlin & Dennison,

Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.

417 Main Street, Woburn

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Of all sorts are happily commemorated by a gift of silver. We have quantities of beautiful and useful articles in both sterling and long wearing plate.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

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Strawberry and Pineapple Ice Cream

MADE FROM NEW FRUIT

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IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

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Merchant Tailors,

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GOOD THINGS WITHIN SIGHT
and worth eating is our stock of high-grade
MEATS
and Poultry. Carefully selected in the first place, kept in a freezing temperature and in sanitary surroundings, no wonder every housekeeper keeps our Meats in sight and within reach.

They mean family health, good eating, *money saved by our low prices*. For juicy steaks, tender chops and fragrant hams, deal at

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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Essential to Good Housekeeping.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

The most inexpensive article for cleansing and disinfecting where absolute cleanliness and purity are desired and where troublesome places are to be kept clean, sweet and wholesome. Use freely about all sources of decaying matter and offensive odors. Keep drainage pipes clean, clear and disinfected.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

At All Dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

While the Play Was On

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Copyright, 1906, by Beatrix Reade

They came in rather late—the first act was well under way. The girl in her soft evening gown swept quietly down the aisle and took the seat indicated by the usher with serene noiselessness. The man with waxed mustaches and flashy diamond studs followed ostentatiously. He sat down, much to the annoyance of the party directly behind, after unduly pompous delay. Ostentation and pomposity were in Mr. Smart's line.

Mechanically the girl drew out her opera glasses from their bag, but she did not use them. Instead, with a little sigh of content, she leaned back against her wrap, a gorgeous thing, ermine lined, belonging to her aunt, which she had been coaxed into wearing. The lights of the house were low, and as she leaned for a second, a billowy mass of chiffon and lace against the ermine, her heavily lashed eyelids half closed, and she smiled faintly.

Ah, it was so good to be faultlessly dressed from the top of her head to the tip of her shoe all at once—just once sure of herself all around! Not as it had always been with her down in dear old Kentucky—a gown achieved just as her hat was going out of fashion, a new wrap when her evening dresses were beginning to look a bit worn, boots a little shabby just as she was able to get fresh gloves and veil. Her eye fell on the billowy blouse of her bodice: How all her life she had loved lace—real, cobwebby lace! And ermine to nestle against—the lordly "feel of the thing!"

Well, now she was in the way to have it all. This month's visit with her aunt in New York had been fecund in results. Dances and dinners, suppers, theater parties, had filled the hurrying days and nights, but still, with her aunt's worldly insistence, she had found time to engage herself to the man beside her. "Capital, my dear!" her aunt had said when she heard the news, kissing her lightly on the cheek. "You see, Alberta, I knew what I was doing when I sent for you to come up from that poverty stricken Kentucky, and you had only to come to conquer. Of course Mr. Smart isn't exactly a paragon of beauty, and he's a bit 'new,' but think of his cool little million, his yacht, his horses, his splendid motor and all that sort of thing. Oh, I'll be proud of you yet, my poor little southern niece!"

"Beastly stupid play!" broke in upon Alberta's reverie. Mr. Smart spoke in a voice a trifle louder than conventional good form allows.

The girl lifted her eyebrows slightly and then nodded her head in indifferent acquiescence. As a matter of fact, she hadn't noticed a single bit of "business" on the boards nor heard a single line. Now, however, she raised her glasses. It gave her right hand some occupation. It had been lying perilously close to his, she observed.

During the second act the man fidgeted more than ever. "Come," he said finally; "don't let's waste any more time on such twiddle twaddle. It's weak tommyrot. We'll run up and order our supper instead."

But a girl with an ermine cloak thrown over the back of her chair was leaning forward, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin in the cup of her two hands. Her eyes were strangely wistful as she watched the players on the stage.

"No," she whispered oddly without turning to Smart; "I like it. Let's stay."

'Twas a simple enough little scene that she watched; a homely enough setting, too—a lane hedged with wild roses and honeysuckle, at one end of which stood a white cottage, sunny in the light of early morning. Just outside, by the hollyhock bushes, was a man fair and strong, looking like a young god in his splendid strength. He was catching up a child playfully and holding it high in the air, as is the way with proud fathers. Then out of the cottage, rosy, smiling, came a girlish figure with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on, to say goodby to her lord before he went to his day's labor. The sire kissed his child and set him down, patting the curly head. Then he drew the woman to him. "Goodby, and God bless you, dear, till I come home tonight," he said in a voice softened with reverence.

There were actual tears in Alberta's eyes. Homely as was the setting, simple as was the scene, it had brought to her a revelation. After all, that was the real sum of life, was it not, dear God—love and a home and a clear, unbartered conscience?

"Well, if you still want to stay, I'm going out for a whisky and soda," Smart laughed unctuously, laying his heavy hand on hers as the curtain dropped on the second act. "You don't seem up to conversation tonight. I might as well have taken your aunt out—old lady's a corker when talk's scarce! If I'm not back by the time the curtain goes up don't get frightened. I'll be here before the bloomin' thing's over."

As he was turning out in the aisle unconsciously even to herself Alberta's eyes swept him from head to foot—shambling physique, obtrusive jewels and all. She shuddered involuntarily, pressing his ring which she wore rather sharply into her flesh.

Oh, if only the orchestra would play that "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's! She had been trying so hard to shut Robert Harvey out from her life, and this fetched him so vividly before her!

> But, if I live with Idas, then we two
> On the low earth shall prosper, hand in hand—

Those were the words from Stephen Phillips' "Marpessa" which Harvey had been wont to set to that music, saying, "They seem to be made for each other—just like you and I, sweetheart."

How ever in the world had she made herself able to give him up? It was her cursed love of luxury, she told herself, and what would luxury profit her without him? What a fool she had been! But the worst was yet to do. Tomorrow she was to write the letter which was to stab his dear heart like a knife.

—"and an awfully stunning fellow, regular Gibson type, you know. We tried to induce him to join us tonight; but, you see, he lives in Louisville."

Alberta turned her head ever so slightly. The people back of her who had been annoyed at Mr. Smart's inconsiderateness when he first came in were talking.

"And he leaves for the south tomorrow. Fancy arriving in fascinating old New York one day and leaving it the next! Ma says she'll warrant he has a sweetheart in Louisville, for he's dead set on going there immediately. This morning on deck just before we sailed into the harbor"— But "ma," who was from Chicago and full of western enterprise, finished the sentence for herself.

"I came on him unexpectedly, and what d'ye think he was doing? Leaning over the rail and looking at a picture in his watch. 'Ah-ha, Mr. Harvey!' I cried. 'You're caught at last! Will you let me see her picture?' 'In a few moments I'll show you the statue of Liberty instead,' said he, closing his watch softly and unstrapping his field glasses. And, would you believe it, the winning sweetness of his smile took all the sting out of his refusal."

"Why don't you strike for him, Maude, and cut the Louisville girl out?" came a laughing poser. "Or wasn't he looking for a rich wife?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the response. "But anyhow he's not rich. Got the information from his chum coming over—the one who's going to take us to the Union League reception tomorrow. He owns some sort of a plantation in Kentucky, however, and people there call him le grand seigneur 'cause he's considered so exclusive. It appears Mr. Harvey in his aristocratic poverty had a horror of the neuveaux riches." She sniffed daintily and giggled.

The lights went down, the orchestra stopped playing, and the curtain went up on the third act.

Presently, having had one glass of whisky and soda too much, Smart came back. He looked at Alberta closely with a look before which she suddenly shrank. She'd seen it focused ere this on many things—his automobile, his diamonds, his horses—but never wholly on herself. That glance of possession shot through her nerves with a sickening humiliation.

"You'll loosen the stone in your ring if you keep turning it round like that," said Smart in a blurred whisper. "An' that sort of diamond ain't stumbled against every day, let me tell you."

At the close of the third act, although there was still the fourth to be played, Alberta turned to her companion.

"We'll go now," she said simply. But as he helped her on with her wrap he wondered at the strange, soft illumination of her face. It was an illumination he had never seen before, an illumination in which he knew instinctively he had no part.

When Smart, having got his hat and coat, joined her in the lobby and was about to call for a cab, one of the girl's hands went out to his ready arm, but the other deftly handed him his ring.

"I've decided you'd better keep it," she said calmly, while, his fingers closing tightly about the jewel, Smart gazed with amazement at her strange smile. "I'll explain to you as we walk along. No; not a cab. I prefer to walk. It isn't far to auntie's." She would not suffer his proximity, however brief, in a carriage.

"Have you gone mad?" he demanded, putting the bauble securely in his wallet. "Of all idiotic nonsense! And, besides, you're not dressed for walking."

"Oh, what does a little thing like that matter?" cried she, with almost a child's fresh joy in her voice. "Nothing matters now but the big things." And, gathering up her skirts, she added, half to herself, with a queer little thrill: "I'm going home tomorrow! I'm going home to Louisville tomorrow!"

Fought the Whole Class.

Many a year ago a "plebe" at the Naval academy astonished an upper class man by going to him and announcing, "See here, I don't like the way my class is being treated." The upper class man was nearly surprised out of his wits, but, recovering from his stupor (and only one who knows the full meaning of "rate" among the midshipmen can have a correct appreciation of what that announcement from a "plebe" to an upper class man carried), the "rating" demanded, "Midshipman, do you want to fight?" "That's what I am looking for." The fight was arranged and the "plebe" whipped his man, says the New York Herald. Then another youngster was supplied, and he went the way of the first, and so on until a half dozen had been discomfited. Sometimes several fights would follow in succession, when the "plebe" would say: "Gentlemen, I am tired now. I'll see you again another day." The academy authorities found out what was in progress and sent for the "plebe," and then, before official authority, he announced, "I can whip the whole class." It turned out that the "plebe" had been a prize fighter before entering the academy.

Language In France.

There are several districts in France where the very ancient tongues still survive. Basque is spoken by about 100,000 persons, who are naturally proud of a language that is their exclusive possession, for it is unlike every other spoken tongue, and the assertion is commonly made that to understand it one must have learned it in the cradle. This peculiar property gives in the mind of the Basque people support to their belief that it was the language of Adam and Eve. The same claim is advanced, though, for Breton. The Romans when they conquered Gaul compared Breton to croaking of ravens. About a million people speak Breton. Then there are Flemish, still spoken by a comparatively small number in northeastern France, Catalan in the Pyrenees-Orientales and Languedoc and Provencal, whose gradual extinction has been delayed mainly by the efforts of a few literary enthusiasts.

Ancient Roses.

Flinders Petrie, the archaeologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it which he read before the Royal society of Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retained their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.

Pertinent Query.

"So he no longer calls his pretty little home 'The Nutshell?' Why did he change it?"

"He got tired of having passing humorists ring his bell to ask if the kernel was in."

When I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.—Pope.

JAPANESE DANCES.

They Are Not Highly Amusing and Are Not Indelicate.

The form of amusement of a dramatic nature that most interests the traveler in Japan is the geisha dance, also the kagura, or common religious dance, and the adzuma-mai, a religious dance performed in the ancient Shimo-Gamo Shinto temple near Kyoto. These dances are not particularly amusing to witness, though all sights of the kind are more or less amusing when witnessed for the first time. The best geisha dancing takes place in Kioto, the next best in Tokyo, but so called geisha dances may be seen in several of the large towns.

Almost more interesting to see, however, are the religious dances. In the kagura, for instance, the dancer usually wears a loose white chemise garment, a pair of flapping trousers, generally of a bright red color, and a long, transparent covering formed like a cloak and ornamented with designs resembling crests. Her hair hangs down her back in a single tress, flowers adorn her forehead, and her face is besmeared with a white compound, said to consist chiefly of white lead. In her hand she holds a bunch of small bells that is not unlike a child's toy. This she shakes at intervals during the dance. Sometimes several girls dance at one time, but in every case their movements are accompanied by a mournful, sacred chant and by a tune played upon a drum and flute by priests. It is wrong to suppose, however, as many Europeans who have visited Japan do suppose, that the mikakoodori dance is indecent. About the genuine geisha dance there is nothing even indelicate or suggestive.—St. James' Gazette.

HE SET THE EXAMPLE.

How a Montenegro Prince Got His Subjects to Work.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro was obliged to follow Peter the Great's example in order to make his subjects work at all. The haughty Montenegrins have from time immemorial been accustomed to look down upon the mechanic arts of industry as vile and degrading. Prince Nicholas besought them with all his eloquence to learn the necessary arts of life, but all in vain. He used every method, including the "argumentum baculinum," or "paternal" method, with a stick, to which the great Peter was so addicted. Even this argument fell flat. Then the prince tucked up his sleeves, betook himself to a smithy and hammered iron for a day. This method proved effectual. The Montenegrins came to the conclusion that the work of the smithy was not incompatible with their dignity. Shoemaking, however, they could not be induced to look upon as other than degrading. Persuasion failing, the monarch turned cobbler. This was too much for the Montenegrins. When they saw him put his hand to the waxed thread and the shoe leather his faithful lieges gathered round upon their knees and besought him not to sully his royal fingers by touching the accursed thing. "Beat us all," they cried, "only do not do yourself such dishonor." The prince paid no attention and worked till nightfall. Next day the cobblers' shops were full of Montenegrins eager to enroll themselves as apprentices to the trade which Nicholas had ennobled by his own example.—London Mail.

Shakespeare's Indifference to Fame.

Shakespeare never took any trouble to hand himself down to fame and posterity. Superbly indifferent to renown, writing only as the sun shines and as the winds blow—because it was the work he was created for—he dashed off those marvelous productions, and when they had accomplished their object of paying his current expenses and pleasing the public of his time he retired to Stratford-on-Avon, utterly careless, as it seems, whether his splendid plays lived in the memories of men or died out of recollection. It was part of his royal and lofty nature, this large indifference, so grandly contrasted with the modern yearning to be advertised, the latter day ache to be lauded and remembered.—London Chronicle.

Not Their Fault.

General Schofield was once describing in Washington a certain retreat of cavalry. "I call it a retreat," he said, "but I should really call it a rout." He smiled. "In this retreat," he went on, "the commanding general, as his charger tore like the wind along, turned to an aid who galloped beside him and said, 'Who are our rear guard?' The aid, without ceasing for an instant to belabor his panting steed, replied, 'Those who have the worst horses, sir.' "—Milwaukee Sentinel.

On the Lookout.

Towne—Whenever you hear a politician declare that "every man has his price" you may rest assured that he's one of them. Browne—Not necessarily. He may simply be calling attention to the fact that he hasn't got his yet.—Philadelphia Press.

Suited Him.

His Wife—Yes, the girl is going to leave. She is lazy and good for nothing anyhow. The Professor—Why, I thought she was a model servant. She never attempted to arrange my papers.—Brooklyn Life.

Bad Break.

Joe—Jack's new wife won't speak to me. Tom—Why not? Joe—I got confused at the wedding and tendered him my sympathy instead of congratulations.

Friends should not be chosen to flatter. The quality we prize is that rectitude which will shrink from no truth. Intimacies which increase vanities destroy friendship.—Channing.

Imagination and Judgment.

Dr. Eaton, president of Madison university years ago, was beloved by the students and his good opinion courted above all things. One commencement day the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

Talleyrand's Thirteen Oaths.

Talleyrand took thirteen oaths of fidelity—to Clement XIII. when he entered holy orders, to Clement XIV. when he became bishop of Autun, to Louis XVI. in 1789, to the kin and the constitution, to the directory in 1795, to the directory in 1796 as minister of foreign affairs, to the three consuls, to Bonaparte sole consul, to Napoleon emperor, to Louis XVIII. in 1814, to Louis XVIII. at the second restoration in 1815, to Charles X. in 1824, to Louis Philippe in 1830.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 10.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xvi, 13-28. Memory Verses, 24, 25—Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After His visit to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon He returned to the neighborhood of Bethsaida and healed multitudes of lame, blind, dumb, maimed and others, and the multitude wondered when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk and the blind to see, and they glorified the God of Israel. After that He fed 4,000 as miraculously as He had fed the 5,000 (Matt. xv, 29-39). Then He came into the coasts of Magdala, and the Pharisees and Sadducees tempted Him, desiring a sign from heaven. In reply He called them hypocrites and a wicked and adulterous generation and said they would receive no sign but the sign of the prophet Jonah. Thus for the second time He indorsed the story of Jonah and spoke of it as a type of His own death and resurrection. Warning His disciples against the teaching of such hypocrites, He said, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees," and they were so dull that they actually thought He was reproving them because they had forgotten to bring bread with them, as they had but one loaf in the boat. Was it any wonder that He said: "O ye of little faith, do ye not yet understand? How is it that ye do not understand?" (Matt. xvi, 1-12, and Mark viii, 10-21.) This brings us to our lesson where we find Him in the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, and, according to Luke ix, 18, He was alone, praying. It was then that He asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" and received such varying answers as are given in verse 14. He knew all that men were saying and even thinking, but all He asked or said or did was for the benefit of those with whom He was dealing, and He knew best how to accomplish what He had in view. Then came the question, "But whom say ye that I am?" (verse 16) which drew forth Peter's "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter had on a former occasion said in reply to the Lord's question, "Will ye also go away?" "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God" (John vi, 68-70). Martha on a later occasion said, "Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world" (John xi, 27). Just imagine the Lord Jesus looking at you and asking these questions of you personally. What would your heart reply, and just what would you mean by it? God alone can teach us the things of God, for see I Cor. ii, 9-14, and God had taught Peter and Martha. He teaches by His Spirit, through His word.

Our Lord now for the first time speaks of His church, and He speaks of it as something which He will in the future build and against which the wisdom and power of hell shall not prevail. He had from the beginning of His ministry spoken of the kingdom, but the church is a new thing, consequent upon the rejection of the kingdom, and was not fully revealed until Paul was chosen as the great apostle to the gentiles. See Rom. xvi, 25, 26; Eph. iii, 5, 6. The kingdom will include all nations, with Israel in their own land as the central nation, but the church is an elect company gathered out of all nations which shall reign with Christ in His kingdom. See Isa. lx and Rev. v, 9, 10. While the kingdom is rejected, and therefore postponed, the church is being gathered by the preaching of the gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit. The foundation of the church is certainly not Peter, who was a bit of stone or rock (as the word signifies), but the great truth which Peter uttered, which our Lord called "this rock," the word signifying a solid mass of rock, a cliff or ledge, in contrast to a piece of rock like Peter. See I Cor. iii, 11, as a confirmation, and also Eph. ii, 20. As to the keys of verse 19, note that they are the keys of the kingdom, not the keys of the church, and the church is never called the kingdom nor the kingdom the church for reasons already mentioned. A key is to open a door with, that others may enter. Peter opened the door to the Jews of all nations in Acts ii and to the gentiles in Acts x. The story of the gospels and the acts is chiefly the kingdom story, as in the Old Testament and in Revelation. The story of the church is chiefly in the epistles, with a beginning in the Acts; but, as one has said, all history is His story, whether it be that of the church or Israel or the kingdom which includes both and also all the nations.

As to the power given to Peter compare John xx, 21-23; Rev. xxii, 17. The kingdom being rejected, our Lord begins to speak plainly of His approaching death and resurrection. Compare with verse 21; chapters xvii, 22, 23; xx, 18, 19. But, although He made it so plain, even John, who seemed nearer to Jesus than any of the disciples, did not receive it (John xx, 9). Peter, who is thought by some to be the church's foundation, openly rebelled against the thought of Jesus' suffering and suggested that He pity Himself and put the thought from Him (verse 22, margin), but our Lord taught very plainly that there was no other way but the cross either for Him or for us. In the temptation in the wilderness the devil suggested an easier way (Matt. iv, 8, 9), and here our Lord says that Peter was very suggestive of Satan (verse 23).

Disappointed In the Boy.

"I don't know what kind of figure that boy'll cut in life," said the old man, with a sigh. "He's gone an' shattered all my hopes!"

"Why, what's he been a-doin' of?"

"He's been a-doin' of nothin'," was the reply, " 'cept writin' poetry on barn doors when I had set my stakes to make a carpenter or a congressman out o' him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Character.

A cook has been going round a station in the south of India with the following "character" and is somewhat surprised he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months. It seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill health—my ill health."

A Coincidence.

"I suppose you enjoy hearing your boy talk since he went to college."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel, "but ain't it kind of a coincidence that so many of them classical quotations begin with " 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ENTERPRISING BOTANISTS.

Effects of the Great Revival of the Sixteenth Century.

In the great literary and scientific revival that took place in the sixteenth century botany made a fresh departure. The discovery of America had brought a vast number of new plants to Europe, and their study doubtless stimulated the more complete study of those of the old world. The great commercial activity of the century must also have had its influence. Ships were bringing new products from all parts and among these plants were not forgotten. But from whatever cause it arose, the great impulse and renewed activity in the discovery and study of plants was quite remarkable. They produced a large body of students, whose labors were unwearied, and a wonderful amount of botanical literature.

Among those students were such men as Loincer, L'Obel, Caesalpinus, L'Ecluse, Mattioli, Caspar and John Bauhin, Conrad Gesner, Pona, Leonard, Fuchs, Prosper Alpinus, Dodoens and many others. And these men were not stay at home botanical students. They were great travelers, whose delight was to collect and examine plants in their native countries. Caspar Bauhin collected them in Germany, France and Italy with great labor and danger ("quod praecipuum erat, plantas locis natalibus inspiciendo nullis laboribus, nullis molestiis, nullis sumptibus peper cimus"); L'Ecluse collected them in Spain, Hungary and Bohemia; Du Choul searched Mount Pilatus and John Pona Mount Baldus; Leonard Rauwolf made a long journey to the east in search of them and Prosper Alpinus examined those of Egypt.—London Standard.

FLORIDA'S INDIAN WAR.

Osceola's Half Breed Wife Brought About the Conflict.

In 1835 a young woman, with a party of Indians visiting Fort King, was seized and carried off as a fugitive slave on the ground that her mother was an escaped slave who had taken refuge with the Indians many years before. That her father was an Indian and she had been raised an Indian did not count for anything. Legal claim of ownership in the mother embraced her also. That was law at the time.

Naturally the young husband, untutored savage that he was, could not recognize its justice. Proving both eloquent and brave, he soon had every Indian in Florida on the warpath, nor was it long before his name, Osceola was heard with terror in the exposed white settlements. There ensued a war, long, costly and bloody, out of all proportions to the number engaged. It is probable the Indians did not number 1,500 warriors, but in the four years required to conquer them 1,500 white lives were sacrificed.

With the Indians it was a battle a outrance. They had many wrongs to avenge, which lost nothing in the fervid coloring of Osceola's eloquence. Defeat meant transportation to an unknown country far toward the setting sun. Osceola claimed to have been the friend of the white man until white treachery and cupidity culminated in the seizure of his wife. In digging up the tomahawk he preached a war of extermination till every white man was driven from Florida or every Indian died in the attempt.—Lippincott's.

Fair Rosamund's Bower.

Henry III.'s chief garden was at Woodstock, but he was not the originator of it, as there had been a garden there in the time of the second Henry. In it was the labyrinth which concealed the "bower" made famous by the tragic fate of the fair Rosamond. A halo of romance and mystery hangs around this hiding place, but in reality labyrinths were by no means uncommon. There is evidence of the existence of labyrinths in very early times, and they presumably suggested the maze of more modern date. The first labyrinths were winding paths cut in the ground, and the survival of them is still traceable in several places in England. Of these Saffron Walden, with its encircling ditch, is the most striking example. Camden describes one existing in his time in Dorsetshire, which went by the name of Troy town or Julian's bower.—"A History of Gardening In England."

Tobacco In America.

Caricaturists in depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national indeed, but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and the men of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers in the world. In these two countries the consumption of tobacco per head is three times greater than in Germany.

At the Minstrels.

Sambo—What am de diff'runce 'tween a mute walkin' 'long de street an' a conversational bore? Interlocutor—What is the difference, Sambo? Sambo—Well, one goes widout sayin', an' de udder says widout goin'.—New York Press.

An Invitation.

Bashful Beaumont—Er—I—er—dreamt I—er—kissed you last night. What's that a sign of? Modest Maiden—Well, it's a sign that you're more sensible asleep than awake.

Two Reasons.

"The new bookkeeper looks at his watch every five minutes."

"He must have a new watch or a new wife."

A thousand times listen to the counsel of your friend, but seek it only once.—Hardy.

A Generous Cardinal.

Cardinal Bonaparte was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte. He was a very charitable man. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him and said that a poor person at the door begged for alms. "Give him what money you will find in my purse," said the cardinal. "There is no money, eminence. The silver spoons are all given away. We have nothing left but pewter spoons." "Well, bring him in and give him a good meal."

No Use For Them.

Customer (being measured in a fashionable tailor's shop)—By the way, what's your price for a suit? Tailor—Sixty dollars, sir. How many pockets would you like? Customer—No pockets at all. I shan't need any when I've paid your bill.

Poverty.

Poverty is very terrible and sometimes kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams.—Ouida.

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CONTROL OF ENERGY.

Is It Possible For the Human Race to Avert Extinction?

The only conceivable way in which the human intelligence can ever succeed in averting the "procession of the great year" is not by postponing the issue, but by reversing the process. The question is this: While energy is being dissipated in accordance with the natural law, can we so manipulate things as to accumulate energy, making the unavailable available—notwithstanding the fact that cosmic processes seem to be essentially irreversible? Now there is assuredly no inherent reason why we should not accomplish this. It is true that hitherto all the atomic evolution that has been observed is atomic disintegration. We may speak now, indeed, of the analysis of the elements. But so it was, we may remember, that the older chemistry began, and yet analytic chemistry was the precursor of synthetic chemistry. We began by breaking up compounds, but now we can make them—can, indeed, make compounds hitherto unknown in nature. Similarly, it is more than probable that we shall ere long learn to achieve the synthesis of the elements as well as their analysis. No energy is ever lost. Even when the radium atom, itself the child of the uranium atom, breaks down and dissipates its energy, ending, it is supposed, as the dull atom of lead, the original energies are not destroyed. Why should they not be gathered up again and thus again become available? Are matter and energy to go on their way, ultimately destroying the human race? For myself, I incline to the view that victory will rest at last with "man's unconquerable mind."—C. W. Saleeby, F. R. S., in Harper's Magazine.

LIZARDS OF BARBADOS.

They Can Change Color and Drop Their Tails at Will.

The green lizards which swarm on every tree certainly have the hardest life of any creatures in Barbados, since their flesh is so delicate that everything eats them which can catch them. Cats, fowls, birds, monkeys and snakes all devour the poor lizards, which have only two methods of defending themselves, both very inadequate for the purpose. One is their power of changing their color, whereby they can appear bright green at one moment on the leaf of an aloe and then dark chocolate brown on a piece of damp earth. If this does not conceal them from their enemy they drop their tails. The caudal appendage jumps from the ground and makes a frantic dance all by itself, and if the pursuer is deluded into seizing it the lizard avails itself of the chance to escape and grow another tail.

For the rest the poor lizards are harmless things, with pathetic eyes, in which lurks an expression of weariness and disillusion, as though they were as old as the world itself and had found it all vanity and vexation of spirit. They are fond of plaintive music and will enter at the open windows when a piano is playing and sit listening and nodding their queer flat heads and looking out of those wistful eyes at the player till he or she, if of an imaginative temperament, might fancy she were playing to an audience of transmigrated souls.—Chambers' Journal.

Old Time Punishment.

In "Pike's History of Crimes," volume 1, page 226, is found the following copy of the sentence of an old time traitor: "It is the order of the court that for your treason you be drawn and hanged and beheaded and that your heart, bowels and entrails, from whence come your traitorous thoughts, be torn out and burned to ashes and that the ashes be scattered to the four winds and that your body be afterward cut into four quarters."

A Disintegrated Group.

"What did the girl do when her father discovered them eloping?"

"She burst into tears."

"What did the young man do?"

"Oh, he went all to pieces."

"What did the old man do?"

"He! Why, he exploded with rage and blew them both up."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Medicine.

Throw out opium, said Dr. Holmes, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food and the vapors which produce the miracle of anaesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica as now used could be sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

The shortest system of medical practice that I know of is the oldest, but not the worst. It is older than Hippocrates, older than Chiron the Centaur. Nature taught it to the first mother when she saw her firstborn child putting some ugly pebble or lurid berry into its mouth. I know not in what language it was spoken, but I know that in English it would sound thus: "Spit it out!"

When You Write Abroad.

In writing to France or Italy, a postmaster pointed out the other day, the address should be printed, for the printed characters of French, Italian and English are alike, but of the written ones this is not true. The capital letter T, for instance, is written in France and Italy like C. The top stroke is made as with us, but the downward stroke curves to the right instead of to the left. Our C is taken for a T abroad. Our T is taken for I or J. It is important therefore to print instead of to write proper names on foreign letters. A letter addressed in writing to, for instance, a man named Treat would be thought by the French and Italian to be addressed to Ireat, and in the general delivery department of the postoffice it would be placed in the I instead of in the T compartment. Thus when Mr. Treat called for his mail a search of compartment T would reveal nothing for him, and his letter, hidden among the I's, would never be delivered.

Made the Bear Work.

Bill Winters uses his wit to save his strength. During a camping trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party. Finally his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him off home. The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountains. Two hours later the men in camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase, with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear. When the men could stop laughing one of them said, "Bill, what on earth possessed you to run that distance with the bear so close when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?" Bill smiled slowly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.—Boston Herald.

Moors Consider Us Dirty.

A habit of our own which we consider far more cleanly than eating with our fingers is looked upon by the Moors as filthy—that is, washing our hands or face in a basin and, still more, taking a bath where the water is not running. The cleaner we become, they say, the dirtier the water we are washing with must necessarily become, and eventually we step forth as cleansed from water which is no longer clean. A Moor to wash his hands has the water poured from a vessel over them and never by any chance dips them into the dirty water. The same way in their baths. The water is thrown over their bodies out of bright brass bowls and flows away through holes in the marble or tile floor.—Modern Society.

Lowell's Motto.

In a eulogy which appeared in the Century Magazine just after Lowell's death are these words: "This is Lowell's legacy as a patriot, not the sentiment, 'My country, right or wrong,' but 'My country—it shall never be wrong if I can help it.' "

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Etiquette Among Forest Rangers.

While in the forest reserve in which we hunted I met several of the forest rangers, all of them intelligent men, some with college education, men who seemed peculiarly adapted to their calling, who knew the mountains thoroughly, handy with an ax and gun and full of resources. A degree of ethics obtained among the sportsmen, guides, trappers and forest rangers that was interesting. When any one goes to a deserted cabin, in most of which would be found food, bedding, a stove, etc., it is proper form for him to stay all night, eat all he can put away under his belt, if in dire need divide any supply of tobacco and matches he may find, but he must take away nothing else, since to carry off an article of little value, such as hammer, hatchet, pinchers, snow glasses, screw driver, fish hook, pipe or other similar article might inconvenience the owner greatly when he happened along and wanted them and was forty miles or more from a source of supply. If a belated wanderer fails to wash the dishes and leave a supply of dry wood sufficient to build a fire and cook a meal he is at once tabooed and his companionship is not sought after.—Northwestern Sportsman.

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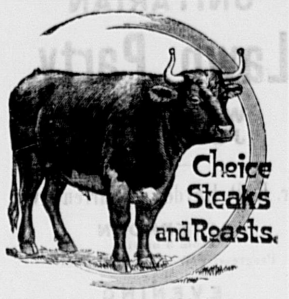

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 6.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Three blows call out entire department.
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A Modern Knight and Maiden

By ELLA MAY BUNNELL

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Mary, are you there?" sounded from the hallway as a broad shouldered, sturdy young fellow strode eagerly toward the kitchen door.

"Of course. Come in," responded a voice cheerily, and Phil entered, taking a bit of the workaday life and bustle in with him.

"What is it, Phil?" the girl asked gently, looking into the young man's troubled eyes.

"I think I must be tired tonight," he answered evasively. He attempted to smile reassuringly. A firm little hand stole comfortably into his.

"Yes, but that isn't all," she persisted.

"Well, Mary, I'm wondering when we are ever going to get married. I've been attempting to master the railroad business, but there is nothing settled as to the future, and mine is an alarmingly small salary." Phil's voice sounded pathetically discouraged. "Perhaps I should have gone into some office and stayed there," he concluded doubtfully.

"No, Phil," protested the girl, "you wouldn't have been satisfied with adding up columns of figures all day or going over rusty papers. There is a place somewhere among the railroad workers where you are going to do your best work, Phil dear."

"I just got an order tonight," Phil responded, "to go and bring down a special from Springdale tomorrow. Each day I wonder what next."

Mary looked up into his face. "Fair-knight-to-be," she chanted gayly, "it may be tomorrow that you'll win your spurs. Go forth to conquer, for your lady's sake."

"Bless your heart, Mary!" he murmured as he caught and kissed her and then left the room.

The engine Phil took possession of at Springdale next morning puffed and glistened in the sunlight. The young man's eyes grew keen and piercing, and his heart beat tumultuously, while his hand rested firmly on the throttle. The rails shone like silver ribbons in the sun, and the train was soon speeding over the track. Gradually Phil's spirits rose. The beauty of the day—for the dew was still on the fields and the world about seemed alive and happy—and the pounding of the engine filled him with the joy of life.

Phil laughed involuntarily as he looked out of the cab window to see the children in high glee at a game of tag. One station after another he entered on time to the minute. Every other thought than his immediate work was far from him, although Mary was always in his subconsciousness. At the last station before his home a glimpse of a light, girlish figure made Mary seem especially near for a moment. The girl had Mary's grace and airiness as she sprang on to a car platform, but even the fleeting vision made Phil smile happily, and again the train glided out of the station, and in a few minutes it had slowed up, and Phil's trip was ended. Another man would take the train on.

Phil almost patted the throttle as the train came to a stop, and it was with regret that he would give up the engine. "A beauty," he thought, "and guess I'm on time," he smiled.

He saw a visiting railroad official appear at the station door, nodding with apparent satisfaction as he looked at his watch. The man peered curiously into the engine cab, but he suddenly drew back in horror, and others were transfixed by what they saw. Not a man moved or spoke. They seemed helpless before some awful sight.

Phil read his danger in the horrified countenances by the station. He saw the panorama spreading out before him through a veil of smoke, but he felt powerless. The engine was on fire. Something clutched his throat to choke him. He felt a hot breath against his cheek. Red points darted out at him from an indefinite "somewhere." He heard a quick, gurgling tempest of sounds. Was it the wind? he wondered. He thought it was, but he didn't care.

Then something seemed to snap. Perhaps it was the expression on a face he saw in imagination that did it. He whispered, "Mary," and sprang with all his strength for the opening out of the cab. As he leaped from the burning cab, which was an angry, surging, threatening mass, new life came to him. He began to understand. His mind worked rapidly and with precision. As he turned instantaneously toward the coaches back of the engine he saw it all—just what might happen at every second. Two thousand gallons of oil were in a tank at the rear of the cab.

He gathered himself together for the plunge, drew in a long, deep breath, held his head down, with his hat pressed against his face, and returned to the cab. He had gone with hand outstretched for the throttle. He felt thankful that it was not necessary for him to see; he could feel and knew just where to press the throttle most surely. In the moment in which he had discovered the oil tank he had uncoupled the coaches, and when, blinded with smoke and flames, he felt and pressed the throttle the burning thing sprang away and off—perhaps to safety for those in the coaches, 200 souls or more.

The next minute seemed hours. Phil was conscious of just one purpose—to get away from the coaches, for he knew that the tank of oil would explode or burn itself out. He leaned far forward, pressing onward, but the engine seemed to crawl. His breath came hard through clinched teeth; his eyes were set on a spot ahead, but he whispered, "Mary!"

Suddenly the engine shuddered and stopped. Phil's hand was still on the throttle. He scarcely knew that he had stopped the engine. He felt a great, exultant joy, for the coaches were far behind. With great difficulty he flung himself toward the open air. Falling, staggering forward, he felt himself seized by a dozen arms.

Did he dream what followed? A pair of strong young arms were around his neck, and his face was being bathed in something cool and wet. He felt the tense silence and wanted to break it. The one word he heard was "Phil!" which sounded like a caress, a sob and a prayer. Then he opened his eyes—to smile faintly into Mary's dear face bending over him.

"Mary?" he whispered questioningly.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "I came in from the last station on your train, and I intended to skip away quickly, but I wanted to ride with you in the cab just once." Her voice trembled.

Phil turned his face to the wall.

The railroad official looked down on the fair head kindly. "A doctor will be here at once," he assured her, "but I think he is all right anyway." He wished he might comfort the girl.

A half hour later Phil lay on a couch in an inner office. Mary's fingers wandered lovingly through his singed hair. His eyebrows were burned, and he looked pale and worn, but he was rallying rapidly.

"You see, Mary," he said softly, "your face was before me all the time. It was really you who saved the train." As Mary was about to protest the railroad official interrupted, looking at Phil.

"You are the man I've been looking for. I've had my eyes on you for some time, and I've seen now what you can do in an emergency. When I saw you look toward the coaches a few minutes ago, then rush into the flames, I also saw that young woman." The official faltered. "Though she never wavered, she was white, her lips moved, and I knew that she prayed for the man in the cab." The man's voice was husky. "And you're the man I want—with a wife," he added, smiling, "to superintend that work in the Redding district. You understand it. Will you take it—to begin with?"

Phil looked at Mary with a question, then responded, "I will—with a wife."

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon raised ocean waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope at noon its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores islands at midnight the second is rounding the cape and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the cape the tide billow reaches the English channel, and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the strait of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British islands, rounds the north point of Scotland and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharfs of London.—London Graphic.

Reaping Always.

There is no month in the year in which the song of the reaper is not heard in some land on the globe. In January is the wheat harvest of Australia, New Zealand, Chile and the Argentine Republic; in February and March, upper Egypt and India; in April, lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico and Cuba; in May, Texas, Algeria, central Asia, China, Japan and Morocco; in June, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal and south of France; in July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, southern Minnesota, Nebraska, upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, south of Russia, Germany, Switzerland and south of England; in August, central and northern Minnesota, the Dakotas, Manitoba, lower Canada, Columbia, Belgium, Netherlands, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland and central Russia; in September and October, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and north of Russia; in November, Peru and South Africa, and in December, Burma and New South Wales.

An Ecclesiastical Hat.

A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side.

"But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be."

"It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back or right or left, it's got to be on the church side."

"Church side!" gasped the astonished girl.

"Yes, church side! I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it."

The trimming was promptly placed on the "church side" of the hat.

The Red Howling Monkey.

The red howler (Mycetes seniculus) is a rare monkey of the forests of tropical America. It is an extremely delicate animal and is chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary noises it makes. The cries it utters comprise almost any sound from a subdued moan to an angry roar, and it is hardly conceivable that they should proceed from a single animal. This is the animal called red monkey by Waterton in his "Wanderings In South America," where an admirable description of its weird cries may be read. These sounds are produced in a bony cavity formed by an enlargement of the hyoid, or tongue bone. In appearance the red howler is an elegant little creature, well clothed with hair of a reddish brown color. Like the spider monkeys, it is provided with a long, prehensile tail, the under surface of which is naked toward the tip, but it differs from those monkeys in having well developed thumbs.—Westminster Gazette.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS.

The Old Time Use of Torture In Legal Processes.

The constitution of the United States and the constitutions of the various states in prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments were not fighting an absurdity. The use of torture in legal processes was not, when these instruments were framed, so remote as it is now.

When Sir Thomas Dole came as high marshal to Virginia he crushed a conspiracy by killing the ringleaders by torture. One had a bodkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he died. Others were broken on the wheel. It is quaintly stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity." Dole's date was 1611.

The next notable instance of the use of torture was in 1692, in the Salem witchcraft excitement, when Giles Cory was pressed to death—the "peine dure et forte," the most horrible of deaths.

Executions were in public throughout the east until comparatively recent times. When Quelch, the pirate, and six others were hanged in Boston, Sewall wrote in his diary, "When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a screech of the women that my wife heard it, sitting in our entry next to the orchard," though the gallows was a mile away and the wind unfavorable.

The use of torture to wring the truth from witnesses is said to have been recognized as legal in Austria until well within the century.

CURIOUS FISH.

They Keep Their Eggs In Natural Pockets In Their Mouths.

In the sea of Galilee, or Lake Tiberias, as it is also called, there is a strange fish named the Chromis simonis, which is more careful of its young than fish generally are. The male takes the eggs in his mouth and keeps them in his natural side pockets, where they are regularly hatched and remain until able to shift for themselves. By this ingenious arrangement the brood is comparatively guarded against its natural enemies. It is easily fed, too, but it is a puzzle how the little ones escape being eaten alive. Awhile ago, says a traveler writing to a religious contemporary, I found in my net a number of these fish without eyes.

Others of the species, when I lifted them up, dropped a number of little fishes out of their mouths, which swam away hastily. The natives explained the phenomenon. The blind chromis is the victim of sea hawks. When these birds have eaten their fill they begin to look out for tidbits. After catching a fish they hit its forehead with their sharp beak, knocking out the middle part, in which their eyes are set. The bony structure is dropped into the water, but the eyes are eaten by the birds with great relish. Strangely enough, the fish generally survive this rough treatment. The wound heals up quickly in water, and they continue to ply the lake for food as if nothing had happened.—London Standard.

FOND OF FINERY.

Elephants Delight In Dress and Gorgeous Trappings.

Elephants are passionately fond of finery and delight to see themselves decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected.

For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them.

An amusing instance of elephantine pride is narrated: The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being ill, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had up to that time occupied only a subordinate place.

The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeaks and kicks of pleasure that general attention was attracted to it.

Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold cloths, being restored to health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded beast, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was with great difficulty restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

Road Markers.

On some of the Yorkshire moors white posts are to be seen along the narrow tracks which serve as roads. They are called "stoops" and are something like boundary posts in appearance. A casual observer might imagine that they really did denote a county or parish boundary, but such is not the case. When snow covers the ground and the paths are invisible these posts point out where they lie and so save the wayfarer from being lost.—London Mail.

The Teacher's Joy.

Parent—How did you get along with your geography lesson today, Johnnie? Pupil—Beautifully. The teacher was so pleased that she made me stay after school and repeat it all over again, only just to her.

Her Choice.

She—So these are the china bargains you advertised? Dealer—Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing. She—All right, I'll take that blue dish for nothing.—London Answers.

The only kind of advice that is ever taken is the rich relation's and only when he is there to see you do it.—New York Press.

An Easy Creditor.

The stomach listens to no precepts. It begs and clamors. And yet it is not an obdurate creditor. It is dismissed with a small payment, if only you give it what you owe, and not as much as you can.—Seneca.

Looking Ahead.

Gerald—Will you marry me? Geraldine—Wait awhile. I don't want to get tired of you just yet.—New York Press.

Ants Kill a Rattler.

A hunter tells an interesting story of the way in which a colony of red ants put to death a rattlesnake which dared to disturb their abode. He was out hunting when he saw the rattler and started to put a load of shot into the reptile when he noticed that it was headed straight for an ant hill of unusual size and waited to watch the proceedings. It had hardly got halfway across the mound when a big red ant hastened to the attack and sank his nippers into the snake's body. In less than two minutes he was joined by the whole colony, which practically covered the whole body of the rattler, each one sinking its scissors-like blades into the intruder's body. The snake began to thrash and squirm, but the ants held on like bulldogs. The rattler's fury grew so great that he sank his fangs into his own body, then straightened out after a few more convulsive efforts to get away and was dead in less than ten minutes after the first ant had mounted his body.—Kansas City Journal.

Should Have Been Put Otherwise.

An esteemed Perthshire minister was visiting a burly parishioner suffering from the "mulligrubs," or "Effie Lindsay." The strong man was intensely irritated at being attacked by disease, and he greeted his minister thus: "Weel, Messjohn, I thocht ye wad never come. I ken ye are busy wi' thinkin' whatna fresh notion ye can gie huz on the Sawbath, and I ken ye maundung yer brains—as I jalose—by readin' a' the bit bookies ye can come by to hae a crap o' profitable notions for a'body. Sit ye doon, sir, in the big chair, and, Janet, gie Mr. Pottedhead a whang o' gouda cheese, a souple scone and the grunds o' the greybeard. The bite and sup will keep his hoast, puir stock. Noo, sir, it's baith lamentable and awfae, but this is the first illness I have ever had in a' my born days. I tell ye, my first illness!" "Well," replied the minister, in a voice meant to be plangent with suppressed emotion, "I most earnestly hope it may be your last."—Dundee Advertiser.

Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding. Mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor talking it over.

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But, Mary"—mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes—"Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Why not?"

"Do you know what she took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels With a Donkey.'"—Tit-Bits.

Give Your Horse More Water.

Water should be before horses at all times when indoors, and at least no meal should ever be offered and no night lights ever turned out until every animal has had his chance at as many brimming buckets as he will take, says the Outing Magazine. The shy drinker may be tempted by many artifices, like mixing a little molasses, or salt, or oatmeal, or flaxseed jelly, or bran, etc., with the water, and constantly varying the flavor. Horses may even have all they want right after feeding, provided they have not been deprived of water for some time previous. Many shy drinkers, like shy feeders, who are generally nervous, take all nourishment best at night, when it is dark and quiet, and morning finds the empty manger and bucket which it had seemed, by day, almost nauseated them.

Nelson In Wolsey's Tomb.

Lord Nelson's sarcophagus in St. Paul's cathedral has been aptly described as a secondhand national tomb, for it was originally constructed for another great Englishman, Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey had cherished an ambition to be buried within the precincts of Windsor castle and caused his sarcophagus to be carved by one of the most famous sculptors of his time. But Wolsey died in disgrace, and the sarcophagus remained empty at Windsor until Nelson's death, when it was thriftily employed to hold the remains of the hero of Trafalgar.

Laws.

Laws, written if not on stone tablets, yet on the azure of infinitude, in the inner heart of God's creation, certain as life, certain as death! I say the laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them!—Carlyle.

Always on Hand.

Dick—Statistics show that more than 5,000 people disappear every year in this country and are never heard from again. Harry—But, confound it, they never happen to be the people we owe money to!

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

PRECOCIOUS INDIANA.

Voted For President Before She Was Admitted Into the Union.

Indiana has the unique distinction of having voted for president before it became a member of the family of states. In June, 1816, Indiana adopted a state constitution, but was not admitted to the Union until Dec. 11. In the meantime, on Nov. 4, the first legislature met at Corydon. Indianans have been precocious from the first, and the members of the legislature had no thought of letting a little matter like the fact that what they called the state was not really a state interfere with their voting for James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, for president and vice president respectively. As the Indianapolis News, which tells the story, puts it, Indiana politicians wanted to get in on the ground floor.

On Nov 11, exactly a month before Indiana was admitted to the Union, the legislature adopted a joint resolution, "That it is expedient to provide at this time for the election of three electors to vote for president and vice president of the United States of America at the ensuing presidential election." This was approved by the governor, and two days later Jesse S. Holman, General Joseph Bartholomew and Thomas H. Blake were chosen electors by the legislature, this being the method in all the states at that time. While these electors were chosen before the state was admitted their vote was not cast until a few days after the admission. Indiana's right to vote was disputed when the national house and senate met to open and count the votes, but the new state finally won the decision.

MACKEREL SKIES.

Theories About How These Cloud Formations Are Caused.

The mackerel sky comes from the same causes as all the cirrus clouds, so called from the beautiful curl their fragments often assume, such as "mackerel skies," "mares' tails" and "cats' tails." Meteorologists are not agreed as to the cause, there being two explanations.

It has been suggested that these cirrus clouds are the heads of columns of vapor rising from the earth and precipitated as soon as they attain a certain elevation, rarely less than three miles above the earth (15,840 feet) and often five or six miles (26,000 to 30,000 feet). If this be so the visible cloud forms the capital of an invisible pillar of saturated air.

The second explanation is that they are caused in the higher regions of the atmosphere by the meeting of two currents of air of different water bearing capacity, causing them to form into parallel bands, each belt being composed of light, airy fragments, slightly altered in appearance according to a slight difference in conditions under which they are formed. It has been supposed that such clouds are composed of particles of snow.

It might be added that they occur in systems, long ranks of them extending in one direction for vast distances and being occasionally crossed by other systems at other but also extreme altitudes.

Elevators and False Teeth.

In department stores where express elevators run to roof garden restaurants some gentle passengers experience daily discomfort because of the sudden movement of the car. The proud owner of a fine set of artificial teeth remarked to her companion a few days ago: "This is the most severe test of proper fit of teeth that I know of. Mine are supposed to be correct in every respect. Still, I never travel in an elevator running express that I'm not in constant fear of my teeth taking a fall. If you close the mouth your breath will be taken away."—New York Press.

Water In Rubber.

Experiments with a hermetically sealed rubber bottle containing water have shown that the rubber is not absolutely water tight. The filled bottle weighed seventeen ounces four drams. At the end of one year the weight was seventeen ounces two drams; nine years, ten ounces; eighteen years, fourteen ounces two drams; twenty-three years, thirteen ounces four drams; twenty-five years, seven ounces eight drams; twenty-eight years, three ounces fourteen drams; thirty years, three ounces twelve drams, the water being entirely gone.

The One She Wanted.

"Excuse me," said the old lady with eyeglasses in the art gallery, "but haven't you got any more figures in marble?"

"These are all, madam," replied the polite attendant. "Is there any particular one you are looking for?"

"Yes; I wanted to see the statue of limitations my husband was telling about."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

English Railway Signals.

An observant traveler on English railways could tell you at once the railway upon which he is traveling by merely looking at the first signal he passes. It may surprise many to know that there are hardly two styles quite alike in this country in station architecture and fittings, color of rolling stock, design and color of the locomotives, uniforms of the servants, style of the signal cabins and signal appliances and many other details.—London Mail.

Adder Stones.

The singular superstition of the value of adder stones for curing a variety of ills has continued in many countries from the time of the Romans. These celebrated charms are nothing more than antique green or blue glass striped in various designs and perforated. The virtues of these stones are sung in the poems of the ancient Druids and are mentioned by Pliny and other classical writers.

A Warning.

"See here!" said the theatrical manager. "You want to quit your overbearing behavior toward the other members of this company"—

"Indeed?" haughtily replied the Thespian. "I am the star, am I not?"

"Well, yes, but you want to remember that you're not a fixed star."—Philadelphia Press.

THE AMERICAN PERIL:

How Older Countries View the Rise of the United States.

The American peril?

Is the great American nation one of those mighty empires which have risen in the world now and then, dwarfing all other organizations of society?

This question is of immense import to Europe. Within the last few years an enormous literature has grown up around the subject. Among modern sociologists none speaks with greater authority than Guglielmo Ferrero. Long and scientifically he has studied our country; his opinion of the present, his forecast of the future, represent the best European thought upon the destinies of the United States. To many it will seem an exaggeration of our greatness; to others it will show an undue distrust of democracy; but, in any case, it is the word of a scientific historian—of a man who is looking for the truth. Neither wealth nor science can change the laws that govern the growth of nations. For Signor Ferrero the United States stands today in the position of the Roman Empire in the days of Augustus. He pictures an America which is bound to go the Roman way, increasing in power, draining incalculable wealth from that orient which enriched Rome, forced in spite of hereditary democratic ideals to make itself strong by land and sea in order to hold its own and guard its world wide trading flag, overshadowing the huge modern world as Rome did the little civilization of the Mediterranean.

After calm reflection and in a cold, scientific way, the thinkers and statesmen of old Europe predict for the new world this visionary future, and brooding over it they seem to be in the very shadow of the peril. The practical American, as he drops from the tail end of a street car and goes about his business, may not realize that Europe sees in him the terrible fellow who is to go swaggering down the way of the world, taking the wall of every one, in the good old Roman fashion; but so it is. He is—even when he wheels the baby abroad—an eighty-millionth part of the great American peril, in which fact he may find a certain measure of satisfaction.—Vance Thompson in Munsey's.

THE MAN FISH.

A Peculiar Animal With a Sort of Human Appearance.

There used to be traditions among the sailors of mermaids at sea, half women and half fish, and there are fishes which may have given rise to the belief, from their resemblance to human beings. One of these is called the man fish.

This animal inhabits the mouths of the Amazon, Orinoco and other South American rivers. Its name (manatee) has reference to the peculiar form of its swimming paws. These are composed of soft parts and a membrane which infolds the bones of the hands and fingers. But in the manatee four flat nails are seen attached to the edge of the paw.

The tail also is peculiar, being about one-fourth the length of the body and oval shaped, not unlike that of the otter. The head is round, attached to the body without a neck. The muzzle, in which the nostrils are placed, is large and fleshy, the upper lip cleft and bristled at the side, the lower lip much shorter and the mouth small.

When seen at a distance, with the anterior part of the body out of the water, they are sometimes taken for some creature approaching to human shape. The effect has been deepened by the thickset hairs of the muscle, giving somewhat the appearance of human hair or a beard. Thus the Spanish and the Portuguese give the manatee a name which signifies woman fish, and the Dutch call it the dudong baardmannetze or little bearded man.

Lunatics Used as Horses.

A regular slave mart still exists in many country districts of Finland. Once a year such paupers, lunatics and aged people of each parish as cannot support themselves are put up at public auction and consigned to those farmers or families who will board them at the lowest price offered by the parish authorities. The helpless creatures are made to work as much as possible by their owners, who have the right to chastise them and are generally most inhuman in their treatment. Lunatics have been used even as cart horses.

Warming Up.

A fond mother, hearing an unusual noise in the nursery overhead, hurried upstairs to find out what was the matter.

She found Johnny sitting in the middle of the floor quietly smiling.

"Oh," said he, "I've locked grandpa and Uncle Henry in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the lion's den."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Modifying the Risk.

Parson Bagster (solemnly)—Does yo', Claud Kinsabby, take dis yuh lady, Miss Gladys Poots, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for bettah and for wuss? The Groom (uneasily and hazily)—Uh cou'se I does if I has to, sah, but ain't dar some way of takin' her kindah on an ave'age?—Puck.

Unreasonable.

"My husband," said a young wife, "is a very unreasonable man!"

"In what way?" asked a friend.

"He expects me to live on nothing and save half."

Sarcastic.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation)—Will you have a close shave, sir? Victim (with a gasp)—If I get out of this chair alive, I shall certain consider it such.

Pretty Thin.

Landlady—How did you find your bed? Lodger—Well, I don't think that the mattress will ever need to be operated on for the removal of superfluous hair.—New York Press.

Sorrow has not been given to us for sorrow's sake, but as a lesson which we are to learn somewhat, which once learned it ceases to be sorrow.—Carlyle.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1906.

REDISTRICTING BILL.

Despite considerable vigorous opposition by members whose political prospects are damaged by the work of the Redistricting Committee, or claimed to be, their report went through both branches of the Legislature without change. That was as strong an endorsement of the Committee and their conclusions as they could ask for. The fact was, they were a fair minded set of men who entered on the difficult task determined to do the honest and best thing for all concerned, and succeeded. The Sixth Senatorial District was not changed; it is made up of Woburn, Wakefield, Stoneham, Winchester, Medford and Arlington—Republican by a round 1000 majority.

Now let the politicians put their heads together and pick out a candidate for the next Senator from this District.

EXECUTED.

At 14 minutes after midnight Tuesday, June 12, Charles L. Tucker was executed in the Charlestown State prison for the murder of Mabel Page at Weston, Middlesex county, on March 31, 1904, after everything that the ingenuity of able Lawyers could suggest and put in operation to save him.

Tucker had protested innocence of the crime from the day of its commission to the moment he took his seat in the fatal chair, and his last words were a strong denial of his guilt.

This is still doubted by many people, as petitions containing more than 100,000 names asking Gov. Guild to commute the death sentence to imprisonment for life went to prove.

Tucker marched bravely to his fate, and died without a struggle.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Officers and members of the General Court now in session at the State House, Beacon Hill, Boston, express the opinion that the work of the two bodies composing it will be ready for prorogation some time next week Should the prophesy prove true, the Legislature will have been in session close on to six months, during which period considerable time and much alleged brainwork will have been wasted.

The Court have made some good laws, and some poor ones, during the unnecessarily lengthy session, but, on the whole, have done very well.

CAMPAIGN OPENED.

The people who were dissatisfied with the action of Gov. Guild in the Tucker case have opened a campaign in opposition to his renomination this fall. They are sending out thousands of slips of paper bearing the words: "For next Governor Hon. John M. Bates or Hon. William L. Douglas. Enough of Guild. Pass it along."

☞ The present would seem to be about the right time for Gen. Charles H. Taylor, the father, or inventor, of "Old Home Week," to begin to make a move towards stirring New England people up for the best observance of it this year in its history, and the warmest welcome to their sons and daughters of other States that has ever been given them. The Week begins on the last Sunday of July and closes with the fall of autumn leaves, or when the visitors are ready to go back to their homes.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

G. Place—Real Estate.
City—Board of Health.
Hammond & Son—Goods.
J. J. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
B. & N. S. R. Co.—Reader.

— Read "A Veto" in this paper.

— Yesterday was another hot one.

— Bertha Crosby is to spend some weeks at Cousin's Island, Maine.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker has lately been improving his pleasant home at 46 Arlington Road.

— The Charitable Society of First church have suspended business for the balance of the season.

— The Woburn Brass Band played at the Odd Fellows Memorial service at Malden last Sunday.

— Measures are in progress to secure a series of band concerts at Wyman Green during July and August.

— His Honor Mayor Linscott went to Winn, Maine, and thereabouts for a brief respite from official cares and labors and recreation, last week.

— The days will reach their greatest length—15 hours and 17 minutes—next Tuesday, June 19, and begin to contract on June 26. Doesn't seem possible, does it?

— Miss Amelia C. Eaton, a sister of Mr. Parker Eaton of this city, died suddenly at her home in Malden last week. She was 76 years old, and a native of Woburn.

— Woburn Council, K. of C., are to hold a Ladies Night at their headquarters on Wednesday evening June 20. The programme consists of a fine entertainment and dancing.

— Herr. Herman R. Voigt will be a soloist at the first Band Concert on the Common, June 28. Voigt is a prize graduate of the Royal Conservatory at Dresden. His instrument is clarinet.

— Bertha Bryant, teacher in the Wyman school, installed a plaster frieze, the gift of the pupils, in her room a few days ago. It represents "Alexander in Victory" by Therwaldsen.

— How do the people of this enterprising city propose to spend next Monday, June 18th—the 17th coming on Sunday—which will be the 131st anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill?

— Willis S. Carter, former Principal of the Warren Academy Industrial School in this city, resident of Melrose, opens the Palmer House at North Beach, Hampton, N. H., tomorrow, June 16.

— Charles Williams, a bricklayer, who has boarded at the Central House, this city, many years, was struck by an auto at Winthrop Square last Wednesday evening, and died an hour after. Two Medford High School boys were in the auto. Williams was well and favorably known here where he has long been a resident.

—J. F. Winn & Co. have contracted to furnish the town of Winchester with 600 tons of coal.

— Miss Jennie Moore has just graduated from the Perry Kindergarten Normal School.

— The ladies of Trinity church gave a successful strawberry festival last Wednesday evening.

— After a fine and successful fishing trip to Maine, Mayor Linscott is again at his post of duty, rested and very happy.

— The crack and usually victorious Reading Highs are to play the Woburn Highs here tomorrow. May the best man win!

— Lillian, daughter of Mr. Charles H. Harrington, died early yesterday morning of a disease which baffled the skill of her doctors.

— William Callahan, Woburn's contestant in the Boston *Globe* auto contest, is holding his own. Votes may be left at his brother's store.

— Adam Bustead, right hand man of the Hart & Co. express, is enjoying a week's vacation at Philadelphia, for which city he left last Sunday.

— The Montvale Congregational church and Sunday School observed Children's Day last Sunday in a becoming and highly satisfactory manner.

— Percy T. Strout has been invited to take charge of the Y. M. C. A. Boys Camp at Friendship, Maine, this summer, by the Executive Committee.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— It is reported, with an air of truthfulness, and a seeming desire by the trumpeter to be believed, that there are to be 4 weddings on Foster street next Sunday, or, perhaps, it is 4 parties to 2 weddings.

— Last week Mr. Charlie A. Jones and Rev. Dr. Williams and wife attended the Commencement exercises of Newton Theological Institute (Baptist), of which Mr. Jones is Chairman of the Finance Committee.

— Third annual field day and picnic of the South End Social Club will be held all day next Monday, June 18, at Pinehurst Park. As an attraction there will be a baseball game between the St. Charles and North Woburns for a purse of $25.

— Mr. Griffin Place has a card in this paper which tells all about his business, on which account attention is called to it. He is a firstclass agent to deal with and gives his clients full satisfaction. All classes find him as straight as a string.

— That of L. E. Hanson & Co. is the leading jewelry store, clock, watch and silversmith establishment in this city. It is the oldest house of the kind here; its management is of the best character; and there is no lack of patronage there. It is sound corn.

— Dr. Ephram Cutter of New York was in this city, his former home, late last week, having come up from his summer residence at West Falmouth to see his people here. The Doctor is now engaged in investigating the meat question from a scientific standpoint.

— Among the Woburn guests at Wellesley on Treeday was Miss Agnes E. Cottle, formerly of the Class of 1908, Wellesley. At a spread given in her honor by Miss Elva A. Caldwell, '08, Miss Cottle announced her engagement to Mr. Daniel Norris of this city.

— Children's Day was observed in several of the city churches last Sunday with vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc. At the concerts diplomas were also presented, and plants distributed. The exercises were pleasing and interested large congregations at each church.

— The people, if any, who are absent from Maud Littlefield's recital at First Baptist church, this evening, will certainly miss a treat. It will be as fine as anything ever heard in this city. Maud L. stands high in musical circles, and, besides, she is one of Woburn's best and most deserving young women.

— Professor Chandler, the astronomer, lectured to a good sized house in the First church vestry last Monday evening—a larger one than could have been reasonably looked for so late in the season. It was an instructive and entertaining lecture and pictorial exhibition, and was listened to with fixed attention.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening $200 was appropriated for 4th of July music and sports.—The report of the committee on widening Montvale avenue at Prospect street was accepted, and a much needed improvement there is likely to be speedily accomplished.—Some other business was attended to.

— George N. Parker, Marcus H. Cotton, C. Bertrand Strout, and Waldo P. Cutler, a fine Quartet, sang several pieces at the annual memorial services of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Sunday, at which M. H. Sargent of Haverhill, Grand Guardian of the Grand Lodge, made an address. About 100 members attended the services.

— Last Wednesday morning George H. Newcomb, Treasurer of the Woburn Commandery, 68, U. O. G. C., received a check for $2,000 from the Supreme Commandery at Knoxville, Tenn., for the heirs of the late S. C. Small of Winchester. Mr. Small was a member of the Order, and the check was made out in favor of his widow.

— Next Monday, June 18, Sarah Lucy Buxton of Somerville, a former resident of this city and graduate of the Woburn High School, is to be initiated into the Tufts Chapter of the Honorary Fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, at Paige Hall, Tufts College. The report says: "Miss Buxton deserves special merit because of the fact that she finished her course in three years."

— So far as we have been able to learn the 4th of July is to be allowed to pass without much of a celebration in Woburn. Perhaps a couple of hundred of dollars will be appropriated by the City Council to pay for band concerts, the expenses of some athletic sports, and the like; but as to a general celebration, that is not on the programme. It is just as well probably.

— Mr. Nathaniel J. DeLoriea, who suffered a paralytic shock recently, died at his home 13 Park street, last Wednesday night. He was over 70 years old.

— St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold their annual June Festival in Lyceum Hall this evening. A large gathering of good people are sure to fill and adorn the Hall.

— Hammond & Son Co. have a notice in this paper which is worthy of public attention. It is needless for us to enlarge on the statement of the "Old and Reliable," for it tells the truth, and everybody knows it.

— Funds having been raised to defray expenses, the Woburn Brass Band are to give a series of weekly concerts on the Common during the summer. The first one will be given on Thursday evening, June 28, and those to follow, on Friday evenings.

— We suspect that the Unitarian Lawn Party, to be given Wednesday afternoon and evening, June 20, on the velvety grounds, underneath the leafy trees, amid June zephyrs, of Hon. E D. Hayden on Warren avenue, will not be overlooked by seekers after real pleasure. See ad.

— Joseph Cronin of Lake avenue broke his left arm in a fall from a horse owned by Matthew Clancy last Monday. He was about to take him to Dennis Lawton's blacksmith shop at Winchester to have him shod, and when in the act of mounting, the horse gave a sudden start throwing him to the ground. He was removed to Dr. Carroll's house where the bone was set.

— The headquarters of the Woburn Division Superintendent and Cashier of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company are hereafter to be on the second floor of Dow's block, on the Church avenue side, and better or pleasanter ones than the two rooms make could, by no possibility, have been found in this city. Superintendent A. E. Myers is pleased with his new offices.

— A letter from Somerset county, Maine, conveys the discouraging information that a hard frost down there last Monday night damaged vegetation to some extent; but the farmers congratulated themselves on the fact that planting had not progressed far enough to engender a fear for next fall's crops. To an outsider it looks as though the hornyhanded yeomen of Somerset were slightly behind in their "spring work."

— We have received from some person who signs him or herself "A Frisco Refugee from Woburn, Mass.," a slip from a San Francisco paper which contains Governor Pardee's letter to the Governors of the several States refuting the stories about the great damage done to California by the late earthquake. It is the policy of the officials, people and papers of that State to minimize the damage, lest capital and capitalists should fight shy of the Pacific Coast.

— Mr. George Buchanan, a moth expert, is not at all pleased with the slouchy manner in which the trees have been encircled with burlap by city employees. In fact, when Mr. Buchanan discovered the carelessly and badly executed jobs he was worked up. With good reason. In almost every instance the workmen left bridges from the burlap down to and over the tanglefoot which enable the worms to pass without let or hindrance. The tanglefoot is thus rendered useless.

— Last Saturday evening, at the winding up of a hot day, a thunderstorm visited this section of country and was gratefully received. It was followed by an extremely hot Sunday, the heat continuing with unabated intensity, the mercury in thermometer tubes almost touching the 90 degree mark for hours together, until 5 o'clock when another thunderstorm, accompanied by a high wind, struck the town, and changed the temperature in a most remarkable manner, the fall being about 20 degrees in the space of almost less than no time. Monday was charming.

— Yesterday morning the JOURNAL was honored with a call from Mrs. Charles H. Dudley of Hallowell, Me., and pleased with it. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley were respected residents of Woburn some years agone, when the gentleman was employed in the Thompson hardware establishment, and from whence went to Hallowell which has been their home since. Mr. Dudley is Treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Bank, with which he has been connected ever since he and Mrs. Dudley left here, and is, we judge, deservedly prospering. Both are natives of the Kennebec country, and look upon it as the best there is. Mrs. Dudley returns home after a visit to Western Massachusetts.

— What could possibly be more cheering and inspiring than to take an early morning look from the bedchamber window and discover the American Flag—the Stars and Stripes—floating from every flagstaff in town, as was the case yesterday—Flag Day? "Old Glory" never appeared to better advantage, or more attractive, than on its 129th birthday, and if Betsey Ross, who made the Flag at her home in Philadelphia 129 years ago, could have looked ahead and seen Massachusetts as she appeared yesterday with Flags waving everywhere from Cape Cod to the Berkshire Hills, wouldn't the good Dame have rejoiced, though? Woburn was Flag wrapped and happily patriotic all day.

— Class '06 of the Woburn High School are to graduate and receive their diplomas in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, June 26, for which the Hall is to be suitably decorated. The number of them is about 62, and are said to be a good Class. The exercises are to consist of a Salutatory by Chester J. Conn; Valedictory, by Anna M. Maguire; an address by Prof. W. H. Faunce of Brown University, who has a fine reputation in that line of oratory; and singing by the school conducted by Miss Dora A. Winn, Music Instructor of the public schools. The parts History and Prophesy will be omitted on account of the death of Arthur R Gage, who had been selected to give Prophesy, and it may be that there will be no Class party after the graduating exercises for the same reason.

— During the visit of Judge Johnson at Intervale, N. H., lately, Judge Maguire has presided at the District Court.

— A pleasant lawn party was given by Harlow Seeley at his home, 7 Lawrence street, last Saturday evening, to many Boston and Woburn friends. He did the honors of the occasion splendidly.

— William Lynch, son of Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Board of Health, has been engaged as stenographer by the C. C. Bailey Co., wholesale dealers in carpets and kindred goods, 90 Canal street, Boston, at a good salary. He is a member of the Woburn High School Class '06, from which he is to graduate on June 26. He enters on his work for the firm next Tuesday. William is a 4-years graduate from the Commercial Department of the High School, and his prompt employment by this leading Boston carpet house is highly creditable to him and his instructors.

— Last Wednesday morning cars on the Lowell & Woburn Street Railway made their first through trip from Lowell to Boston via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester, Medford, Somerville, to Sullivan Square, Charlestown, and vice versa. Trips are made each way every 30 minutes, which, with the halfhour ones on the No. Woburn line, give this city a 15-minute car to Boston; distance, 10 miles to the State House; fare, 10 cents; time, 60 minutes. There is no trolley line centering in Woburn that is pleasanter to ride over than the L. & B. The scenery in Burlington and Billerica is as good as they make anywhere; the cars are fine; and the car crews kind, courteous, gentlemanly, and handsome.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert will go to Manchester, Vt., June 14, where he will spend the summer at the Equinox Hotel the house then opening on that date for the season. Mr. Gilbert passed several weeks at this hotel last fall and while there was so charmed with the beautiful scenery and bracing air that he decided to pass the present summer there instead of going to the seashore as had been his custom for many years past.—*Winchester Star.* The JOURNAL gave an original pen-picture of Manchester and the Equinox Hotel last year when Mr. Gilbert was a happy summer resident there. He was delighted with the Hotel, the village, mountains and drives, and would listen to the siren songs of no other resorts for this year's outing comforts and pleasures, and there he is now.

— Last week Albert Gould Richards and wife arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards, 25 Fairmount street, this city, from Springfield, Illinois, the home of the couple, where Albert G. is connected with one of the largest agricultural implements manufacturing establishments in the West. Mrs. Richards—they were married but a short time ago—is a Joliet, Illinois, girl, and this is her first visit to New England. She has never before seen the Atlantic Ocean, the "Hub of the Universe," Bunker Hill Monument, the Sacred Codfish, the A. & H. Artillery Co., or anything like the Granite Hills of New Hampshire, or the N. E. mountain and seaside resorts where so many Westerners spend their summer vacations, and now the young and happy pair propose to get a view of all of them, and more. Albert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards, and went to Illinois a few years ago to grow up with the country. Their present intention is to have a good time, plus clams and lobsters galore.

— Moth caterpillars are on the rampage; they are working overtime, and to fully realize that fact one has only to go and look at trees, fences, sidewalks, steps to houses, lintels and casings of doors, to find droves of them crawling along and scaring timid people nearly out of their wits. They don't mind burlap, and have no fears of tanglefoot, nor much difficulty in dealing with it. A writer in last week's Medford *Mercury*, who seemed to be an intelligent person, and has had long and bitter experience with the gypsy and browntail moths, declared that burlap is of no earthly use in staying the progress of the caterpillars. Moths like burlap; it gives them a nice hiding place and shelters them. By the way, Medford has used up more burlap and other inventions, and spent vastly more money, than any other place in Greater Boston and today it has more moths than all other localities put together. Then, again, if burlap is a sovereign remedy, and tanglefoot is a sovereign remedy, why put both, and close together, on the same tree? That is how some of the expert destroyers are doing it! This double preventative looks, to say the least, slightly idiotic—a useless expenditure of time and money.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company are beginning to realize that the summer vacation season is close at hand, and are preparing for it. Their lines of travel to the fishing waters of Maine have had all they could turn their hands to for a month past, and continue to convey great companies of fishermen to and from the streams and ponds of Down East with comfort, speed and safety; but the rush has been and is nothing as compared to what it will be when the summer vacation gets fairly underweigh. From Kittery Point to Passamaquoddy Head stretches a thousand miles of Maine seacoast as delightful, as charming, and as alluring to the dweller in regions more or less remote from the sea as any on this continent, every nook and corner, bay, beach, inlet and headland of which will be alive with innumerable pleasure seeking people from all points of the compass as soon as the celebrations of the Glorious 4th are over with and trunks are filled for the outing. For the great army of summer visitors (250,000 in Maine last year) to seaside, forest, lake and rural resorts, the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. have abundant transportation facilities, and a trip, or tour, through Northern New England over their roads and in their palatial cars is not the least of vacation pleasures.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

A Veto.

Mayor Michael F. Dwyer of Medford has recently returned without his approval to his Board of Aldermen the resolutions passed by them which granted to the Lowell-Boston Interurban Street Railway rights of locations in that city.

In doing so he stated emphatically and clearly his reasons which were in substance that said grants may, and probably will, interfere with the acceptance and construction of Mystic avenue as a State highway, that they were illegal and that they did not properly safeguard the rights of the citizens.

A few extracts from the letter explaining these reasons with which he accompanied the resolutions when he sent them back follow, the first referring to a conference with the State Highway Commissioners:

While they did not openly say that they would refuse to accept Mystic avenue as a State highway, they did say it was the desire of the Commission to grant the petition of the city and construct the road; that the grant of a location for street railway tracts would materially interfere with their plans, and that, if it was the intention of your board to make such a grant, this could be done much better after, rather than before, the street was built.

The members further said that they wished to at once prepare plans so that the work could be completed the current year and a State highway constructed over Mystic avenue, which, on account of its nearness to the State House and the capital city, could be referred to as a model street and a sample of the work of the Commission to be followed by other municipalities in the Commonwealth. The location of a street railway, surface or elevated, would interfere with their plans and no action would be taken until this could be settled.

For this reason, alone, a grant to the Boston-Lowell Inter-Urban street or any other street railway company should be deferred to some later date. The city cannot afford to lose the benefits to be derived from the construction of a first-class roadway from this city to Sullivan Square in the Charlestown district. The petition to the Highway Commission should mean something and we should stand by our request.

Coming down to and dealing with the two resolutions passed by your honorable board, I will state at the outset that I have the opinion of the City Solicitor that both are contrary to law and beyond the powers conferred upon boards of Aldermen.

Further, supposing that your honorable Board had the right to grant the location requested, Section 7, Chapter 112, of the Revised Laws provides that boards of Aldermen "may prescribe how the tracks shall be laid and the kind of rails, poles, wires and other appliances which shall be used, and impose such other *terms, conditions*, and obligations in addition to the general provisions of the law governing such companies as the public interest may in their judgment require."

The resolutions call for what is embraced under "the general provisions of law governing such companies." No "terms, conditions and obligations" such "as the public interest may require" are contained in either of the resolutions granting a location for this street railway company. It has been complained again and again that it is the custom in the city of Medford to first grant locations in its highways and think afterwards.

This is certainly another instance of that kind of shortsighted policy. Every obligation and condition must be embodied in the first grant, the original grant of a location. No terms, conditions or obligations are imposed in this grant of an original location, original in every sense of the term. If such a grant were to hold, the city would lose all chance of getting as of right, any privileges that may be necessary to our citizens in the use of this railway. We would hereafter be obliged to appear as suppliants begging for what crumbs the officials might see fit to throw to us. The city should stand upon its legal rights when the grant is originally made.

By such grants as are given by these resolutions, you relinquish all that the future needs of our citizens may demand. It is not the custom for corporations to conform to the obligations solemnly assumed and many, many, appeals to our courts have been necessary to force them to live up to the terms they accepted when the grant was made. In this case, resort by us to the courts would be futile.

I am in favor of any and all things that will benefit the city as a whole; I am in favor of what will benefit a part of the city without injuring any other part. I am in favor of better accommodations; better and more frequent car service for our people; but I am opposed to all attempts to impose upon them. It is easy enough to write into a grant of location, all the terms, obligations and conditions which the public interest may require. This has not been done in these grants of location.

Congregational Church.

Eighty-Eighth Anniversary of Sunday School and Children's Day Service June 17, 1906, 10.30 A. M.

Organ Prelude.
Processional.
Scripture Lesson.
The Superintendent, Geo. F. Bean
Chorus. "We march to Victory." Anderson
Choir. "For the Beauty of the Earth." Hosmer
Prayer.
Chorus. "When His Salvation bringing." Wales
Recitation. "Welcome."
Ethelind Cutler, Lillian Pike.
Kindergarten Exercise. "I've two little hands."
Choir and Chorus. "King of Glory."
Brackett
Kindergarten Exercise. "Beautiful, the little hands."
Recitation. "The First Children's Day."
Gladys McKenzie.
Choir and Chorus. "Sing ye Happy Children."
Levey
Presentation of Diplomas to Minister's Class with Address by Dr. Norton.
Offertory for Sunday School and Parish.
Soprano Solo. "Of such is the Kingdom."
Blumenschein
Sermon to Children. Dr. March
Hymn.
Benediction.

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN. LYCEUM HALL BUILDING H & SON CO.

EVERY MAN Will Want

A STRAW HAT

Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of

Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

The Funeral.

The funeral of Arthur Reuben Gage was held at the home of his father, Arthur E. Gage, Esq., 8 Sherman Place, last Friday afternoon, June 8. It was attended by many friends, associates, and schoolmates of the young man. The religious services, which were solemn and impressive, were conducted by Rev. Dr. H. B Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, and Rev. Dr. Cephas B. Crane, former pastor. Two appropriate pieces were sweetly sung by Mrs L. Herbert Owen; and the Tripps, undertakers, superintended the ceremonies. The pallbearers were: John Winchester, Fred West, Arthur Jones, representing the Baptist church and societies; Philip Owen, Chester I. Conn, and Arthur Ray of the Senior Class of the High School, of which the deceased was a member. A great many beautiful flowers were presented by friends and acquaintances as tokens of love and remembrance:

Mr. and Mrs. John Seller and family, spray of sweet peas.

Young Men's Class Baptist Sunday School, wreath.

J. P. and J. E. Feeney, basket of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Maguire, wreath of roses.

W. H. S. Class '06, standing wreath of roses.

Arthur V. Jones, mound of pinks.

Neighbors, standing anchor.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sentner, spray of pinks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Hammond, spray of pinks.

Miss Rosanna B. Tidd, spray of pinks.

Heilda, spray of pinks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Johnson and family, spray of roses.

Mrs. Dixon, pinks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newcomb, pinks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, closed book.

George Alexander, George W. Gordon, Daniel Towse, Fraeda Yates, Bessie Yates, pillow of roses "At Rest."

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and family, standing piece with doves.

Mr. and Mrs. Iver Paulsen, spray.

Master and Miss Paulsen, bouquet.

Blanche Tripp, bouquet.

Jane Bezanson, spray of sweet peas.

Stella Preston, bouquet of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Fosdick and daughter, spray of pinks.

Fred J. Rice and Thos. H. Dolan, spray of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. John Akesson, spray.

Mrs. Chas. W. Svenson, spray.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Shillaber, spray of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knox, spray.

Family, pillow marked Ruby.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Dwinell, roses.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hayward, spray.

Teachers of High School, spray of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, cross.

Mr. Candido Yquina, spray.

Y. P. S. C. E. First Baptist Church, spray of pinks.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Richardson—Clough.

A brilliant company of 750 people, in festival attire, assembled in the Methodist Episcopal church of this city at 7.30 o'clock last Tuesday evening, June 12, 1906, to witness the rites that united Rev. Norman E. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. church at Highlandville, Needham, former pastor of the Woburn M. E. church, and Miss Agnes Buckman Clough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Clough, and granddaughter of the late Deacon Alvah Buckman, as man and wife. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. E. Richardson of Springfield, assisted by Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark, present pastor of the Woburn M. E. church, and witnessed by the large assembly of invited guests with evident pleasure.

The floral decorations of the church were profuse and beautiful, consisting principally of palms and ferns artistically arranged. As the bride, bridegroom and attendants entered the church the Wedding March of Lohengrin was played with fine effect by Miss Elizabeth Kellair of Dorchester. Shirley Switzer of Ladysmith, Wisconsin, was best man; and the bride was attended by Miss Sue Stevens of Wellesley as Maid of Honor, and Misses Evelyn Buckman, Dorothy Clapp and Eleanor Johnson as Flower Girls. All were elegantly dressed, and carried handsome bridal flowers. Prominent among many distinguished guests were Ex-Governor John L. Bates and Lady. The visitors were from Boston and many neighboring towns and cities. A reception was given after the wedding, by the bride and bridegroom to 350 guests, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Clough, Miss Stevens and Mr. Switzer, at 61 High street, the home of the bride's parents, which was lavishly beautified for the occasion in pink and white.

The wedding presents were numerous, beautiful and costly.

Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50 cents.

Boston & Northern Folders.

Some artistic and attractive illustrated descriptive folders have been issued by Passenger Agent H. A. Faulkner of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway companies, and are now being distributed among the people who are fast learning the real pleasure that may be obtained from trolley riding followed intelligently.

There are three booklets in this year's series, one describing the parks, groves and various seashore and other outing resorts on the lines of the two companies, another giving schedules of running time, distances and fares on the various routes of the Old Colony system, with well written descriptions of some of the principal trips that may be taken; the other giving similar matter pertaining to the Boston & Northern system.

All three pamphlets are printed on buff tinted stock with brown ink, which is distinctive and new in this line of work. Announcement is made that they will be sent to anyone free upon application to the Passenger Department, 309 Washington St., Boston.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Winner Bread

The best 5c. loaf of bread that can be made. There is real richness and nourishment in Winner Bread; that's where it differs from the usual 5c. loaf.

☞ Ask Your Grocer

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Special music by the choir at evening service.
All seats free.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, May 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Edward F. Clancy and Lucy Mundy, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 5, by Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Robert C. Luther of Woburn and Lillian Pearl Hall of Wilmington.

In this city, June 6, by Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark, John Shaw and Margaret Graham, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 6, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Herbert Emery Parker of Worcester and Etta Louise Tufts of Woburn.

In this city, June 12, by Rev. G. E. Richardson of Springfield, Norman E. Richardson of Highlandville and Agnes Buckman Clough of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 1, James W. Doherty, aged 42 years.

In this city, June 8, Julia L. Lynch, aged 50 years.

In this city, June 9, Mamie G. DuLong, aged 2 years, 4 months.

In this city, June 10, James Murphy, aged 1 year, 10 months, 14 days.

In this city, June 10, Thomas W. Garland, aged 27 years.

In this city, June 13, Nathaniel J. DeLoriea, aged 76 years, 1 month, 11 days.

In this city, June 14, Lillian M. Harrington, aged 18 years, 10 months, 8 days.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

During the third week of the summer opera season at the Castle Square Theatre, Planquette's popular opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," will be sung by the group of singers that have already completely established themselves in the esteem of theatre goers and music-lovers. Ever since its original production in Paris nearly thirty years ago, "The Chimes of Normandy" has remained in the first rank of light operas. It is a three-act operetta, and its romantic story, its picturesque characters, and its tuneful music make it in every way bright and attractive. It has a logical and interesting plot, moreover, and the dramatic figure of Gaspard the miser adds life and vigor to its romantic quality.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

Fifteen children from the Woburn L. T. L., in charge of Mrs. C. M. Warren, attended the Middlesex County L. T. L. Convention, at Arlington Heights, Saturday, June 9.

The following children from the Woburn Legion took part in the entertainment:

Recitation. Margaret Coleman
Piano Duet. Sigrid Lawson, Alice Rosenquist
Recitation. Alice Hoskins
Song. Sarah Coleman, Grace Bonnell
Recitation. Mildred Harris

In the afternoon there was prize speaking for silver medal, which was very interesting.

The Woburn delegation arrived home at 5.30 P. M. having passed a very enjoyable day.

PRESS SUPT.

By Trolley and Boat to N. Y.

From Boston to New York by trolley and boat is now possible at a cost of but $1.75. The Old Colony St. Ry. Co. started Monday, June 11, a through electric car from Post Office Square, Boston, which runs through to Fall River without change or stops. The trip is made in about 3 hours and 10 minutes. At Fall River connections are made with the Enterprise Transportation Co., and passengers are taken to New York on the fine new boats of that company.

The opportunity presented for a 50 mile trolley ride through an attractive and interesting bit of country, with a night sail on Long Island sound was very attractive and very well liked when tried for a time last year. The company has now decided to run the trip regularly, and cars will leave Boston at 2.30 P. M. every week day during the season.

A Card.

To our many friends, who in our sore affliction, extended their warm sympathy we give sincere thanks for their words of comfort and for the many beautiful tributes rendered our departed one.

ARTHUR E. GAGE,
NENA D. GAGE,
ANNA E. GAGE.

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

UNITARIAN

Lawn Party

WEDNESDAY
JUNE 20th
— AT —
Mr. E. D. Hayden's, Warren Ave.

AFTERNOON
From 3 until 6
Progressive Whist, Games, Etc.

EVENING
From 7 until 10
Music and Dancing, Games, Etc.

Refreshments both Afternoon an Evenig

Admission, afternoon	25c
Admission, evening,	35c
Season Ticket, afternoon and ev'g,	50c

If stormy the 20th, will be held Thursday' the 21st

We are not Married To THELMA

If we knew where to get a finer, sweeter, more delicate perfume we'd get it. People expect the best at this store—we mean that they shall have it. But THELMA has pleased so many people — connoisseurs among the rest—that we honestly believe it is the finest thing going. Your opinion would be of value to us—call, try THELMA, and tell us about it.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

FINE HOUSE

with all modern fixtures and conveniences, on one of the best streets in Winchester, over half acre of land Fine building lot can be sold off if desired.

I have property ranging from $10,000 to $600.

Many nice country homes at $2500 to $4000.

Houses to rent and cared for in the most careful manner.

I also do a general Insurance business, having some of the best and strongest companies to offer, such as The Hamburg-Bremen of Germany; The Svea Fire and Life Insurance Co. of Sweden; The Western of Pittsburgh (no risks in San Francisco); The American Central, with many other of the best home companies.

Don't forget to call at 413 Main street and see for yourself.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
413 Main Street, WOBURN

City of Woburn.

PROPOSALS

Sealed proposals for collecting swill and offal in the thickly settled portions of the City of Woburn will be received at the office of the Board of Health, Room 8, Municipal Building, not later than four four o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, June 21, 1906. Information relative to the district to be collected from may be obtained at the office of the Board of Health. The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

Per order of the Board of Health.

Attest, JOHN LYNCH, Clerk.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

WILL FIT YOU OUT.

Woburn Panoram Post Cards and Swedish Post Cards sold.

Make your own Post Cards, Blue Print—Sepia—Velox.

GOING AWAY TIME

Secure a supply of

FILMS OR A KODAK

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Erskine Ames, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William A. Prior, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. Giroux, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Lillian F. Graves, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie M. Wyman, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charlotte W. Wyman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

E. F. Johnson, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Soucoup, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

CITY OF WOBURN.

ACTS OF 1906—CHAPTER 172 ENTITLED,

An Act to Regulate by License the Carrying of Concealed Weapons.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. The justice of a court, or trial justices, the board of police or mayor of a city, or the selectmen of a town, or persons authorized by them, respectively, may, upon the application of any person, issue a license to such person to carry a loaded pistol or revolver in this Commonwealth, if it appears that the applicant has good reason to fear an injury to his person or property, and that he is a suitable person to be so licensed.

SECTION 2. Whoever, except as provided by the laws of this Commonwealth, carries on his person a loaded pistol or revolver, without authority or permission as provided in section one of this act, or whoever carries any stiletto, dagger, dirk-knife, slung-shot or metallic knuckles, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment. [Approved March 16, 1906.

Any person desiring a license under the above law, may apply to Charles F. McDermott, Chief of Police.

[Signed]

ARTHUR H. LINSCOTT, Mayor.

BUTTER

— IS —

Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

GO TO BASS POINT

IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING

BY BOAT FROM LYNN

FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.

Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

BOSTON LETTER.

Moran's Campaign For Governor Gets Its First Support.

DEMOCRATS SAY HE IS FAILURE

Said to Have Backing of Hearst In His Program.

The first visible sign of the candidacy of District Attorney John B. Moran for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination came to the surface a few days ago, in the announcement that the Democratic town committee of Wakefield had voted to endorse him for the nomination.

This action is certainly significant, as it is the first open evidence of a feeling among Democrats that Mr. Moran would make an acceptable candidate for governor.

And yet it is not as significant as it might be for the reason that Wakefield is the town where Mr. Moran was born and where some of his relatives still reside. There is therefore something of the home feeling back of this endorsement, but so far as the Democratic machine is concerned it is a bad omen, for it sets an example which other towns may see fit to follow, until the Moran movement attains a momentum which it may be difficult for them to check.

Democrats do not admit that Mr. Moran has any very strong following in the state. He was elected district attorney on the pledge that he would do certain great things if endorsed by the suffrages of the people. It is pertinent to inquire at this juncture whether those pledges have been fulfilled.

What He Would Do.

Among other things he declared: "I will stop graft in Boston; the Fenway graft will be investigated; I will investigate the railroad bribery of legislators; I will investigate the gas corporation bribery of legislators; I will investigate the payroll frauds of city hall; the illegal medical places will be driven out of the city; the Haight & Freeze case will be investigated; I will bring before the grand jury the books of Kidder, Peabody & Co. for the last six years, to investigate the legislative connections with Mr. Wardwell and Mr. Winsor of Kidder, Peabody & Co. and if the investigation proves a crime, I will land the criminals where they belong; I will investigate the Crocker will case; and take official action with the grand jury on receipt of information from the press or private sources, on any matter requiring action, without waiting for the lower court."

Thus far what has Moran done to redeem these pledges? He has personally tried one case against one Crowley for assault on Joseph P. Lomasney, and it is fair to state that he lost the case. It was a case which would have taken about one day to try, but a week was consumed in washing Democratic dirty linen in the public gaze, which had been much better left undone, or cleansed in private. The jury was out only 30 minutes, and returned a verdict of "not guilty" forthwith.

There has been one other highly important case tried in the courts—that against the promoters of the Ubero Rubber company—but it was tried by hired counsel in the person of Frederick Chase, for which the county will pay no inconsiderable sum, for Mr. Chase is a good lawyer and has handled the case admirably. Mr. Moran has brought several cases before the grand jury, but has finished none of them. He secured the indictment of Senator Lodge's private secretary, Mr. Proctor, but has not yet found time to try him.

The Legislature and Moran.

He brought a number of members of the legislature before the grand jury in an endeavor to prove a charge of bribery, and before he had much more than started on the matter, put it over to the next sitting of the grand jury.

Meanwhile the legislature itself took action upon the matter, and decided to send the whole case to the house committee on rules.

Mr. Moran now says that all those persons summoned before this committee have been given immunity by the fact of testifying before the committee. It seems that he believed all the time that they would be immune if they were called before the committee and testified. Some men would have gone to the speaker of the house and said to him, "Mr. Cole, if you follow out this course you will defeat the ends of justice." But Moran did not do this. He allowed the committee to proceed until practically the entire legislature had been called to testify, and, if he tells the truth, until he believed they were all immune, and then he makes his announcement. This is a rather remarkable method of proving his desire to have the guilty men, if there were any in the case, brought to justice.

As has been stated, Mr. Moran claims that under the statute anyone who testifies to anything concerning the bribery which the legislature is investigating, is immune from prosecution. This is not so, in fact. Anyone who testifies before the committee to facts which will incriminate him is exempt from prosecution; but to say that anyone who has testified before the committee, and has not incriminated himself, cannot be prosecuted, has no warrant in law. Those who have testified have presumably not testified to their own wrongdoing, and if it can be proved, or if it has been proved by other testimony, that they have been guilty of giving or of receiving bribes, they can be prosecuted.

Mr. Moran's Purpose.

Exactly what Mr. Moran's object is in interpreting the statute as he has is difficult to discover. The only explanation which seems reasonable is that Mr. Moran, wishing to discredit the legislature, and knowing that he would be unable to prove the extensive bribery which he claims exists, has taken refuge in this interpretation of the statute to avoid further action and failure.

In other words, it is a "crawl" on the part of Mr. Moran, and is intended to deceive the general public.

Of course, Mr. Moran has it in his power to refuse to prosecute, and to refuse to use any evidence that the legislature may put at his disposal. A district attorney has extensive powers, for good or for evil, and it is quite possible that the district attorney for Suffolk county may prefer to use his power to the advancement of his personal political fortunes rather than for the administration of justice.

The legislature cannot prosecute and cannot punish any except its members. A member may of course be expelled, but if the investigating committee furnishes proper evidence of bribery to the district attorney, and the district attorney refuses to use the evidence thus procured, it will be a proof that it is not the conviction of offenders that the district attorney is really after.

Has He Failed to Make Good?

Certainly to a disinterested person it looks as if Mr. Moran had failed to fulfill his pdegdes. He has been fond of saying ever since his election that he had not sufficient help in the office with which to do the work he desired to accomplish, and yet he has had as much assistance as any other district attorney who has preceded him, and in most instances his predecessors tried their own cases without calling in hired help, and many of them have had a very large amount of work to do. He has complained because the legislature has not given him the assistance he has asked, and it almost looks as if he had gone out of his way to insult the legislature, hoping that the members would kill his bill for extra assistance in order to furnish an excuse for not having done what he promised before his election that he would do if successful at the polls. Now the legislature has given him an additional assistant and still he is not satisfied.

Members of the Democratic machine in Boston claim that Mr. Moran as district attorney is a signal failure, that he has redeemed none of his pledges, that he has the backing of William R. Hearst of New York, is a tail to the kite of this candidate for the presidency, and that politics and not the public good actuate him. They say he is a prolific letter writer, instructing high officials how to run their offices, while cobwebs gather in the office of the district attorney.

OLD ROMAN NAMES.

The Peculiar System That Was In Use by the Nobility.

The noble Romans were peculiar in their system of nomenclature. They had the praenomen, the nomen and the cognomen. The first of these distinguished the individual and was equivalent to our Christian or baptismal name. It was usually indicated by a single letter, as A. for Aulus, or by two letters, as Ap. for Appius, or three, as Ser. for Servius. The nomen was distinctive of the gens or clan and has no corresponding appellative among us. The cognomen was placed last and designated the familiae, precisely answering to our surname. Sometimes a fourth name was added, the agnomen, in consequence of a renowned action, some conspicuous event of life or feature of character. Scipio, in addition to his regular names, was styled Africanus after his conquest of Carthage. The name Germanicus was assumed by those who distinguished themselves in the wars with the Germans.

In female names the Romans indulged but small variety of appellation, and fancy had little or nothing to do with their invention and bestowal. When there was but one daughter in a family she received the feminine termination of her gentile name, as Tullia, the daughter of Marcus Tullius Cicero, and Octaviae, the sister of Octavius Caesar, etc., which names were retained even after marriage. When there were two daughters one was called Major and the other Minor, as Cornelia Major and Cornelia Minor. If there were more than two they were distinguished by their number, thus: Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, etc.

GREEK COINS.

How the Ancients Tested the Purity of the Metal.

The first coins of gold and silver that have come down to us are now dated as a rule in the time of Croesus, who lived about the middle of the sixth century B. C.

It may readily be imagined that a mere lump of gold, supposed to be of a certain weight, would be subject to skepticism unless it were guaranteed by some recognized authority. So, in order to save reweighing and testing at each transaction, these ingots or coins were stamped with the authoritative mark of a prince or state. So stamped they become the true coins in spite of the fact that, contrary to modern custom, they were not at all regular.

But, in spite of the guarantee that might be afforded by the mark of a state or a prince, we find the Greeks applying certain tests to determine the genuineness of the currency offered to them. Plating was easily detected by jabbing the suspected coin with some sharp instrument. At other times the touchstone was used. One which was known as the "Lydian stone" was supposed to reveal a proportion of foreign metal as small as a barley corn in a stater. Another test, in the case of silver, was to polish the coin and then breathe on it. If the moisture quickly disappeared the metal was pure. Yet another way to detect alloy was to heat the coin or coins on redhot iron. If the metal was unalloyed it remained bright, if mixed with other substances it turned black or red according as it was more or less impure.—Oliver S. Tonks in Chautauquan.

Daffodil and Asphodel.

Daffodil and asphodel—the latter, according to Homer, covered the meadow haunted by the shades of departed heroes—are etymologically the same. Old time Englishmen confused the two plants, which are quite different, and it was reserved for later generations to restore its true spelling to the true asphodel and restrict daffodil, with its mysterious "d," to the flower now known by that name. Formerly it was "affodille," and the "d" is variously explained as being a childish insertion, like the "T" in Ted, from Edward, or as representing the French "fleur d'affrodille" or the English "th' affrodille" (the definite article) or as the final "d" of "and" in such a combination as "fennell and affodil."

Brothers and Sisters.

It has been proved again and again that a boy without a sister is much to be pitied; that a girl without a brother is to be condoled with. And why? Because the mutual society improves both. The boy teaches the girl to be wider minded, less petty and narrow, more manly physically, and, above all, to understand something of the opposite sex. Again, the boy is a hundredfold nicer for having a sister. He confides his little scrapes to her, and she, with her gentle inborn goodness, helps him and advises him to avoid the pitfall again.—London Queen.

Solitude.

Solitude is a matter of taste. It has been the subject of much discussion. Volumes have been written in praise or condemnation of it. But perhaps the real value of solitude has never been so subtly and so accurately expressed as by the girl who was asked if she liked being alone. "That depends," she answered sweetly, "on whom I am alone with."

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

Better than any other.
Different from any other.
Richer than any other.
More food value than any other.

Is it any wonder that CREAMALT is the favorite bread of Greater Boston?

Fresh daily at your grocer's.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON

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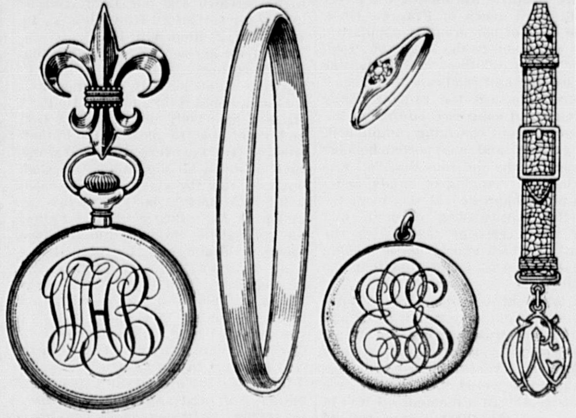

Gold Filled Locket with monogram	$2.00	Same in Boy's size — either Gold Filled or Solid Silver and monogram fob — complete	$10.00
Solid Gold Locket with monogram	5.00	Diamond Ring	16.50
Gold Filled Locket with necklace	4.00	Diamond Ring, larger	25.00
Solid Gold Locket with necklace	10.00		
Gold Filled Bracelet	2.00		
Solid Gold Bracelet	5.00		
Ladies' Waltham Watch, Gold Filled Case engraved with monogram, and Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine — complete	12.00		
Same in Solid Gold	18.00		

Long
TRADE MARK
Wholesale and Retail JEWELER
39 & 41 SUMMER ST. BOSTON
NEXT DOOR G. F. HOVEY & CO.

WINCHESTER.

Baseball is nearly played out for the present season. Our teams have made respectable records.

Children's Day was quite generally observed here last Sunday by the churches and Sunday Schools.

Our authorities sent to Woburn last week for a dogkiller. There were too many unmuzzled dogs about to suit the people.

It will soon be vacation time. Already many of our people are putting their houses in order for an early departure to the seaside, mountains and forests, and much good may it do them.

Our people are well pleased with the idea of no longer being the tailend of a "shoestring" Senatorial District. They are a little afraid of Woburn politicians, but that will wear off in time.

We are to have a real old fashioned 4th of July celebration here, just as we had last year. The Executive Committee is working up to it in fine form, and, if nothing happens, we will have a rousing old time on Independence Day, 1906.

Manchester, Vermont, is one of the healthiest and pleasantest country summer resorts in New England. It lies in the Valley of the Battenkill, amidst the famous Green Mountains, the northern terminus of the Berkshire Hills Range, equidistant from Boston and New York. It has a salubrious climate, picturesque scenery, is quiet and beautiful. The well known and popular Equinox House, one of the best in the State, delightfully located at Manchester, is where Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, this town, is now lodged for the heated term. He spent some weeks there last summer, and was charmed with it. He left here yesterday, June 14, in fine health and spirits, with the expectation of spending a happy summer.

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 25c.

Herbert Spencer.

A queer instance of the working of Herbert Spencer's mind is mentioned by the two sisters in whose household he lived. He came to the table one day absorbed in thinking about some photographs of the nebulae he had just received:

"As he rose from his chair he stood for a minute gazing with gleaming eyes into the distance, and then muttered in a disjointed fashion, as if half to himself, words to this effect: 'Thirty millions of suns, each probably having its own system, and supposing them each to be the size of a pin's head they are fifty miles apart! What does it all mean?' And then, without a pause and only a change of voice, 'The fluff still comes out of that cushion, you know,' as with a wave of his small, thin hand toward it he passed rapidly out of the room, leaving us both bewildered by the quickness with which his mind worked."

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated June 5th, 1906, the subscribed administrator of the estate of Samuel L. Anthony, otherwise known as Samuel Anthony, late of Everett, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the thirtieth day June, A. D. 1906**, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, containing about 9,800 square feet, being lots numbered 488, 489, 490 and 491 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Munroe Avenue formerly known as Hill street, about 140 feet; easterly by lot No. 491 on said plan, now or late of Stephenson, about 70 feet; northerly by lots numbered 452, 453, 454 and 455 on said plan, about 140 feet; easterly by lots 486 and 487 on said plan, now or late of Ellen Murphy about 70 feet.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

ROBERT WEST, Administrator.
John G. Maguire, Attorney.
Woburn, Mass., June 12th, 1906.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Rosella P. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

WILLIS A. HUBBARD, Adm.
26 Vernon street.
June 6 1906.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Factory: Akron, O.

To Let.
A STORE:

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

The Trolley Wayfinder

for 1906 contains valuable information for travelers by trolley. Cities and towns reached by electric railways alphabetically arranged. Route maps a feature. Distance, fare and time between points touched by trolley cars throughout New England. It is the official publication of the New England Street Railway Club, and compiled by John J. Lane, Secretary. Price 10 cents, for sale on all news-stands, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing JOHN J. LANE, 12 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

Freaks of Language.

While a delegation is a bunch of delegates, an amputation is not a collection of amputates or a precipitation a number of precipitates.

A clothesline is a rope to hang clothes on, but hanging checks on a checkline would be both risky and eccentric.

Horse cars are so called because they are drawn by horses, yet no amount of horse hauling could make the ordinary radish a horseradish.

Though an ice chest is undeniably a chest for the retention of ice, no one would think of storing hair in a hair trunk or zinc in a zinc one.

While life insurance provides an indemnity against the going out of one's life, fire insurance does not provide against one's fires going out.

Money paid to a ferryman is ferriage, but money paid to a cabman is not cabbage.—Chicago News.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

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Telephone 131-2

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

DEODOROL

Is a most efficient disinfectant and deodorizer, makes a perfect antiseptic dressing for cuts, wounds and bruises of all kinds. If used properly during the warm weather it will prevent bad odors, flies and insects from accumulating in the bath rooms, cellars, sewers, sinks, henneries, stables, etc.

A POSITIVE PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

Pint Bottle 25c. Trial Size 10c.

We carry all the other insect destroyers, such as Dalmation Insect Powder, Hellibore, Paris Green, etc.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
SUCCESSORS TO ROBBINS DRUG CO.
417 Main Street, Woburn

☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

Anniversaries

Of all sorts are happily commemorated by a gift of silver. We have quantities of beautiful and useful articles in both sterling and long wearing plate.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all it branches.

Strawberry and Pineapple Ice Cream

MADE FROM NEW FRUIT

NABISCO in 10c. Packages

CRAWFORD'S
412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

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C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

PROPERTY FOR SALE

1906 SPRING STYLES
IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
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Merchant Tailors,
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GOOD THINGS WITHIN SIGHT

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WOOING CINDERELLA

By Ruth Sautelle

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Scarcely had Dudley forced his breathless way through the thicket into the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff when a young voice assailed him.

"I thought you would come before long. You are the prince, of course."

He wheeled with a start and stared. She sat on a low rock, looking straight at him out of smiling brown eyes. There was a general impression of brownness. It seemed to be a gown of some shimmery brown stuff—or was it gold?—and a kind of aureole of fluffy, light brown hair. How the deuce did a girl get up that cliff? About how nearly a puffing porpoise had he sounded, anyway? Pity a man couldn't keep track of his breath! He'd go into training on that hill till he could take it on the run without turning a hair—he would, by Jove! Must be something the matter with her eyes. He'd never seen—that is to say, they sort of—

"You said yes, didn't you?" she interrupted sweetly. "Surely you must be the prince."

"I beg your pardon," began Dudley, suddenly realizing that she had asked a question some minutes ago and that an answer was expected of him. "The prince, you say? I've never been accused before, you know." And then, in a flash of comprehension, "Most assuredly I am the prince—if you are the princess," he finished triumphantly.

The brown eyes twinkled into his more distractingly than before.

"Oh, not at all!" she laughed. "I'm only poor Cinderella."

"Cinderella?" questioned Dudley, looking the mystification he felt.

"Why, yes—you see"— She hesitated. And then a very wonderful thing happened. A line of rosiest pink appeared just above the brown collar and crept up stealthily, enveloping the tiny ear, flashing into flame on the white brow and hiding at last in the light hair that blew about her face. Dudley, fascinated, watched its progress and forgave the intrusion.

"Of course it's very simple, only disgracefully stupid of me. And"—sitting up straight and suddenly becoming very brave—"I'm not in the least afraid to tell you."

Dudley mumbled suitable assurances, while the girl moved uneasily on her rocky throne and continued to look brave.

"I just—I only—the flower was way over the edge of the bluff, and—I held on to a branch and leaned down—and—my heel got wedged by a stone—and"—There was a tentative shifting of the shimmery skirts, then a hasty motion of withdrawal beneath them. "And I—I—lost the mate to that!" she finished, with desperate courage, thrusting into sight the other foot, incased in a stout little brown walking boot.

Two furious blushes were in full operation by this time.

Dudley gazed fixedly at the small trim boot. "You say the one you lost was just like this?" he questioned, with great solemnity.

"Oh, no; it belonged to the left foot, you know," she responded, with corresponding earnestness.

And then came the welcome relief of laughter, under the relaxing influence of which Dudley sank upon the edge of the rock.

"I only meant to suggest," he announced fervently, "my unbelief that there could be another like it in the world."

"Bravo, bravo!" she applauded gayly. "That is pretty enough to savor of much practice in such speaking."

Dudley's ardent expression was replaced by one of due submission to rebuke.

"It is meet," he said as his hand sought a capacious coat pocket and disappeared therein, "that the downtrodden should arise to do thee service. Perhaps I can aid you better than you know."

"I'm sure you can," she interposed hastily. "But let me tell my plan first. I couldn't let you go to find it and leave me helpless and alone again."

"Of course not." Dudley's face assumed a thoughtful expression, and his hand slowly left the big pocket. "I—a—hardly suppose you could borrow mine."

Again her bright laughter rang out. "Oh, flattery, where is thy sting?" she cried gaspingly. And Dudley, looking ruefully from his own generous boot to the adorable mateless one, realized that once more he'd "put his foot in it."

"Forgiven," she declared in a moment, "because of the pretty one you said first. And so, to go back to our muttons, I see only one way. And yet, of course, it's such a little distance—the camp's just back in the trees there—I could hop on one foot, I suppose."

She paused mischievously for the mere pleasure of regarding his look of frank disappointment; also to observe whether it occurred to him to wonder why, with friends so near, she had not called for help.

"But I should be sure," she relented, "to lose my balance and let the wrong foot down." Dudley brightened perceptibly. "And it's very stony and, I know, would hurt dreadfully. So after all there is just the one way, as I said."

She tilted the lonely boot back and forth on its heel and regarded it pensively. Dudley did likewise. When this had gone on long enough she raised to him an expectant look.

"Yes," he said, almost mournfully; "there only remains for me to help you. I suppose I ought," he continued, while his hand moved again ever so haltingly toward the pocket, then rapidly away from it, "to—to"—

"Oh, pray don't feel any obligation in the matter!" was the hint, with just a bit of ice in the tone.

"To avail myself of the most fortunate opportunity that ever befell an undeserving beggar!" he finished, laughing hilariously as he assisted her to her feet—that is to say, her foot.

Mere words cannot approximate the delight of that trip in the neighboring (much too neighboring) camp. They laughed like children and clutched each other in frantic mirth. And with what exceeding care and deliberateness it was necessary to proceed! The most inoffensive pebble was occasion for a wide detour, in spite of the lamentable fact that it increased the distance. And did the little unshod silken foot so much as caress the ground in its wabbling career Dudley was ready to weep in worshipful contrition. It was almost too much joy to discover in the course of the hysterical conversation that this was Tom Hutton's ranch—dear old Tom that he hadn't seen since the college days—and Cinderella his wife's guest.

But, as all pleasant moments come to an end, so must this, as Cinderella dropped, tired, but still merry, into a chair on the bungalow piazza.

"And then the prince," he said slowly, looking down upon her with compelling eyes, "caused his heralds—no; I think you know what the prince did without my telling you."

"Ah," she cried, her own eyes falling under his scrutiny, "but first you've to find the slipper."

"Yes, first I've to find the slipper. And when it is found I've the advantage of knowing where dwells Cinderella—and that the slipper will fit."

"Which last is yet to be proven!"—teasingly.

"May I put it to the test?" he begged.

"Oh, Faintheart!" she whispered mockingly. "Try and see."

Whereat Dudley began a most peculiar course of behavior. Going quickly around the corner of the cabin, he bumped his head softly several times against the logs, gave himself a violent shake and then strode through the trees to the low rock in the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff. Sitting down, he plunged an empty hand into the deep pocket and brought it out full of a stout brown walking boot of small dimensions.

To his credit be it said that there was self denunciation in his aspect as he sat turning it miserably over and over. Oh, yes; of course he'd had it there all the while. Well, hadn't he tried to let her have it at the very first, and didn't she keep interrupting till he couldn't—that is to say, didn't want to? Suppose he was the biggest cad on record, he'd wager no fellow ever had a better excuse! Hang it! What did she have to look at him that way for? How could he deliberately hand the thing over and put an end to the happiest few moments he'd ever spent, or ever expected to spend, for that matter? For surely by this foolishness he'd dished any prospects of further acquaintance about as effectively as possible. Well, anyhow, this was torture; might as well have the confession over with and go off and shoot himself.

In three minutes he was back. The trial trip had taken twenty to navigate. She was waiting and still alone. Oh, yes; rub it in! She might have cared if he hadn't spoiled it all.

"Most eager knight!" she called in greeting. "Was it wings? Nothing else could have taken you down the ravine and up again in this time."

For answer he knelt without a word and put the fateful shoe in place with elaborate care. He would have that privilege before he forfeited her favor forever. Then—

"I found it in the ravine before I climbed up at all," he said abruptly. "It was in my pocket all the while. Now send me away, for I can't go unless you do."

But Cinderella leaned forward to take his remorseful face between two butterfly hands.

"Oh, boy, boy," she cried softly; "most innocent of boys! Did you think I didn't know? I saw you pick it up down below—no, you shall have all the truth; it fell—I let it fall because I saw you!"

Just then Tom Hutton, coming around the corner of the house, decided he could quite as well postpone his errand.

Wellington's Integrity.

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."—Argonaut.

Mind How You Laugh.

Isn't it a curious thing that laughing may spoil your features? If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you have. A person who is accustomed to suppressing his feelings generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half moon. The scholar's wrinkle forms on his brow, while a schemer's wrinkles come around his eyes. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks.

A Quaint Oath.

The judicial oath in the Isle of Man is so quaint as to deserve printing. It runs thus: "By this book and the holy contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle, betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

On the Slopes of Vesuvius.

Despite the danger to which they are exposed from 80,000 to 100,000 people live upon the slopes of Vesuvius, besides the 500,000 inhabitants crowded into Naples. The reason is that the fertility of the soil is perennial, the peril only occasional. The volcanic ejecta are rich in alumina, silica, magnesia, lime, potash and iron, which by their decomposition go to make splendid land. Some of the best vines in Italy grow on the skirts of Vesuvius. If the volcano were away not one-tenth of the many cultivators could subsist in the same area.

An International Difference.

In France.—The Girl's Father—And now, having settled the financial matters to our mutual satisfaction, I will speak to my daughter, and you may present yourself to her in the character of fiance.

The Suitor—Monsieur is graciousness itself.

In America.—The Girl—Papa, Harold and I are engaged and will be married.

The Girl's Father—Well, I suppose it's all right. Does he look like anybody I know?—Judge.

Adaptation.

To wade in marshes and sea margins is the destiny of certain birds, and they are so accurately made for this that they are imprisoned in those places. Each animal out of its habitat would starve. A soldier, a locksmith, a bank clerk and a dancer could not exchange functions. And thus we are victims of adaptation.—Emerson.

THE CUPEY TREE.

One of the Most Curious Growths of the West Indies.

The cupey, or, as it is sarcastically called in the English possessions, "the attorney," is one of the most curious, as it is one of the most picturesque, denizens of the virgin forests of the West Indian islands. It belongs to the parasitical family of trees or plants; but, terrible to relate, it invariably, with the basest ingratitude, destroys all life in the unfortunate tree that cherishes it in its early growth. The seeds are borne on the wings of the wind and deposited on the branches of other trees, when they burst into roots, which are dropped toward the ground all around the "nurse" tree. In time these roots reach the ground and strike into the soil.

From this moment the roots grow stronger and stronger until they resemble a lot of rope ladders thrown over the tree. Next the parasite sends down a great cord, which twines around the trunk of the supporting tree, at first as though in loving embrace, but it grows tighter and tighter, eventually strangling its benefactor out of existence. The nurse tree thus killed rots to decay, and from the immense fibrous roots of the destroyer now springs a great trunk, which rises high into the air. When a cupey is full grown it presents a magnificent spectacle, for the cordlike root rises often to fifty or sixty feet and supports in midair the vast tree itself.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Two Dramatic and Contrasting Episodes In Her Life.

Thistelton-Dyer, in his "Royalty In All Ages," describes two dramatic and tragically contrasted episodes in the life of Marie Antoinette, the lovely and ill fated queen of France. Once, in the days of her greatest popularity, when she went to the opera of "Iphigenia," when Achilles came to the line "Let us sing and celebrate the queen," he turned toward the radiant young sovereign and sang two additional impromptu lines of charming compliment. This graceful and unexpected homage so delighted the audience that "all was shouting and clapping of hands, and—what never happened at the opera before—the chorus was encored, and there were cries of 'Long live the queen!' at which expression of feeling her majesty was so affected that she shed tears."

On the next occasion, when Marie Antoinette's sun of popular favor had set and she was nearing the tragic close of her life, one of the actresses in "Unforeseen Events" bowed to her as she sang the words "Ah, how I love my mistress!" In a moment all was in uproar, and the theater was full of hoarse, angry cries of "No mistress! No master! Liberty!" and "No master! No queen!" and it was some minutes before the tumult quieted down and it was possible to proceed with the play.

SOUPS AND BROTHS.

They Are Stimulating, but Have Little Nutritive Value.

Soups and broths made of the meat pieces alone and without the addition of meat substance, eggs, vegetables or cereals have little nutritive value, although they do possess stimulating properties.

A dog would starve to death in ten days if fed upon beef broth pure and simple.

Soup interferes with digestion whenever a full meal is eaten. I consider it as being entirely superfluous and advise its discontinuance in a substantial dinner menu.

Soup, being practically all water, plays an important part in conjunction with the large quantities of other liquids injected during mealtime in delaying and interfering with digestion and laying a foundation for stomach trouble. Through it and the other liquids used the stomach is not only overfilled and unnecessarily burdened, but the gastric secretions are so weakened by dilution that they can act but slowly upon the food mass. Here again we have the food remaining in the stomach for too long a period, and there is likely to be produced all of the symptoms and signs of an intoxication due to the absorption into the system of the products of decomposed foods.

Soup eaten by itself or with a light meal, as a rule, does not act harmfully.—What to Eat.

Card Etiquette.

"Hand in a lot of cards," said the elder woman.

"Why?" was the hurried inquiry.

"Well, if you don't hand in enough," she said, as her companion dived deep into her case, "they will say you don't know what is right. If you give too many, however, they will think that you know better than they do and that there is some new style they have heard nothing about. Hand him a lot."—Kansas City Independent.

At the Hotel.

Mr. Verdant—Let's try this here demitassy at the end of the programme. Say, waiter, bring us some demitassy. Mrs. Verdant—Now, par, you promised me you wouldn't take nothin' stronger'n tea or coffee.—Baltimore American.

Unappreciated Liberality.

"You are going to be tried before a very liberal judge," said a lawyer to his client.

"I am glad of that."

"You needn't be. If you are found guilty he'll give you all the penalty the law allows."

His Specialty.

Bacon—When he was out camping did your brother kill much? Egbert—He nearly killed everybody in the camp. He was the cook.

One Way to Get a Dog.

"There are ways and ways of getting things," said the old secret service man, "but I wouldn't recommend some of them to a Sunday school class. Now, I knew professionally a reformed confidence man. I won't say how deep the reform went, but officially he was reformed and occupied a pretty respectable position in the community. One day I met this chap on the street, and I had something to say to him. 'See here,' I demanded, 'is this your advertisement in the paper offering a reward of $5 for the return of a lost dog?' 'Sure!' said he. 'But you don't own a dog,' said I. He grinned. 'You mean I didn't own a dog,' he corrected. 'But I do own one now—the handsomest English bulldog you ever laid your eyes on, and he cost just $5.'"

Keeping a Secret.

Banquo—I say, old man, can you keep a secret? Well, Smiggins told me in confidence that— Elmore—Hold on! Can you keep a secret? Banquo—I? Why, yes; certainly. Elmore—Then you'd better do so.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 17.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ix, 28-36. Memory Verses, 30, 31—Golden Text, Luke ix, 35—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In each of the three gospels which record the lesson of today the transfiguration story is immediately preceded by our Lord's saying concerning some standing there who would not taste of death till they had seen the kingdom of God (verse 27). We cannot but believe therefore that the transfiguration and its accompaniments were the fulfillment of our Lord's saying. Peter's comment upon it in II Pet. i, 16-18, and his frequent references to the sufferings and the glory (I Pet. i, 11; iv, 13; v, 1) confirm this. In last week's lesson we heard our Lord foretell His sufferings and heard Peter rebuke Him for the thought. Then our Lord said that His followers must be prepared to suffer with Him, to deny self, take up the cross daily and follow Him. But for their encouragement He said that, though He was now with them in humiliation, He would come again in glory and reward every man according to his works (Matt. xvi, 27). The transfiguration was a sample of His glory, His kingdom in miniature, to encourage those who were following Him in His humiliation to be content and even rejoice, to be partakers of His sufferings, knowing that when His glory should be revealed they would be glad with exceeding joy (I Pet. iv, 13). Abraham was sustained by the assurance of the city, Moses by the recompense of the reward, Paul by the glory to be revealed and our Lord Himself by the joy set before Him (Heb. xi, 10, 16, 26; xii, 2; Rom. viii, 18).

The Lord Jesus was in constant and conscious touch with His Father in heaven. Knowing that He came from God and would return to God, He gave Himself up wholly to the will of God and ever lived to please His Father, trusting Him for every word and work. In Him dwelt all the fullness of God, but as a rule the glory was concealed within that mortal body. On this occasion as He talked with His Father the glory shone through, and His face shone as the sun, and His raiment was white as snow, white and glistening. Compare Rev. i, 13-16; xix, 12. After Moses had been forty days with God in the mount his face shone, but that was reflected light. This light seen in Christ was from within, for He was God manifest in the flesh.

In all the Bible story only two men besides our Lord are recorded as having fasted forty days, and here they are with Christ alive and well and talking with Him concerning His approaching sufferings as the great sin bearer, by virtue of which they had already enjoyed hundreds of years, as we count time, in the presence of God, one of them over 1,400 years and the other nearly 900. The death and resurrection of Christ must have an importance in the eyes of the redeemed in glory which they do not seem to possess to many of the redeemed on earth. See Rev. v, 9, 10; vii, 14; xii, 11; xiv, 4, and compare with reference to what they should be to the redeemed on earth, Rev. i, 5, 6; Gal. ii, 20; iii, 13; Eph. i, 6, 7; I Pet. i, 18, 19; iii, 18, etc. We are surprised to see the three favored disciples heavy with sleep in the presence of such glory, but does not this and the fact that they actually slept in the presence of His sufferings in Gethsemane strikingly set forth our inability to grasp eternal realities except by the Spirit of God? Do we not all sadly confess our indifference to the things unseen and eternal except the Spirit quicken us and teach us? And when we attempt to speak of heavenly realities are we not apt to talk as foolishly as Peter did on this occasion (verse 33) unless the Spirit speak through us? For the natural man cannot understand the things of God (I Cor, ii, 11-14). Moses and Elijah and all the prophets spake of Christ by the Spirit (I Pet. i, 11), as it is written, "To Him give all the prophets witness" (Acts x, 43), and now from the cloud is heard the voice of the Father, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." With verse 35 compare Matt. xvii, 5. This testimony from heaven may well cover all His public ministry, while that at His baptism covers the thirty years of His life at Nazareth. In all His life on earth He always pleased the Father.

When His kingdom comes it shall be seen that He will have with Him His risen and translated saints represented here by Moses and Elijah, and Israel on earth shall be a righteous nation, represented here by the disciples. The King of kings with His church glorified and Israel in their own land shall possess the whole earth and fill it with His glory, and His will shall be done on earth as in heaven, and the kingdom on the whole earth shall be the Lord's. Wars shall cease, every high thing be brought low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day (Isa. ii, 4, 11, 17). The sight of this glory made them fall on their faces in fear, as it afterward did John in Patmos, but His loving hand and His gracious "Fear not" are ever the same (Matt. xvii, 6, 7; Rev. i, 17). They saw no man any more save Jesus only with themselves (Mark ix, 8), and thus we are to go on day by day, occupied with Him and His grace and glory till we see Him face to face. So shall we be transfigured, for that is really the word in Rom. xii, 1; II Cor. iii, 18, which in the A. V. is rendered "transformed" and "are changed." If there were more transfigured saints there would be more wanting to be like them and like Him.

He Had Already "Et."

"I know a western Kansas town where the rules of etiquette are purely upon a logical basis," said a man from the short grass country the other day. "The daughter of the hotel keeper at whose hostelry I was living was to be married. I received an invitation. At about 11 o'clock in the evening the wedding supper was spread. An old lady came down the table side, passing the viands to the guests. When she reached my plate she skipped me and began again with the next man. The old lady had seen me eating my supper as usual at 6 o'clock.

"'You've et,' she said as she gave me the go by. Things began to look dubious for me. Then an old man came along with more food. He also had seen me eating at the usual evening hour. He shied around me with a look of surprise that I should be at the feed rack again and said, 'Why you've et.'

"Everybody had been 'saving up' for the occasion so that they might eat like heroes at that wedding feast. The fact that I had not been missing any meals nearly ostracized me in that happy gathering."—Kansas City Times.

Yellow Sweet Clover

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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"I think if you'd take a run home, dear, for a few weeks it would be all right with the governor, and you'd get your roses back." Jim gave his little wife a gentle pinch on her pale cheeks.

Five years ago, when he had married her, she had possessed something of the evanescent charm of a four petaled dog rose, exquisite, ethereal, but the kind to fall in a moment. Jim belonged to "the profession," and Madge always accompanied him upon tours, undergoing cheerfully the hardships that a player of "one night stands" must endure in the interest of art. Matters did not go well financially, so presently she became a "walking lady," finally a soubrette. This was only to last, however, until Jim made what the dramatic critics describe as a "favorable impression."

And now, although five years had gone by, they were still waiting for that distinct success. That it had not come—they were merely human—they ascribed of course to a lack of opportunity. Meanwhile Madge's health was beginning to fail. She was fretting for the country. So when Jim insisted (because she was yearning for her father's forgiveness, because she did want her "roses" back) for the first time since she had left it she set out for her childhood's home.

After she had got out at the little country station unheralded she wound her way up the old farm road. Nothing seemed to have changed. She heard the cows lowing far off; she inhaled the loamy incense of her ancestral land. It was so sweet that it pained her. The dear, familiar farmhouse came in sight, and her eyes grew misty. She opened the gate which led to the yard path, bordered by lilacs and hollyhocks. There, pulling up some weeds from underneath the lilacs, she came face to face with her father. At first he could find no words to say. He only glared at her through his spectacles. Then:

"Where is he—that scoundrel, that vagabond, that"—

"My husband," corrected Madge, drawing back with a touch of dainty pride.

"Then," thundered the old farmer, flinging down his trowel in a rage, "go back to him—go back to your husband!" The veins in his neck were swollen like cords. That he did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy was a miracle indeed.

So Madge passed out of the gate of her father's home once more. When she reached New York, Jim had just been taken to the hospital. At first she was conscious only of one thing. Jim was ill, terribly ill, and calling for her. Later the doctor's sentences returned to her. There had been an accident—injury to the spine—never walk again—a cripple for life. Why, ah, why, had she ever left her beloved?

When, at the beginning of the next season, it was time to go "on the road" again Madge had to start with a variety company alone. But while she was doing an eccentric dance in a crimson ballet skirt her whole heart and soul were with a man suffering in a stuffy, top room in Eighth street.

Something like six weeks after its departure from New York the variety company "collapsed" in Ohio. Madge was obliged to return east and seek another engagement. Each evening when she had come back from her weary tour of the theatrical agencies the question would come anxiously almost before she had closed the door.

"Anything today, Madge darling?" And always the answer would come with a brave smile as she shook her head in the negative:

"You see, this is the bad part of the season. And the profession is really overcrowded."

Meanwhile medicine was requiring cash and the landlady was insisting on having her weekly increasing lodging bill paid.

As Madge entered the room one evening, bracing her heart to meet the customary question, she heard new, cheery words instead:

"Come over here, little woman. I've something to show you."

Jim, who lay propped up by pillows, had a bright flush on each cheek, and his eyes were like stars. He held toward her a bundle of manuscript. It was a play he'd been writing unknown to his wife or doctor. It was constructed from incidents of his own life. Madge and he were the leading characters. In the last act they both made tremendous "hits" and were "discovered." Wealth poured in upon the long disappointed artists, and they were able to leave poverty behind them.

"When we sell the play, what shall we do with all our money, dear?" she asked, smiling through her tears as at last she finished reading the prized manuscript. He turned wearily.

"Ah, we'll move into the country, fresh and green. We'll buy a little home with trailing vines so we can hear the birds sing."

She made the rounds with the play, as many plays have made the rounds before—and no one wanted it. But just as she had kept Jim's hopes alive regarding her own possible theatrical engagement, so now she treated the disposition of his manuscript.

One manager—a round, French abbe of a man, with sleek, soft, fat hands, who had promised to give her beloved play a reading—laid one of these same hands upon Madge's arm one day.

"That manuscript you brought the other day fell off my desk into the wastebasket, and the boy burned it with the waste paper. I'm sorry, but the truth is, dear girl, it never would have done in the world—never! It was amateurish. It had no action. It was defective all through. Tell him to try again." He wished the woman would not stare at him in that bewildered, helpless way. He wasn't a ghost.

"Come, now. Don't look so white. I'll take you out to lunch, and then we'll call it square, won't we?" But she did not hear him. She had already started for home. Home? Before her Jim, wasted and expectant; behind her blank failure!

* * *

Old Farmer Gray and his elder sister were having some sort of discussion over the rightful age of a man whose death was published among the country newspaper notices. The paper stated it incorrectly, they were sure of that. But they couldn't quite agree on what was his proper age.

"He's pretty nigh Brother Hi's age," said Farmer Gray finally. "Leastwise he was born the same year—mebbe not to the month. I recollect a story mother used to tell about—but I'll just go an' look up Hi's age in the Bible."

The air of the "best parlor," which he entered, was a bit close. The sun never was allowed to shine in this room more than once a twelvemonth—it might fade the carpet. On a marble topped table, resting on a worsted mat, was the family Bible. The last time Farmer Gray had looked into this book he'd registered the baptism of his baby daughter, Madge. For his daily readings he used a little New Testament.

As he undid the heavy clasps of the big Bible the pages opened themselves at a place where there was some pressed yellow sweet clover. The mere sight of it somehow recalled faroff memories. It recalled a certain summer day so long ago. It was on his honeymoon, and his young wife had just plucked these sprays of yellow clover. "Think you can love me as long as this keeps sweet?" she had asked archly. How pretty she had looked, laughing up into his face! How precious she had been to him! After ten years of happy married life their long wished for child had come. When the young mother died he had clung to the baby daughter with double tenderness. He simply worshiped her growing girlhood. But she had run away from him and with an actor, and he had forbidden her ever to cross his doorsill again.

The old farmer scarcely knew what he was about, his head swam so. Doubtless it was that strong, sweet odor of the clover. Somehow it seemed to him to be suddenly flooding the whole room, filling his stubborn heart with something very like pardon and mercy.

* * *

Madge dragged wearily down Broadway in a dazed sort of fashion after she had left the unctuous little manager. Almost directly in front of a theater she found herself walking into a small group of boys. They were jeering a man who stood close to the theater's entrance, timid and self distrustful. But Madge moved mechanically toward the street curb in order to pass on. She did not observe him.

"Wants to know where you go to find out where the play actors live—did you ever?" sarcastically jeered one of the urchins. "I say, Reuben, hadn't you better 'tend to the hay crop?"

"Wot he wants t' do is ter go on de stage hisself an' find out," suggested another urchin. A "cop" came up the street at this moment, and the old man who had been affording the boys amusement took a few steps toward him. In doing so his eyes fell upon the slight, girlish figure who had just succeeded in passing the group of urchins. "Madge! Madge!" he gasped.

"Father!" Regardless of everything, like a very little child she threw herself into his outstretched arms.

"'Twas the yellow sweet clover done it, darlin'," said he, a bit mysteriously, while he patted her cheeks as of old.

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Tame Grouse Strutting.

Toward the end of September my ruffed grouse began strutting, a performance similar to that of the turkey gobbler. The tail is spread, the black ruff thrown out around the head, and the wings are dragged on the ground, the object being to show all their new feathers. As with turkeys, the young hens strut as well as the cocks. In strutting the birds indulge in a deal of bowing, tapping the ground or log with the bill, and while shaking the head from side to side give vent to hissing sounds, slow at first and increasing in rapidity and culminating in a prolonged hiss—"chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu—chuu-chuu-chuu-chuuuuuuuuu" (hiss the syllables without vocalizing). The sounds are made in the same tempo as the drumming and remind one somewhat of an automobile starting up. A cock may be thus engaged for hours together, parading his charms before a demure little hen, while she persists in looking up at the sky or in nipping at a bud, with not so much as a casual glance out of the corner of her eye—the most remarkable example of true masculine patience and perseverance and of feminine heartlessness as well.—Country Life In America.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.—Joubert.

Where Christianity Began.

The hills of Bethlehem are full of caves, natural and artificial, and many of them have historic significance. There is the milk grotto, in which Joseph and Mary are said to have concealed themselves before their flight into Egypt to escape the evil designs of Herod. The snowy whiteness of the soft chalk out of which it is hewn is ascribed to the spilling of a few drops of the Virgin's milk when she nursed the infant Jesus. Another grotto is pointed out as that in which St. Jerome for more than thirty years led the life of a hermit when bitter factional dissensions had forced him to leave Rome. On a western hill a rock strewn plateau, around which stately terebinths stand guard, marks a place where the ancient Hebrews brought their sacrifices unto the Lord. It is a solemn place, well fitted to excite devout thoughts—a place where a man might well keep communion with his Maker. In its broader features Bethlehem is almost unchanged since the days of David.—Four Track News.

Vegetable Rennets.

Those who would like to make cheese on a very small scale are often troubled to get proper rennet to produce coagulation of the milk. A scientist says that if the leaves of the common butterwort are placed in a strainer and the milk fresh from the cow is poured over it the milk will soon become thick and has a most delicious flavor. The yellow bedstraw also possesses the properties of curdling milk, and the natives of Cheshire prefer it as a rennet to all other sorts. The leaves and flowers are put in the strainer, and the milk is slowly poured over them. The flower heads of the garden artichoke also possess the property of coagulating milk. In view of the carelessness sometimes noted in people who prepare rennet in the ordinary fashion this vegetable rennet is worthy of attention. The leaves, properly cleaned and prepared, would be very much safer and more hygienic than animal substances which may go through chemical changes that unfit them for food.

Old Statues.

Herodotus makes Solon tell Croesus of several men happier than he. Two brothers, Cleobis and Biton of Argos, he said, when oxen were lacking to draw their mother, the priestess of Hera, to the temple several miles distant, harnessed themselves to the cart. When the mother, proud of her sons and moved by the plaudits of the crowd, had prayed to Hera that her sons might receive the best gifts the gods had to bestow, they lay down in the shade of the temple and never waked. Herodotus says that their statues were sent to Delphi. Homolle found at Delphi two statues practically identical, of finest archaic work, made early in the sixth century B. C. Since one of them bore the signature of an Argive sculptor, Polymedes, in archaic letters, we may believe that the story of Herodotus is based on fact and that we have before us today the identical statues.—Chautauquan.

Hot Pipe Bites the Tongue.

"You see smoking tobacco advertised every now and again guaranteed not to bite the tongue. Dealers sell it, of course, but inwardly they smile at the idea." So spoke a tobacconist. "You see, it's this way. The fire in the pipe will bite the tongue if the tobacco burns too fast—namely, if it is a very loose long cut tobacco or a very short dry cut and not packed closely enough in the bowl. There is a point where tobacco may be too closely packed to draw and a point where it may be so loosely packed that it burns fast, and minute sparks pass through the stem and reach the smoker's mouth. These are the causes of burnt tongues."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Up Against It.

"Snobson says he'd rather be alone than in unpleasant company."

"But the worst of his case is, he can't escape even then!"—Detroit Free Press.

Agreed.

The Herr—It is of no use. We must get a separation. The Frau—That is what I say. Isn't it beautiful how we agree?

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Lava in the Ocean.

This earth received what was probably its greatest shaking in modern times when the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in Sunda strait, occurred in 1883. A curious incident of that time is recalled by a correspondent who was an officer of the steamship on her way between Colombo and Albany, King George's sound, some 1,500 or 2,000 miles south of the scene of the disturbance. It was a bright night, and shortly after dinner, when the deck was crowded with passengers, the lookout shouted, "Breakers ahead!" This was in midocean, with deep water miles below and the nearest land five or six days' sail distant, the Australian coast. Nevertheless, the steamer was run into it, and presently drifted into a mass of floating lava and green slime. Bucketfuls were hauled on deck and strained with cloths, and shortly after the steamer forged ahead at half speed, with the floating lava piled up along her sides, and in the morning, when clear water was reached, the sides of the ship below the water line were bare of paint and burnished like steel.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish.—Confucius.

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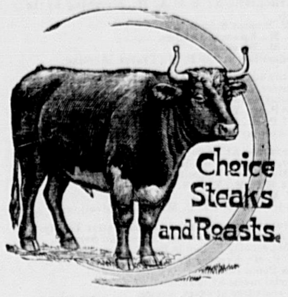

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Pace Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible] Shop
65	Cor. High and [illegible] streets.
66	Corner Warren and [illegible] Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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Hitting a House Boat

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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Harold Strong was a New York artist and had painted the portrait of Ruth Bascomb and fallen in love with her. Whether she returned his love or not was the thing he was worrying over. Harry Stevens was a New York sculptor, and he had desired to bring out a marble bust of Miss Bascomb and also had fallen in love with her. As to whether she would consent to be "sculped" and marry him was a matter that gave him headaches. Both the artist and the sculptor had sisters that were friendly with Ruth Bascomb, and this was the general situation for the playwright to build on.

The present situation was that Ruth Bascomb's mother, who was a fairly wealthy widow, had become possessed of a house boat and had determined to float around Princess bay and up the Shrewsbury river for a month or so. Her guests were to be the artist and his sister and the sculptor and his sister and two or three other persons.

A day was appointed, a tug engaged to tow the house boat down New York bay and leave her at her first anchorage, and all was going merrily when the villain hidden in the thicket showed his hand.

It always has been suspected that he was a villain belonging to the same club as the artist and sculptor. He became aware of the house boat party, and out of pure deviltry and from no desire to see the sculptor get ahead of the game he worked his little trick. The day before the boat was to sail he fixed up a telegram calling Harold Strong to Philadelphia to see about painting the portrait of a millionaire.

The artist's return was indefinite. He knew that he was leaving a rival behind him, and he knew that the Colonial Dame, as the craft was called, would scarcely have come to anchor in the bay and the moon risen above the waters when that cheeky sculptor would be talking soft nonsense to Ruth Bascomb, but the artistic spirit was strong within him.

He arranged with his sister to interrupt if the sculptor tried to take advantage of the occasion. Feeling himself as secure as any man ever can feel where a woman is concerned, he departed on his mission, and the stately Colonial Dame also departed on hers.

Sometimes a millionaire can be found sitting on his front steps and smoking a fairly good cigar and waiting to be interviewed. Again he is as elusive as the midnight mosquito. The one the artist sought was elusive. It took a whole day to run him down, and when he was finally brought to bay his reply was:

"Young man, don't try any of your confidence games on me if you want to keep out of jail. I didn't telegraph you. I want no painting of any sort. I don't like the look of you. If you are honest, then some one has made a fool of you; if you are a confidence man, then try the first corner grocery."

Harold Strong had been bunkoed. It was only natural that he should believe the game had been played by his rival. He didn't wait to devour even a sandwich before catching a train for New York. For three hours he sat in a chair car and murdered the sculptor. He killed him in seven different ways and was planning the eighth when he arrived at a good sized town in Pennsylvania and was asked by the porter if he wished to stop there. He had got into a car that had been switched off at a junction on to another road while he was doing the murdering act.

It was noon when the artist reached New York. It was 2 o'clock before he began his hunt for some craft to take him down to Princess bay and lay him alongside the house boat. The sculptor had had one moonlight night in which to weave his net of romance around the victim, but he should not have another. The artist tried to charter all sorts of crafts, from an Albany day boat to a sand barge, but the afternoon wore away and night was coming on before he landed at the foot of Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and interviewed Captain Jinks of the Merry Sal.

"Can you charter me to find a house boat in Princess bay tonight?" repeated Captain Jinks as he bent his head to scratch the back of his neck. "Yes, sir, I reckon you can if you've got a twenty dollar bill about you. You've got a schooner right here which is not much to look at compared with some schooners, but if there is anything on land or water that she can't pick up I'd like to see it. That's her great holt, young man—picking up things. There's goin' to be a fog tonight as sure's you live, but if I don't hit that house boat plumb center before midnight then I'll never sing gospel hymns off Cape Hatteras ag'in."

Harold Strong closed with the offer. The crew of the Merry Sal consisted of the captain and a lunkhead of a young man and a boy of ten who had run away from home and was trying a life on the billows. The captain looked upon the artist as a husband pursuing an eloping wife; the lunkhead looked upon him as an idiot for giving up $20 when the captain would have taken $10, and the runaway boy figured it out that he was some sort of grafter escaping from the police.

The opinion of the crew did not affect Mr. Strong, however. He helped to cast off the schooner and cant her head the right way and hoist the mainsail, and presently she was careering down the bay and avoiding as many statues of Liberty, men-of-war and Staten Island docks as she conveniently could. What she couldn't avoid she crawled over until she struck deep water on the other side. She struck the fog at Fort Hamilton, and then the anxious artist asked:

"Captain, isn't this going to make it difficult for us to find the house boat?"

"Not at all, my son—not at all," was the confident reply. "I told you we should have a fog, but that it would make no difference. The Merry Sal is a-sailin' of herself. She's a-follerin' of her own nose. I've told her that I want her to hit a house boat called the Colony Damned, and she'll do it or never look me in the face again."

"The Colonial Dame is the name of the boat," corrected the artist.

"Well, I got near enough to it for the schooner to understand what is wanted. You just enjoy yourself and don't worry. Lord, but I wish you really knowed what a nose this craft has got for smellin' out other boats and things! One night I was comin' around Sandy Hook in such darkness that I couldn't see my hand before my face. I didn't know whether the Hook was five rods or five miles off. I left it all to Sal, and what did she do? Why, she smelled her way along and went ashore so high and dry that I got off without wettin' my feet. Show me another craft that can do the trick. No, sir, you needn't worry one least bit. I'll hit that house boat inside of another hour if the wind holds."

Aboard the Colonial Dame all had gone well. She had been towed down to the bay and anchored. The sculptor felt that the game was in his hands and was determined to win. He counted on a moonlight night, rippling waters, wavelets softly tunking against the sides of the boat, poetry, sighs and the soft strain of music floating over the waters from some summer resort where sandwiches sold at 15 cents each. The fog came and blotted out the moonlight. It was too damp to sit on deck, and the artist's sister accompanied them down in the cabin, and his suit did not advance. At 10 o'clock the house boat rocked silently on the waters with all on board retired. At about that hour also the captain of the Merry Sal was saying to Harold Strong as they walked the quarterdeck together:

"Yes, sir, the Sal has got a nose on her, and there is really no use for me to carry a compass. I've told her to smell out that ere boat of yours, and she's a-doin' it. I'm reckonin' she'll hit it within fifteen minits. Why, I could turn in right now and feel that if that boat of yours is anywhere on Princess bay the Sal would hit her within"—

The Sal hit her. Whether she was guided by Providence, the lunkhead of a young man or by her nose may never be known, but as a matter of fact she suddenly crashed into the Colonial Dame and cut her down to the water's edge.

There were shouts and screams and yells of confusion. It seemed for a moment as if all on board the house boat must be drowned, but luck was with them. The tide had gone out and there were only three feet of water under her keel, the crew of the Sal were active on the bows of their craft, and the artist went overboard at the first crash and fished around until he found the right party and then saved her in a sopping, but uninjured state. He also magnanimously extended a saving hand to his rival and to his future mother-in-law, and as he piloted them to the sandy Jersey beach and counted heads to find all present and accounted for he was hailed from the departing schooner with:

"Well, good night, young man. I told you the Sal had a nose on her and would hit this 'ere house boat in the darkest night, and you see I am a mariner who speaks the truth. Good night all. Take the Merry Sal when you want a schooner with a smeller on her."

The Art of Begging.

The head waiter of a famous New York restaurant said the other day:

"A few nights ago, after having charge of a very large dinner, I started for home. My way led me through West Seventy-second street, where, late as it was, I saw a little girl only a few years old sitting on the lower step of a private stoop, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped to ask her what was the matter, and she told me that she had got lost uptown, that she knew where she lived—in Sixteenth street—and that if she only had car fare she could get back there. Being in a hurry, I gave her a quarter and started to pass on.

"The moment the kid got the coin she jumped up and ran away around the corner like lightning. I never before saw any one disappear so quickly. It dawned on me at once that I had been 'dead easy.' Of course she was simply a well trained little actress and had taken the quarter to her father or mother, who was in hiding near by. It's an outrageous shame that a little child should be trained up in that way."—New York Post.

Some Strange Customs.

A very interesting account is given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula in Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter or his near relatives have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

Just the Thing.

Young Lady (to clerk in bookstore)—I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something? Clerk (promptly)—"A Half Century of Conflict."—Life.

She Knew "Hamlet."

Every one has a point of view, as a serious minded young Englishwoman found out when she propounded to some working girls a scheme for Shakespeare readings. "Hamlet" was to be the first topic, and she dealt out to the girls some copies and awaited comments. The first came from a girl belonging to that immense army of bookfolders so familiar to all frequenters of working girls' clubs. "Oh, I know this well," she said in a superior tone. "Really?" said the gratified teacher. "Is it your favorite play?" The girl looked at her pityingly. "Lor', I ain't read it!" she chuckled. "We stock 'em at our place. I've 'ad 'undreds through my 'ands. 'Amlet? Sick to death of 'im!"

BLAZING METEORS.

The Short Lived Splendor of a Shooting Star.

A small body as large as a paving stone or not as large as a marble is moving round the sun. Just as a mighty planet revolves in an ellipse, so this small object will move round and round in an ellipse, with the sun in the focus. There are at the present moment inconceivable myriads of such meteors moving in this manner. They are too small and too distant for our telescopes, and we can never see them except under extraordinary circumstances.

At the time we see the meteor it traverses a distance of more than twenty miles a second. Such a velocity is almost impossible near the earth's surface. The resistance of the air would prevent it. Aloft in the emptiness of space there is no air to resist it.

In the course of its wanderings the body may come near the earth and within a few hundred miles of its surface, of course, begins to encounter the upper surface of the atmosphere with which the earth is inclosed. To a body moving with the appalling velocity of a meteor, a plunge into the atmosphere is usually fatal. Even though the upper layers of air are excessively attenuated, yet they suddenly check the velocity, almost as a rifle bullet would be checked when fired into water. As a meteor rushes through the atmosphere the friction of the air warms its surface; gradually it becomes red hot, then white hot and is finally driven off into the vapor with a brilliant light, while we on the earth, one or two hundred miles below, exclaim:

"Oh, look! There is a shooting star."

A FISH HOOK.

The One You Should Buy and the Test You Should Try.

The most common flaw is the temper of the hook. Some hooks are brittle and break easily. There are other hooks still that bend, and bend so easily that they "straighten" on every big fish, and yet other hooks that bend, but bend so hard that a big fish never flexes them, and they only straighten and come away when the full tension of the line is laid upon them if caught on a tough snag or tree bough. These last are the hooks to buy—if you can find them—and the hard breaking hooks classifies next in merit. Tests by the eye are quite useless, as so many hooks carry exactly the same tints in blue or black. Test the hook instead by the hand, catching the point in a firm bit of wood and trying it out both by the hard, firm pull and by the jerk. Watch particularly in this trial for weakness at the foot of the barb, where the wire is apt to be attenuated overmuch and the whole point give way on a strong fish, especially if hooked in bone or very hard gristle. What vasty depths of angling profanity, in spirit if not in word, have been stirred in boat and on bank when the pointless hook comes away from the hard played fish must be left to memory.—Outing Magazine.

Telling Time by Flowers.

"With a little time and labor it would be possible to construct a garden whose flowers would combine to make a first rate clock," said the botanist. "It is 5 a. m. when the sow thistle opens," he continued. "It is 5:30 when the dandelion opens. It is 7 when the white lily opens. It is 8 when the hawkweed opens. At 11:12 a. m. the sow thistle closes. At noon precisely the yellow goat's beard closes. At 2 p. m. the hawkweed closes. At 5 the white lily closes. The dandelion closes at 8 sharp. Since Pliny's time forty-six flowers have been known to open and shut with great punctuality at certain hours of the day and night."

Bills of Different Birds.

The bill of the canary is built for crushing seeds—has strength, but in many of the doves the bill is slender and weak. Many of the pigeons and doves that feed on seeds have gizzards that are large and muscular—crushing and grinding being accomplished in that way.

It is difficult to say how much birds experience taste, probably in a small degree. Ducks and parrots have soft, fleshy tongues, but in most birds much of the tongue is sheathed in horn. Food may be selected by intuition as to what is wholesome, more than by taste.—St. Nicholas.

Purity of Milk.

In Paris the municipal chemists accept milk as pure when it contains one ounce of butter and four ounces of solids per quart. At Bern milk must contain at least 3 per cent of butter and may contain 90 per cent of water. At Berlin the police seize all milk offered for sale which is below the legally required standard of 2.7 per cent of fatty matters. This allows the dairymen to add with safety from 10 to 13 per cent of water to fairly rich milk.

Safer.

"Of course, I don't want to criticise, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.'"

"Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Old Clock.

The great clock at Rouen has been measuring time and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years and, it is said, has been running all this time without interruption.

Modern Gallantry.

The Man (in the street car)—Take my seat, madam. The Woman—Thank you, but I also get out at the next corner.—Chicago News.

Calumny is the worst of evils. In it there are two who commit injustice and one who is injured.—Herodotus.

Kept His Word.

"Be mine!" he cried in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!"

But the heartless girl refused him. That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.

A Pretty Figure.

"Is she very lovely?"

"Ah! I can give you no idea how very lovely except that it is between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000."

ROMAN MILLIONAIRES.

The Phenomenon of Mammoth Fortunes Not a New Thing.

While it is not a very tangible consolation to those of us who belong to the less favored class commercially, there is at least a sort of historic comfort in knowing that the phenomenon of mammoth fortunes is not a new thing.

A magazine writer goes back to ancient Rome, when there were no railroads or trusts or corporations, and gives some figures on the individual fortunes of that day which might look attractive even to some of our modern plutocrats.

Seneca, the philosopher and author, was worth $17,500,000; Lentulus, the augur, $16,600,000; Crassus, the politician who formed with Caesar and Pompey the first triumvirate, had a landed estate of more than $8,000,000; the emperor Tiberius left a fortune of $118,000,000, which the depraved Caligula got rid of in less than a year. A dozen others had possessions that ran into the millions.

It is true that these Romans did not "make" these fortunes in what we would call regular commercial operations. But they got the money, and they held on to it, which is about all that can safely be said of possessions that run into seven figures in any age or country.

And, speaking of campaign contributions and so forth, Julius Caesar once presented the consul Paulus with $290,000 merely as a token of esteem and coupled with the hope that Paulus would do the right thing in a certain political matter that was pending. The argument was effective with Paulus, and neither he nor Caesar suffered any in popularity.

There are many things under the sun that are not new.—Omaha World-Herald.

NAILED TO THE CROSS.

The Two Thieves That Were Crucified With the Saviour.

In nine out of ten pictures of the crucifixion where Christ's two companions in death are represented they are pictured as having been fastened to the cross with thongs or cords. The question naturally arises, Were the thieves in reality bound to their different instruments of torture while the blessed Saviour was nailed to his? And, if so, which mode of death was considered the more ignominious—binding or nailing? The remoteness of the event and the fact that in this case historical truth may have been sacrificed to pictorial effect make the above questions hard ones to answer. The early writers almost invariably refer to the thieves as having been nailed to the cross, while the early picture makers adhered to the general rule of representing them as having been tied or bound to their separate crosses.

If we are to give any credence to the story of the holy Empress Helen and her reputed discovery of the three crosses in the year 328 A. D., the two thieves were nailed to their crosses in a manner similar to that observed in the crucifixion of the Saviour. This conclusion has been settled upon for this reason: When the three crosses were disinterred from the mound in which tradition said they had been buried, that upon which Christ had suffered was only distinguished from the other two by the miracles it performed. This would certainly suffice to prove that all three of the instruments of torture bore similar nail marks and that the tradition of Christ being the only one nailed was not known at that time.—St. Louis Republic.

A Heavy Sample.

Sometimes the rigors of patent office procedure are not without their humorous side. A New York attorney filed an application for improvements in a centrifugal pump. The patent office declared the invention inoperative and demanded a working model. The patent office was requested to send an examiner to Trenton to inspect the machine in actual operation. This the patent office refused to do. The attorney, therefore, politely sent a seven ton pump to the patent office—sent it, moreover, from Trenton to satisfy a skeptical examiner. Twenty-one men were required to get it into the examiner's office.—Scientific American.

Titles In Germany.

The question of title is one of the most delicate in Germany, a fact of which the stranger is constantly reminded in intercourse with the people, particularly with the women. Frau Professor, Frau Director, Frau Doctor, are most particular about their husband's titles being attached to their own names, but when it comes to military circles it is different, and both men and women protest vigorously against this sharing of titles. Lieutenant von B. objects to having his wife addressed as Frau Lieutenant, which title belongs as well to the wife of Lieutenant Schmidt or Haff of a less aristocratic regiment.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A WONDER OF JAPAN.

The Famous Castle of the Gold Dolphins at Nishma.

Is the novel castle at Nishma, Japan, the palace which Marco Polo described in his tale of the marvels of far Cathay as covered with gold slabs? At the ends of the ridge of the pyramidal structure are large solid gold dolphins. Beneath the pile is a well which is literally a salted gold mine. It is gold lined and will hold sufficient water to supply 5,000 persons. The dolphins, which were placed on the top several centuries ago, have excited the curiosity of foreign relic hunters, as any one might imagine they would. So many have climbed to the top of the high structure to discover by testing if they are real gold that the dolphins have become seriously disfigured. Strong steel wire bags have been put over them to prevent further vandalism.

Only by good fortune does one of these dolphins still grace the old castle. A number of years ago it was taken down and sent to Vienna for exhibition at the world's fair held there as a rare specimen of ancient Japanese art. The vessel on which it was being returned sank, and it lay at the bottom of the sea for several years in spite of every attempt to raise it. Persistence was rewarded at last, for it was finally recovered and placed again in its old position.

The castle is used by the emperor of Japan as his headquarters during the army and navy reviews. State balls are also held there.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WHALE'S SENSES.

Ability of the Ponderous Animal to Hear Under Water.

It seems perfectly evident that whales must hear when in the water, says the London Field. This inference is confirmed by the comparatively small development of the other sense organs. The eye, for instance, is very small and can be of little use even at the comparatively small depths to which whales are now believed to descend.

Again, the sense of smell, judging by the rudimentary conditions of the olfactory organs, must be in abeyance, and whales have no sense organs comparable to the lateral line system of fishes. Consequently it would seem that when below the surface of the water they must depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing. Probably this sense is so highly developed as to enable the animals in the midst of the vibrations made by the screwlike movements of the tail or flukes to distinguish the sound (or vibrations) made by the impact of the water against the rocks even in a dead calm, and, in the case of piscivorous species, to recognize by the pulse in the water the presence of shoal fish.

Failing in this explanation, it is difficult to imagine how whales can find their way about in the semidarkness and avoid collisions with rocks and rockbound coasts.

LAUGHTER.

Even if It Be Emotional Insanity, Let Us Have Plenty of It.

Some English scientist has reached the conclusion that laughter is insanity. He regards a fit of laughter as an emotional insanity of short duration. All right, then, give us a little more insanity. There is not laughter enough in the world—at least the right kind of laughter. We will let the Englishmen keep their faces straight if they want to, but it befits the American civilization better to break out into laughter once in awhile. Laughter is good for the facial muscles. It develops the muscles of the neck as well as the face. It makes the corners of the mouth turn upward instead of downward. It gives the wrinkles of the face a pleasing outline, quickens the action of the heart and gives new life to the nerve centers. Yes, we can afford to let the Englishman look wise and idiotic if he wants to. He can stare with fish eyed bigotry whenever a joke is perpetrated, never allowing a ripple of merriment to disturb the placidity of his countenance. He can do all these things that he wishes to, but let us go on laughing. This kind of insanity mixes very well with sanity and prosaic life. A little burst of emotional insanity breaks nicely the monotony of facts and figures.—Medical Talk.

A Picture of Tennyson.

A writer who once saw Lord Tennyson on the platform of a railway station says of him: "He would have been tall, but his shoulders seemed somewhat bent. His hair was long; so was his beard. He wore an ugly Inverness cape and a large slouch hat. He looked like a bandit in a melodrama, and I thought him some poor actor who had come out in some of the stage properties. He seemed so sad I felt quite sorry for him as I watched him walk up and down the platform."

Fiction.

Legitimately produced and truly inspirited, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinet of characters, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive and cheers age, retirement and invalidism with an available and harmless solace.—Tuckerman.

Little Willie's Surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Blank recently moved from the city to the suburbs. The first night in their new home their five-year-old son climbed into bed as soon as he was undressed.

"Willie," said his mother, "haven't you forgotten to say your prayers?"

"Why, mamma," he replied, "is God way out here too?"—Judge.

Foresight.

Winebiddle—I hear that you dictated to your new typist an impassioned love letter to another girl. Gildersleeve—Yes, it was a fictitious sweetheart. I wanted to nip in the bud any designs she might have on me in a matrimonial way.—London Mail.

Give Up.

When a burglar asks the conundrum, "Where's your money?" it is generally the wisest plan to give it up.

MAKING PORCELAIN.

The Most Exciting and Romantic Trade In the World.

The maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world.

The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel, but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution, which culminated in the episode, used in H. A. Jones' play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glaze which he had sought throughout the best years of his life.

Bottgher invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist, and one day, chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy, he inquired the cause and found that the weight was due to the kaolin with which the wig was powdered. This kaolin was the substance for lack of which Bottgher's investigations had for years failed.

When Elers opened a porcelain factory at Burslem he employed none but the most stupid and illiterate workmen, so that his secret processes might not become known. But Samuel Astbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and, affecting ignorance and stupidity, he got a place in the factory, mastered all of Elers' secrets and eventually opened a plant of his own, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.—Exchange.

MANY, MANY DOCTORS.

A Sixteenth Century Wager That Might Be Won Today.

The story is told in Joubert's "Popular Errors Concerning Medicine," published at Bordeaux, France, in 1579, that one Gonelle, a jester at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, insisted once upon a time that the trade which had the most followers was that of doctor. To prove his assertion he left his home one morning to go to the palace with his nightcap on and his jaws wrapped up. The first person he met stopped him with the question, "What is the matter with you, Gonelle?" "A terrible toothache." "Oh, is that all? I'll tell you what will cure it." And every person he met had some advice to give him.

When the jester reached the duke's chamber, the same question and answer were repeated. "Ah," said the prince, "I know of something that will take the pain right away." Gonelle instantly threw up his kerchief, saying: "And you, too, monseigneur, are a doctor? I have only passed through one street in coming from my house to you and have counted more than 200 of them. I believe I could find 10,000 in the city." Whether the story is true or false, it could be told again in our days, and Gonelle would win his wager without dispute.

The Stars Were Once Human Eyes.

The most remarkable belief or superstition concerning the human eye is one that is current in Australia. Among the natives of that country it is the general belief that the left eye of every chief becomes a star the moment the chief in question is done with it. The sun, they say, is the eye of the "greater god" and the moon the eye of the "lesser god." All the stars were once the left optics of human beings of high rank. Shungle, a celebrated chief, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliancy of his own "eye star." But the eye burned through Shungle's belly and killed him, whereupon his own left eye became joined to the one he had eaten, and the two may now be seen as a beautiful double star lying just to the east of the Southern Cross.

Liquid Corn.

An easterner was prospecting in the north Georgia mountains when he came on a native apparently clinging to the side of a steep hill tilling corn.

The prospector stopped for a chat, and the mountaineer, nothing loath for a rest in the shade from his fatiguing toil, was agreeable.

"Say, friend, how in the world do you get the corn down off that hillside after it is ready for harvest?" asked the stranger.

"In jugs," was the laconic and probably truthful reply.—Atlanta Georgian.

Seals Learning to Swim.

Young seals do not know how to swim. They have to become gradually accustomed to the water either by entering it to paddle about by themselves or by being carried into it in their mothers' jaws. They have great fear of the waves that break into foam, and as soon as they see one approaching take to flight in terror and do not turn round until they have ascended to a very high place above the sea.

It Happens.

"You are a very successful prophet," we said. "Will you tell us the secret of your success?"

"Certainly," the sage replied in a kindly tone. "As it is always the unexpected that happens, I merely prophesy the unexpected."—American Spectator.

The Word "Capsize."

Etymologists are driven to pure conjecture to explain the origin of the word "capsize." One of them suspects that it comes from the Spanish language, as so many sailors' words do, and may be connected with "cabecear," to nod the head in sleep or to pitch as a ship, and with "capuzar un baxel," to sink a ship by the head—"cabeza" meaning head. Another guess—based on the fact that "capsize" is an English dialect word for moving a hogshead by turning it over alternately on to its two heads—is that the word is simply "cap," a head, and "seize."

Kept Up the Wailing.

In Abyssinia it was once the habit of complainants to stand before the door of the king's palace, loudly appealing to his majesty for help. "So accustomed is the king," wrote one traveler, "to these querulous tones of sorrow that when the rains prevent such as are really distressed from repairing to the capital a set of vagrants is provided whose object it is to raise the cry of artificial sorrow lest he should feel a lonely quietness."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1906.

THE MEAT BILL.

A long conference between President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon, the latter representing the House Committee on Agriculture last Monday, resulted in a full and satisfactory agreement on the contested points in the meat bill, which guaranteed its enactment and final settlement. Both the President and Speaker Cannon cordially accepted the changes made in the provisions in controversy, and were pleased with the results of their conference on the bill.

Nearly all of the President's contentions were accepted, and changes agreed to that will make the law as effective as it was possible to frame one and insure a radical reform in the business of the Chicago butchers and packers. Provision for an annual appropriation of $3,000,000 to pay the cost of inspection, and the President's insistance for the elimination of the Court review feature were adopted.

It would seem that a stronger law for the protection of the consumers of meat products could hardly have been enacted, or proposed to be, than that determined on by Roosevelt and Cannon.

A GOOD REPORT.

The report submitted by the bribery committee of the Legislature last Friday to the main bodies, after a month's earnest work, was an able one, and, also, eminently just and proper. It will do good, for it is convincing of the fact that all the wild, irresponsible and reprehensible talk about bribery and corruption in the Legislature is, and has been, false, unjust, and prejudicial to the good name of our State.

The report recommends the expulsion of one member who, in substance, offered bribes to fellow members during the pendency of the bucketshop bill, and censure of another. After all the thorough and exhaustive probing done only these two members were found to be implicated in the dishonest work.

The reasons given by the committee for a secret investigation, instead of a public one, for which a few papers and people clamored, were sound and conclusive, and everybody should now see that they took the right course of proceedure.

The report notifies the country at large that Massachusetts Legislatures are honest, and can be relied on to discharge their public duties in a conscientious and cleanhanded manner.

☞ Several New England cities are to have lower tax rates this year on account of the increase in manufacturing. It would be interesting to take straws on reciprocity in these places.—*Boston Globe.*

Not to Eugene Foss; straws of that sort are not agreeable to him. By the way, a Boston paper said, the other day, that Mr. Foss is deliberating the question with himself whether to strive for the Republican nomination for Congress in his District this Fall, or go over to the Democracy and help John B. Moran in his campaign to win the Governorship.

☞ The Bunker Hill Day celebration at Charlestown was spoiled by rain last Monday and thousands of people were disappointed. As was the case in 1905 the electrical parade, the great feature of the day, had to be postponed until last evening, June 21, and the programme of the day was seriously interfered with by cold and wet. Beginning Saturday evening and continuing until Tuesday, the storm might well be regarded and named the hardest of the season. Many Woburn people went to Charlestown to enjoy the celebration, but failed to find much pleasure or comfort in it.

☞ Last Wednesday Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city, who is President of the Boston Marchants Club, and until recently, for a dozen years, or more, was Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, delivered an address at a convention held by the Massachusetts Bankers Association in Boston last Wednesday and Thursday, on "The Merchant Clientele." Mr. Preston is a prominent figure in financial and mercantile circles and, although a young man, is influential in business affairs of the State.

☞ Tom Lawson broke out anew last Monday on alleged graft by members of the Legislature, but the impression it made on the public was by no means profound. He is great on open letters, only few of which are read, and none of them carrying much, if any, weight.

☞ It is predicted that Congressman Butler Ames of the Fifth District will find rough sailing in his efforts for another nomination this summer, Tomahawks are out for his scalp. But he has dead loads of money, and that talks in these degenerate times.

☞ Sam Mills of the Boston *Globe*, the most venerable journalist in that city, entered on the 83d year of his existence last Wednesday, hale, hearty and full of ginger. Few men of his age are as handy with the pencil as he is. Shake, Samuel!

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dauchy & Co.—Food Co.
F. C.S. Bank—Notice.
C. A. Jones—Citation.
Wo. Nat. Bank—Statement.

— Gypsy moths are quite scarce in Ward 6.

— Mary Bustead and Mary T. Forbes are at Jefferson, N. H.

— Mrs. Charles Grammer visited her sister Mrs. Wm. Wade last Saturday.

— It is high time that this city had a new directory. The present one is misleading.

— At last accounts, the tame deer that has been seen in this city lately was in Malden.

— Mrs. Warren N. Blake of Abbott street attended the Tufts College Class Day on June 15.

— Elizabeth McDermott is at the White Mountains where she will spend the vacation season.

— Miss Mary Mahoney, bookkeeper at Mr. Thomas Moore's store, is passing her vacation at Lenox.

— The Sons of Veterans propose to take their annual electric car ride to Revere Beach this evening.

— Mayor Linscott has a large, fine new auto. For further particulars see late issue of Haggerty's *Times*.

— Policemen Philip A. McKenna and Clarence H. Keane are away on their annual vacation of two weeks.

— Native strawberries are plenty and cheap in this city. They need a little more sunshine, or warmer nights.

— The Kings Daughters of First church meet with Miss Bertha L. Cutler, 11 Plympton street, this evening.

— Frank Hardy and Nick McGilvray of this city have opened a skating establishment at Peake's Island, Portland.

— Refreshments were served at the annual reception of the Little Light Bearers at the M. E. church yesterday afternoon.

— Mrs. Charles March and son Stirling of Washington, D. C., have been visiting Rev. Dr. March on Mishawum Road.

— Mrs. Dr. Kelley has been entertaining a collegemate from the West, and with her enjoyed some of the exercises at Wellesley.

— Last Monday was not an ideal day for grove picnics and gaities of that nature, and several of them were indefinitely postponed.

— Percy Strout, Lester and Walter Hartshorne and Chester Holland spent the 17th of June at Harpswell, Maine, and enjoyed it hugely.

— Some of the patent leather factories of N. W. have materially slacked up production lately. The proprietors hope for a revival soon.

— Mrs. Anna M. Conway, widow of the late Dr. James H. Conway, and sister of Mrs. James W. McDonald, visited here early this week.

— Miss Amelia McFarland, who has been ill for a long time is now staying with her niece, Mrs. Allie Carleton, at East Whitman.

— The first openair concert of the present summer is to be given by the Woburn Brass Band on the Common next Thursday evening, June 28.

— Cecil T. Duncan of Academy Hill was married to Miss Henrietta M. Perkins of Roxbury last Thursday evening, at the home of the bride.

— The St. Charles Parochial school is to hold its graduating exercises on Wednesday, June 27. A large class of young ladies will receive diplomas on that date.

— Post 33, G. A. R., are proud of the new arrangements for getting to their Hall in the third story of the building to be occupied by the Burnes furniture store.

— A committee consisting of Mayor Linscott and Aldermen Connolly, Buchanan and C. H. Jaquith visited the Edison electric offices in Boston yesterday in the interests of the city.

— Glorious Fourth is to be celebrated in this city by baseball games and entertainment for children. For these and incidentals the City Fathers have appropriated the sum of $200.

— The Social Workers of Montvale held a strawberry festival in the chapel yesterday. The societies of the chapel church are busybodies, always at work doing something for the good Cause.

— The Board of Health, by their Agent, John Lynch, and Dr. Stuart are looking officially after the sanitary conditions of our local provision markets, and condition of the goods therein.

— Mr. Benjamin S. Hinckley, who has, for several years, been in the employ of a Montana Railroad Company as Civil Engineer, has left there and become a resident of Hartford, Conn.

— Several parties have applied to Waldo Thompson, the owner, for the stores to be vacated by M. A. Burnes on July 1, on rental for terms of years; but he is not quite ready yet to let them.

— The patent leather factories in this city, of which there are many, are curtailing the product of each to some extent on account of the high price of leather and something of a glut in the market.

— Rev. Frank P. Johnson, who is supplying an Episcopal pulpit at Marblehead this summer, will enter on his duties as Assistant to the Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Boston, about Oct. 1.

— W. W. Crosby, Edward F. Wyer, Willard K. Fowle, Hugh J Walker were the delegates from the Innitou Canoe Club to the meeting of the Eastern Division of the A. C. A at Middleboro last week.

— Upwards of 150 couple attended the June Festival of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. last Friday night, which was one of the most enjoyable the Society have yet held. Dancing to fine music was continued to well into the night.

— The weather for a month past has not been favorable to the filling out of peapods and the ripening of strawberries. There have been a few very hot days and many cold ones, and the nights, as a rule, have been unusually frigid.

— Class '06 of the High School are to hold their postgraduate party in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, June 29. The parts Prophesy and History will be omitted from the exercises, which are to consist of social intercourse and dancing.

— Last Saturday afternoon Lawrence Cummings, a conductor on the Lowell & Boston trolley cars, fell from a car near Oak Grove cemetery in Medford while climbing to the top of it, broke one of his wrists, and perhaps received internal injuries.

— Cold nights since June came in have retarded the growth of vegetation quite a good deal. The weather—hot days and cold nights—has been prime for ague and billiousness—an excellent promoter of those disorders; but small fruit and early vegetables have had a hard time of it this month. Grass and potatoes, though, have done quite well.

— Note carefully the new timetable of the No. Woburn and Lowell Division of the B. & N. St. Railroad.

— About 200 gallery tickets for the High School graduating exercises will be distributed at the box office Tuesday evening for adults only.

— As predicted by the JOURNAL some time ago, the Saugus baseball team won the High School League cup, and all that these words imply.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— On next Wednesday, June 27, the Fifth Mass. Infantry Association are to hold a reunion at Wakefield Rev. Dr. Williams has been invited to be a guest of the Woburn members.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson of this city will preach at Trinity church on Sunday evening. The choir will sing Shelley's "Hark, Hark My Soul" and Miss Locke will sing a soprano solo.

— Lawyer George W. Norris and Mrs. Norris were at Concord and Pittsfield, N. H., from last Friday to the following Tuesday and enjoyed the ride and visit among friends and relatives in each place very much. Esquire Norris also had some legal business to attend to at Concord.

— Per courtesy of Principal Owen of the High School the JOURNAL is in possession of passes to the graduating exercises of Class '06 of that institution of learning which are to be held in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening next, June 26. The courtesy is hereby acknowledged and thanks returned.

— The English sparrows are doing their part towards exterminating the moth caterpillars. They do not take the large worms, but small ones are picked up by the busy little fellows and taken to the nests of the young ones They work early and late, and set a pattern that other bipeds might well follow.

— Work in the public schools has come pretty close to a finish for the present school year. Only the picking up of odds and ends occupy the time and attention of teachers and pupils these blessed June days, for the "last day of school" (O. S.) will be reached on June 26, and ho! for the long summer vacation.

— Spring lamb and homemade green peas were not greatly in evidence on Bunker Hill Day—the season has been too backward for maturing both of those luxuries, but they will come some time to make people happy. A few persons have reported these dainties for their 17th of June dinner, but the privilege was not generally enjoyed.

— Alderman Connolly, Wallace and Assessor Fred J. Rice are the committee on children's 4th of July entertainment, for which the Council appropriated $150; and Ald. Feeney and Aylward, and Clerk of Committees Wilford D. Gray, are the committee on baseball, for which an appropriation of $50 was made. Several ball teams are to enter for the prizes that the committee will offer.

— B. & M. Engineer Charles Chase of Church avenue accepted the hearty invitation of Mr. E. B. Lamprey, also of Church avenue, local Agent of the American Express Co., to take dinner with him at Rye Beach, Hampton, last Sunday, Bunker Hill Day. Mr. Lamprey's ancestral home is less than an arrow's flight from Little Boar's Head, Hampton, and it is fair to presume that the two worthy gentlemen had a good time that day.

— What with the Boston and Lowell via North Woburn; the Lowell & Woburn to Boston; the Stoneham, Melrose, etc.; the Reading; and the Lexington, lines of street railway here, this city may, with the utmost propriety be pronounced a trolley centre. Then, when are added some 24 B. & M. steam railroad trains daily each way between Woburn and Boston, or 48 in all, our inhabitants can hardly find reason for complaining of a lack of traveling facilities to and from the Hub of the Universe.

— Hon. George F. Bean, Superintendent of First church Sunday School, in an address to the pupils last Sunday, Children's Day, paid a warm tribute to the memory of Lillian May Harrington, whose death, the week before, was so deeply and universally lamented She was one of the finest and best students of his school; amiable, lovable, and loved by all, and rendered particularly dear to Supt. Bean by her rare qualities of head and heart. His eulogy was a fitting tribute to the virtues of a beautiful girl.

— Loud and continuous complaint is made at the lax way our streets are alleged to be watered. The business men on Main street are kept in a constant state of keenly smarting irritation by the dust, and their inability to find out where the blame lies, and who ought to be blown sky high for neglect of duty in this important regard. We suspect that a good share of the blame should be laid at the door of the Board of Public Works. There will be a riot along the streets pretty soon if better watering is not speedily attended to.

— A vacation atmosphere is beginning to make itself felt in these parts The 4th of July will be upon us in less than a fortnight, and business feels its near approach. Preparations for the annual summer outings at seasides and mountains are being considered, and almost before we know it, certainly before it is fully realized, the days and weeks of rest and recreation will come, greatly to be enjoyed, we hope. Reports of departures will be duly and promptly recorded in the JOURNAL if kindly furnished by our readers and friends.

— The funeral of Charles Williams, mason, who was killed by an automobile at Winthrop Square, Medford, last Thursday evening week, was held in the parlor of the Central House, where he boarded many years, at 2.30 p. m. last Sunday. Messrs. B. A. & C. E. Tripp, undertakers, had charge of it. For 15 years Mr. Williams had sat at the same table at the Central House, and was seldom absent from it He was highly esteemed by everyone acquainted with him. City Civil Engineer Jones went to Medford and took measurements of the scene where the fatal accident occurred.

— Mr. Charles Sumner Jones, a Veteran of the Civil War, and a citizen well known and respected in this community, died at his home, 239 Montvale avenue, at 1.30 a. m., Thursday, June 21, 1906.

— Among the graduates from Tufts College this week were John Paul Janes of Woburn Bachellor of Science Electrical Engineering; and John E. Talty of Woburn, Doctor of Dental Medicine. The number of graduates from the various departments was 226.

— The Sunday Schools of the Baptist and Methodist churches will unite in a union picnic at Milligan's grove, Wilmington, June 27. Cars will start from the churches at 9 o'clock. If it rains the picnic will be the day following. Adults 15 and children 10 cents.

— Proprietors, clerks, salesmen et al. have had a good rest this week, namely: Sunday, nearly all day Monday; Wednesday afternoon and evening, and snatches of ease between meals. We are unable to discover any valid reason these good people have for complaining of overwork.

— By politeness of Mrs. Joanna Converse of Middlesex street we enjoyed the privilege the other day of examining a copy of the May number of "The New San Francisco Magazine," which she received from her brother shortly before, and were well pleased with it. It gave "The Story of the Great Conflagration," with innumerable pictures of before and after that calamity.

— The First church Y. P. S. C. E. were compelled by circumstances over which they had no control, to wit, a rainstorm, to hold their Bunker Hill Day picnic, June 18—the real date of the Battle was on the 17th—in the vestry of the church. The plan was to hold it at Shaker Glen, a charming spot between Russell and Lexington streets, easily comatable by trolley cars, but the rain prevented, and an indoor picnic was the result. But the young people had a good time, as they deserved to have, and later, if so disposed, can take to the woods and glens for a second edition of last Monday's pleasant affair.

— The finest kind of weather was provided for the Unitarian Lawn Party last Wednesday afternoon and evening on the resident grounds of Hon. E D. Hayden, Warren avenue. The afternoon session lasted from 3 to 6, and the evening from 7 to 10, both of which were well attended. The price of tickets was 50 cents for the season, 25 for afternoon, and 35 for evening. These figures were moderate, considering their purchasable power. The attractions consisted of whist, games, dancing, music, and incidentals. Judging from the size of the party, the Unitarian ladies must have cleaned up a nice big pot of money.

— The *Star* of that town complains editorially of an absence of 4th of July celebration enthusiasm in Winchester. It laments the seeming coldness in regard to it, and hopes indifference will not result in a total loss of Indepen dence Day jollity and patriotic fun for the town's esteemed citizens and others. Of late years Winchester has been famous for the magnitude and brilliancy of its 4th of July celebrations; it has won well merited credit from other places for its success in this line; and it would really be next to deplorable for it to fail to come up to its usual high standard this year, especially as the enterprise was launched so auspiciously.

— It is the opinion of Mr. Warren N. Blake of Abbott street, based on careful investigation, that the gypsy and browntail moths are not so numerous this year as they were last, and the havoc made by them in denuding trees of their foliage is less. He says that the moths, while given somewhat to feeding on pine spines, although preferring a daintier and more nutritious food, refuse the leaves of the ash; but that, deprived of their favorite dishes, they are apt to tackle almost anything that is eatable and digestable. Corroborative of this view of the case is a report from Mr. Frank Pushee that the moths have attacked and are eating up many of his vegetables.

— Satisfactory progress is being made in building the High School on Montvale avenue, and the work is being done upon honor. Even were there a disposition on the part of the contractor to use material of doubtful quality—which there is not—Com. Kelley could be trusted to head off any design of that character, for he has an eagle eye, and as many of them in his head as Argus of old, and no slighting, by any possibility, could get by him It is promised, and confidently believed, that the house, which is to be as fine as any in the county, will be ready for occupation by Principal Owen and his flock of teachers and pupils by Jan. 1, 1907, which is cheering and comforting.

— J. W. Smith, Director of the New England Section of the U. S. climatological service and Weather Bureau, in his weekly report ending June 18, remarks: The temperature the past week in New England was somewhat lower than during the week of June 5th to 10th, inclusive. The high temperature and warm southerly winds that closed the week ending the 10th, passed off during the morning of the 11th. This warm period was followed during the 11th by cooler west to north winds from an area of high pressure central over the Lake region. This high pressure caused from 8 to 16 degrees lower temperature in New England Monday than prevailed during Sunday.

— The funeral of Lillian May Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Charles H. Harrington, was held at their home last Saturday afternoon. Rev. H. C. Parker and Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Norton conducted the religious exercises. Miss Jennie Trecartin sang two selections. The pallbearers were Roger Eaton, Roland B Dow, Carl Hubbard, Rowen Parker. Many bright and fragrant tokens of love were brought and laid on the casket, among them a spray of pinks from the Y. P. S. C. E, and a spray of roses from the High school, for Lillian was a beautiful girl, a favorite of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and her death in the bloom of life (she was 19 years old) is widely and profoundly mourned.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

— We return thanks to Mr. John Lynch, Secretary of the Board of Health, for a copy of the city reports of 1892.

— Mrs. John W. Francis is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Henry B. Wood at Belmont. She will return to her home at Nashua, N. H., early in the autumn.

— The Song Service at the Congregational church next Sunday evening will be under the leadership of the chorus which furnished the evening music during the winter. Miss Edna Felch will sing solos. The music last Sunday evening was furnished by members of the church choir and was most helpful.

— Miss Mary D. Prior, daughter of Mr. E. Prior, teacher of history in the Woburn High School, and the Misses Jameson sailed from Boston on the steamship Canadian last Wednesday for Liverpool, England. Miss Prior is to tour England and Scotland during her absence abroad, and will return early in September.

— Summer began officially at just 3 o'clock this morning. Which means that at that hour the sun reached its greatest southern declination, or solstitial point. We say summer begins on June 1, but the official beginning is June 22. It is somewhat of a pity that the dates could not be harmonized—the present style being so confusing!

— M. A. Burnes started in last Wednesday on the task of moving his large stock of furniture and household wares from the old store, the Thompson block, to his new one in the Johnson, or G. A. R., building near the JOURNAL plant. When the transfer is completed he will have a business headquarters to be proud of. It affords ample space for his goods—two floors; is as handy and convenient as could be asked for; plenty of light to show off the stocks; immense show windows; and everything shipshape. Mr. Burnes has a big trade in household furnishings, and is a reliable and popular dealer. Success to him!

— A harder rainstorm than that which set in early last Saturday evening and continued without interruption until Monday morning, it would cause the Oldest Inhabitant considerable difficulty to call to mind. The downpour at times was such as to fill the mind with apprehensions of a second flood, and at all times it was truly great. The weather on Monday, the day substituted for June 17, or Bunker Hill Day, the date on which the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought 131 years ago, was anything but what those who celebrated the anniversary wished for, but, with the exception of occasional showers and cold, it was fairly good, and the occasion was observed in the usual patriotic style. That is to say, the celebration at Charlestown was attended by thousands of people from everywhere. In this city business closed quite generally at 10 a. m, and the rest of the day was spent by our people in ways that seemed good in their sight.

— It appears that Woburn is to have another Trust. Not content with the American Hide and Leather Trust, and the injury it has wrought to our leather working population, several prominent residents of this city, with unlimited means, came together last week for the purpose of forming a combination of brains, energy and capital to control local prices of coal, ice and grain, and make more money at the expense of consumers of those necessaries of life. Some of the promoters of this scheme have, in times past, posed as public benefactors; but, while such a course was highly commendable from a moral and philanthropic point of view, from the standpoint of wealth accumulation, it was found to be a failure. This discovery, perhaps, and other potent reasons, may, or may not, have suggested the organization of the trust contemplated as above set forth, and for the purpose of informing the public concerning it this note is penned and published.

— More than a dozen of Miss Maud H. Littlefield's violin and piano pupils gave a recital in the vestry of the First Baptist church last Friday evening and were greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. It was a pronounced success, and the young performers won hearty applause at the close of each of the 16 or 18 programme numbers. The pupils who took part were: Pianists: George P. Alexander, Sara A. Dolan, Raymond W. Brown, Blanche P. Marion, Marie M. Cuneo, Clara I. Marion, Catharine Curtis, Harold G. Marion, Marian Taylor. Violinists: Deborah Curtis, Alfred Marion, Francis L. Dolan, Lotte C. Rice, Carl A. C. Foster, Mary G. Walsh. No musical entertainment has been given here this season that has afforded greater pleasure to a more cultivated audience than that of Miss Littlefield's last Friday evening. Her pupils did splendidly, and their performances on violin and piano were a credit to their industry and to the rare merits of and thorough training by their teacher.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Richardson—Tripp.

Surrounded by friends to the number of 200, standing in an an alcove arched with daisies and greens in the parlor, handsomely decorated for the occasion, of the residence of the bride's parents, No. 2 Eastern avenue, Mr. Almon E. Richardson of Winchester and Miss Angie May Tripp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tripp of this city, were married by Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn, at 7.30 o'clock Wednesday evening, June 20, 1906. Ethel G. Richardson and Alpha B. Lincoln, carried the chain of daisies forming the aisle through which the bride and groom entered the parlor where the nuptial rites were performed. The Wedding March was played by Miss Alice May Huse Nason of Everett, formerly of this city.

Miss Mary E. Conant was bridesmaid, Miss Blanche E. Tripp, a niece of the bride, was flower girl, and Harry G. Richardson, brother of the groom, was best man.

The bride was dressed in white messaline, trimmed with white silk applique. She carried lilies of the valley. The veil was caught up with orange blossoms. A gold brooch, the gift of the groom, and a bracelet, the gift of the bride's grandfather to her grandmother on their wedding day, were worn by the bride.

The bridesmaid's dress was blue silk and she carried sweet peas. The flower girl was in white muslin and bore a basket of sweet peas.

Following the tying of the hymenial knot a reception was held by the wedded pair who were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tripp and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Richardson, parents of each, the mothers being handsomely attired for the occasion. A caterer furnished an elegant repast, and an orchestra played fine music during the evening. The ushers were Ernest M. Richardson, Anthony C. Richardson of Winchester, George E. Tripp of Woburn, Harry Coffin of Marblehead. Guests 250 in number, were present from Buffalo, N. Y., Seattle, Wash., Concord, N. H., Newark, N. J., Auburn, N. H., Melrose, Everett, Newton, Marblehead, Grafton, Hopkinton, Warren, Worcester and Hingham. A Guest Book was one of the features of the event.

The bridal party were given a great number of wedding presents, which were duly admired by the large and fashionable company who filled the beautifully decorated rooms. Among the gifts were a pair of pillow cases of finest linen, the handiwork of the bride's great-grandmother, who also spun the thread and wove the cloth from which the heirloom was made.

Congratulations and the best of wishes followed the bridal couple on their wedding tour.

Tillotson—Estabrook.

On last Wednesday evening, June 20, 1906, at the residence of the bride's parents, 32 Franklin street this city, Mr. Amory A. Tillotson of Chicago, Illinois, and Miss Bertha E. Estabrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Estabrook, were married by Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark, pastor of the Woburn Methodist Episcopal church.

The hymenial knot was tied while the couple stood beneath an arch of pink and white flowers, the colors being in harmony with the decorations of the rooms for the bridal ceremonies. The Wedding March was played by Miss Charlotte Calnan of Somerville.

The bride wore white silk, trimmed with silk applique and lace and cut en train. Her flowers were lilies of the valley. She was attended by Miss Grace E. Tufts, who as bridesmaid wore white muslin over pink silk trimmed with lace and ribbon. She carried pink roses. William L. Estabrook, brother of the bride, was best man.

A large company of the friends of the bride, who is one of the most popular young ladies of this city, and of the Estabrook family were present to witness the nuptial rites, and participate in the reception which the happy pair, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook and Mrs. Edward A. Tillotson of Albany, N. Y., gave after the wedding ceremonies closed.

The bride and groom were the recipients of a great many handsome and costly presents, and showers of warm congratulations from friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson are to reside in Chicago where the groom is engaged in business.

Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50 cents.

Base Ball.

Every team in the July 4th series is confident of winning out.

The Woburn A. C. team and the Zeno A. C. team are keeping them guessing.

At the Park last Saturday Woburn High gave Reading a bad beating, McMahon holding them without a hit until the close of the game. The game scheduled between the St. Charles and North Woburn teams for the $25 prize at the South End picnic and field day was postponed till July 14.

One of the most interesting and exciting games of the season was that played between the Beggs & Cobbs and Murrays teams of the Patent Leather League at the Park last Friday, in which the Beggs & Cobbs team won out in the tenth inning. This game makes an allround tie in the League, each team having won one and lost one. Below is the standing:

	won	lost	percent.
Beggs & Cobbs	1	1	500
Murrays	1	1	500
Haleys	1	1	500
Lawrence & Sullivans	1	1	500

The committee in charge of the 4th of July baseball games and representatives of teams held a meeting last Saturday evening and arranged for games. The following teams were represented at the meeting: St. Charles, John O'Brien; North Woburn, Parker Poole; Hams, Ellory Richardson; Winn A. A., J. McGovern; South Ends, Daniel Foley; Zeno A. C., Robert Sullivan; Woburn A. C., Charles Sweeney. The committee arranged games as follows:

Saturday, June 23, Hams vs Winn A. A.; North Woburn vs. St. Charles.

Wednesday, June 27, South Ends vs. Zeno A. C.

Saturday, June 30, winner Hams—Winn A. A. game vs. Woburn A. C. winner of St. Charles—North Woburn game vs. winner of South End—Zeno A. C. game.

All the games to be played at Forest Park; John Carey umpire for all the games. If it rains umpire to call off game.

Tickets are to be sold to defray necessary expenses.

A prize of $50 will be given the winning team.

Unitarian Children's Service.

4 P. M. SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1906.

Organ Prelude.
Christening Service.
Hymn.
Introductory Reading.
Carol.
Responsive Reading.
Prayer, and Response.
Solo. Mrs. Florence Ives Atwood
Recitations by Howard Foster, Celia Whithed, Margaret Wade, Inez Carswell, Adele Simonds
Reading with Responsive Singing by class of boys
Recitations by Mildred Linscott, Mary Linscott, Roland Marshall, Edith Place, Hanson Foster, Norma Pierce.
Carol.
Recitations by Faustina Wade, Harland Smith, Olive Gould, Doris Carswell.
Solo. Mrs. Atwood
Address by the Pastor.
Hymn.
Benediction.
Organ Postlude.

A Card.

To the G. A. R. Posts and to our neighbors and friends we give our sincere thanks for the many kindnesses received during the long illness of our husband and father. Also for the many beautiful floral tributes received.

MRS. JAMES T. NEWCOMB
and family.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

HATHAWAY'S

Celebrated Cream Bread

Always has the delicious flavor that the home-made article has occasionally.

THE REASON—We have bread making down to a science. We have no off days in our baking, hence, you can always be sure of getting the same perfect bread day in and day out.

At all grocers, fresh twice daily. Price 10c.

WINNER BREAD, 5c. the loaf—a fine bread.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

James Theophelus Newcomb,

one of the oldest residents of the city and a veteran of the Civil War, died at his home, 710 Main street, early Monday morning after a long and painful illness. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., Oct. 10, 1823, and spent his early boyhood days there. When quite young he came to Woburn as an apprentice to Edmund Parker at the shoemaker's trade, the house being at the junction of Pond and Cambridge streets, then Woburn, now being the west side of Winchester. Mr. Newcomb remained with Mr. Parker until he reached his majority when he took up business for himself for a few years, afterward working for Francis K. Cragin. In 1847 he was married to Miss Mary Maria Knowlton of Warren, Maine, by Rev. Joseph Bennett then pastor of the First Congregational church of this city. In 1852 he joined the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx and nine years later he enlisted in Co. F, 22d Massachusetts Infantry and served until the close of the War, having gained a Corporal's rank when discharged. After returning from the War he entered the employ of the late George H. Conn, remaining with him for many years. In 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb celebrated their golden wedding, and had Mr. Newcomb lived a few months' longer, they would have reached their 60th anniversary Jan. 12, '07. Mr. Newcomb remembered vividly his childhood days in Charlestown when he attended the Training Field school and delighted to talk of the events of those times. There are five living children: George H. of Woburn, Charles of Charlestown, Frank of Magnolia, William R. of Boston and Mrs. Gorham Cook of Woburn. Funeral services were held from his late home Thursday at 2 P. M. and was conducted by Rev. Henry B Williams. The bearers were from the Grand Army Posts. Beautiful floral tokens showed the esteem and sympathy of friends.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

With "Carmen" as the attraction, the Castle Square Theatre begins on Monday the fourth week of the summer opera season. The return of the singers to their old home has been a success from the very first, and there has been scarcely a performance when the theatre has not been crowded to the doors, with no vacant seats, and the standing room completely filled. The singing has been of the best, and no detail has been neglected to make the production of "The Mikado," "Il Trovatore" and "The Chimes of Normandy" as perfect as possible in every way. The choice of "Carmen" for the coming week was made in response to persistent requests for its revival. It is one of the strongest and most brilliant of modern French operas, both dramatically and musically, and it has made the reputation of more than one great singer.

A Card.

We desire to express our sincere thanks for the sympathy shown in our late bereavement and for the many beautiful floral tributes received.

MR. and MRS. CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
MISS LENA HARRINGTON,
MRS. LOIS HARRINGTON BROWN.

1¢ A Plate

For the most delicious ICE CREAM is cheap enough, isn't it? That is all it costs when made with

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder

and it can be made and frozen in 10 minutes. Simply stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking, heating or fussing; no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add, as everything but the ice and milk is contained in the package, and approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Five kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry and Unflavored.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. to us for two packages. Illustrated Recipe Book Mailed Free.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN LYCEUM HALL BUILDING H & SON CO

EVERY MAN Will Want

A STRAW HAT

Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of

Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Seed Growing Secretly."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 4 P. M., Christening Service with floral concert by the Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon by Rev. Frank Poole Johnson.
Special music by the choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, June 14, by Rev. Henry B Williams, William Andrew Bustead and Sara Jane Peterson, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Almon E. Richardson of Winchester and Angie May Tripp of Woburn.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark, Amory A. Tillotson of Chicago and Bertha E. Estabrook of Woburn.

In Boston, June 14, by Rev. John R. Hague, Cecil T. Duncan of Woburn and Henrietta Perkins of Boston.

In Boston, June 17, by Rev. W. A. Ryan, Edward Francis Gorman of Woburn and Anna Gertrude Grant of Dorchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 21, Charles S. Jones, aged 59 years.

In this city, June 18, James T. Newcomb, aged 82 years, 8 months, 8 days.

In Medford, June 14, Charles Williams, aged 47 years.

FINE HOUSE

with all modern fixtures and conveniences, on one of the best streets in Winchester, over half acre of land. Fine building lot can be sold off if desired.

I have property ranging from $10,000 to $600.

Many nice country homes at $2500 to $4000.

Houses to rent and cared for in the most careful manner.

I also do a general Insurance business, having some of the best and strongest companies to offer, such as The Hamburg-Bremen of Germany; The Svea Fire and Life Insurance Co of Sweden; The Western of Pittsburgh (no risks in San Francisco); The American Central, with many other of the best home companies.

Don't forget to call at 413 Main street and see for yourself.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
413 Main Street, WOBURN

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms on

Friday, July 6th, 1906,

at 7.30 o'clock P. M., for the election of Officers and transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held on FRIDAY, July 6th, 1906, at 7.45 o'clock P. M., for the transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, June 22d, 1906.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 7th, 1906, will draw interest from that date.

The July dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, July 21st, 1906, in accordance with the provisions of the By Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Foster, of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of July, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

GOING AWAY TIME

Secure a supply of

FILMS OR A KODAK

Whitcher's PILL BOX

WILL FIT YOU OUT.

Woburn Panoram Post Cards and Swedish Post Cards sold.

Make your own Post Cards, Blue Print—Sepia—Velox.

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie M. Wyman, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charlotte W. Wyman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

E. F. Johnson, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Soucoup, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Factory: Akron, O.

To Let.
STORE:

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

CITY OF WOBURN.

ACTS OF 1906—CHAPTER 172 ENTITLED,

An Act to Regulate by License the Carrying of Concealed Weapons.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. The justice of a court, or trial justices, the board of police or mayor of a city, or the selectmen of a town, or persons authorized by them, respectively, may, upon the application of any person, issue a license to such person to carry a loaded pistol or revolver in this Commonwealth, if it appears that the applicant has good reason to fear an injury to his person or property, and that he is a suitable person to be so licensed.

SECTION 2. Whoever, except as provided by the laws of this Commonwealth, carries on his person a loaded pistol or revolver, without authority or permission as provided in section one of this act, or whoever carries any stiletto, dagger, dirk-knife, slung-shot or metallic knuckles, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment. [Approved March 16, 1906.

Any person desiring a license under the above law, may apply to Charles F. McDermott, Chief of Police.

[Signed]
ARTHUR H. LINSCOTT, Mayor.

BUTTER

— IS —

Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

GO TO **BASS POINT**

IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING

BY **BOAT** FROM **LYNN**

FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

BOSTON LETTER.

Rules Committee Recommends Expulsion For T. J. Gethro.

CENSURE FOR SWIG IN THE CASE

Guild's Appointment of Dana as Judge Is Excellent.

The committee on rules of the house has made its report on the bribery investigation. It finds that Frank J. Gethro of Boston is guilty of having offered to members bribes to influence them to vote against the "bucket shop" bill, and recommends that he be expelled from the house. The committee also recommends the censure of Simon Swig of Taunton for lack of truthfulness in his statements to the committee.

The evidence in the case shows that at least three members of the house in good standing have testified that they were offered bribes by Gethro to vote against this bill. These men are: Leonard of Springfield, Mock of Boston and Goodhue of Ipswich.

The Democratic members of the house show a disposition to try to vindicate Mr. Gethro for partisan reasons and to make this a party question. So far as the Boston Democrats are concerned, they will probably be solid, or nearly so, against any punishment for Gethro, but some of the out-of-town Democrats will not support this course.

The fact that the committee recommends the censure of a Republican as well as the expulsion of a Democrat shows that no partisan spirit governed its action. The members of the house as a general rule are convinced that the case is sufficiently clear to warrant the immediate expulsion of Mr. Gethro.

Power of the Legislature

The legislature can only expel a member who has been found guilty by a committee of the house or by the whole house sitting as a committee of the whole. It has no power to prosecute. It has therefore done everything it can do when it has reported the facts to the house and expelled the guilty parties. The district attorney is the only official who can prosecute. In Suffolk county this official is John B. Moran. That official says he will proceed to act on the report and take refuge in the fiction of the "immunity bath," which he alleged that Mr. Gethro had received by testifying before the committee.

Mr. Gethro intends to make as bitter a fight against expulsion as possible. He is already rallying his Democratic colleagues to his support and is preparing to pose as a martyr.

Mr. Gethro has retained as his counsel Timothy W. Coakley, and he has been advised by him throughout the whole investigation, not only before the committee on rules, but also before the grand jury. Mr. Coakley is very close to District Attorney Moran.

The Tucker Case

The Tucker episode is over and the record is made. Power brings responsibility. Few governors, however, have had so many momentous questions to decide in so short a space of time as has Governor Guild during the first six months of his term. In the Tucker case he was called upon to decide whether the verdict of the court should stand. He was sworn to do his duty regardless of all else. It would have been much easier for him to have commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. He was not there, however, to consult his own convenience or his own ease. He was there to uphold the law as he had sworn upon his inauguration to do. He was there to say, if the case called for a modification of the sentence, that it should be granted. He gave the matter many days of study and investigation. At the end of that time he was convinced, regardless of his own preference, that there was no reason for his interference with the verdict of the court, and he gave his reasons therefor in one of the ablest and most conclusive state papers ever promulgated by a Massachusetts executive. Those who differ with him in his conclusions must respect him for the honest and manly way in which he expressed them. There is no doubt that in a remarkable degree he has won the commendation of the thinking people of the commonwealth.

Governor Guild's Appointments

The governor has made a great record along the line of his appointments. The men he has selected for office are of the highest character for ability, integrity and standing.

In his appointment of William F. Dana, president of the senate, to the superior court bench, to succeed Judge Maynard, he has selected a man of the highest legal training, with a special bent along the line of constitutional law. Mr. Dana is a quiet man. There is nothing self-assertive about him, but he is one of the deepest students who has ever presided over the upper branch of the great and general court.

As president of the senate Mr. Dana has shown great ability and the highest integrity. As a man he is without a peer. He is just the sort of a gentleman one would select for a jurist. He is careful, conservative, erudite.

The Boston Herald in an editorial, by innuendo suggests, rather than declares, that the appointment is political. It hopes that Mr. Dana will vindicate his appointment. The Herald also trusts that the governor's appointments to the bench may not be open to the charge that they are political. This is indeed delicious, coming from The Herald, in view of all the facts.

When Governor Douglas appointed John J. Flaherty of Gloucester to the superior bench he selected the man who, as chairman of the Democratic state committee, had conducted the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Douglas. That appointment might reasonably have been regarded as a political one, notwithstanding the high character of the man selected, but The Herald did not feel called upon to criticise it, when made by a Democratic governor, nor even to insinuate that it was a mistake which might result to the detriment of the courts of the commonwealth.

The Massachusetts house, after a long and bitter debate, has referred to the next general court the "merger" bill, and therefore it goes over to next year. This measure proposed to allow the Massachusetts steam railroad corporations to acquire ownership and control of the electric car lines, subject to the approval of the railroad commissioners, under restrictions which would prevent any diminution of facilities or the increase of fares.

The bill had also been amended so as to grant the same privilege to the Boston Elevated Railway company in order that the elevated might absorb the West End company, although now owning and controlling it, and also that it might purchase other lines.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has already acquired a large number of street railways in its territory, and the "merger" bill in effect was designed to permit the Boston and Maine railroad to do what the New Haven has already done. The Boston and Maine is a Massachusetts corporation, while the New Haven is not. The New Haven has acquired its street railways by reason of the fact that it is a foreign corporation and on the advice of its attorneys that it could do so legally, although it is held by many legal authorities that this acquisition is illegal and may be terminated by the courts if the matter is brought to their attention. This may be the next step.

Adjournment is likely to come this week or next.

Feminine Distinctions.

"I would rather marry a sugar magnate than be the wife of a coal president."

"Even if the coal president had more money?"

"Yes. You see, sugar is more refined than coal."—Baltimore American.

Enjoyed It.

"Look at that Boston girl at the phonograph. She is actually smiling."

"Yes, she is listening to Professor Beacon's delightful dissertation on the 'Fungous Diseases That Attack the Larvae of the Brown Tail Moth.' "—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wisdom.

Wisdom never opens her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price of admission. There are no bargains at her counters, no short cuts to her goal. "Pay the price or leave the goods" is her motto.—Success Magazine.

Wanted Action.

Bobby—Mother, can I go out and play with the Jones boy? Mother—No; he doesn't go to church! Bobby—Well, can I go out and punch him in the nose for not going to church?—Boston Post.

Blessed are the missionaries of cheerfulness.—Child.

The Guillotine.

The machine employed in French public executions has the reputation of being the invention of Dr. Guillotin, but the machine was used long before the doctor had seen one. All he did was to publicly encourage a preference for this means of death as being painless, and in consequence some one, unhappily for the doctor's humanity, named the machine after him. The guillotine was really prepared by a German mechanic named Schmidt under the direction of Dr. Antonine Louis and hence at first was called a "louison" or "louisette."

And here it may not be out of place to mention the cognate error that Guillotin was its first victim. He nearly became a victim of the revolution, but he escaped, and after the ending of his political career he resumed his duties as a physician and became one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine in Paris. He died May 26, 1814, aged seventy-six, but the French revolution died twenty years earlier. The first man executed by the guillotine was a highwayman, who died in 1792.

The Wrists.

In spite of the fact that doctors always take the pulse of a patient from the wrist few persons know what important parts of the body the wrists are and how much may be accomplished by treatment of them. When one has fainted water should be applied to the wrists as freely as to the face and temples. In cases of severe illness doctors frequently order the wrists to be bathed with milk and with beef tea. Athletes learn that the wrists must be kept cool in summer and warm in winter. You all know the relief experienced from removing a tight glove, especially when you are overheated. The relief comes not from the hands being uncovered, but from the wrists being unconfined and kept cool.

Incomes In Great Britain.

If one is earning an income of £1,000 a year he is among the financial "upper ten thousand" in the United Kingdom—in fact, there are not 9,000 (according to the income tax records) who are as well or better off than £1,000 a year. All the persons in Great Britain and Ireland who have an income of £10,000 a year and over could stand comfortably in a fairly large drawing room twenty-one feet square, while all who have incomes of £1,000 or over could be accommodated in a back garden thirty yards wide and sixty yards in length.—London Standard.

Atmospheric and Water Pressure.

The earth's surface is the plane of demarcation for atmospheric and water pressure. The barometer indicates increased pressure as we go down in mines and decreased pressure in ascending in the air. Water also increases in pressure as directly as the distance beneath the surface of the sea. The atmosphere has no known difference in composition at the greatest heights observed. It is its lightness or rarity that affects the lungs at great heights.

The Usual Way.

"What's the cause of the coolness between the Bilkins and the Pilkins families?"

"Young Bilkins became engaged to one of the Pilkins girls."

"Yes."

"And now each family thinks its offspring is getting all the worst of it."—London Lady.

The Peril of It.

A lady at whose house Leigh Hunt was dining solicitously said to him at dessert:

"Don't you ever venture on an orange?"

"I should be delighted to do so, my dear madam," the poet replied, "but I'm so afraid I should tumble off."

His Previous Existence.

Gutherz—Look here, Zapfer, do you believe in the transmigration of souls? Zapfer—No. Do you? Gutherz—Most certainly I do, and I am thoroughly convinced that I was an ass at the time I lent you that ten pound note.—London Telegraph.

Postmortem.

Friend of the Family—Your rich old uncle died of softening of the brain, I hear. Ardluck (who got nothing)—Softening of your granny! He died of ossification of the heart.—Chicago Tribune.

Dead counselors are the most instructive because they are heard with patience and reverence.—Johnson.

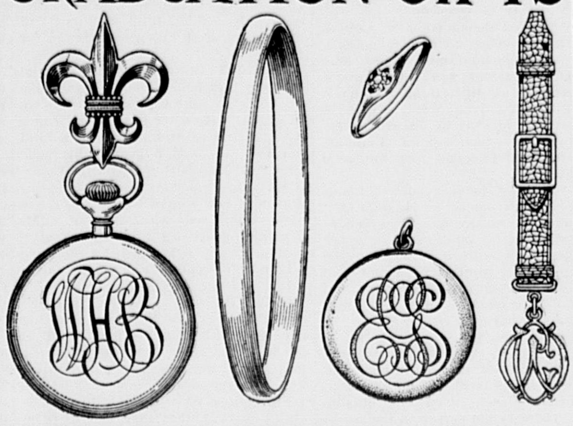
Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

Better than any other.
Different from any other.
Richer than any other.
More food value than any other.

Is it any wonder that CREAMALT is the favorite bread of Greater Boston?

Fresh daily at your grocer's.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON



GRADUATION GIFTS

Gold Filled Locket with monogram	$2.00
Solid Gold Locket with monogram	5.00
Gold Filled Locket with necklace	4.00
Solid Gold Locket with necklace	10.00
Gold Filled Bracelet	2.00
Solid Gold Bracelet	5.00
Ladies' Waltham Watch, Gold Filled Case engraved with monogram, and Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine—complete	12.00
Same in Solid Gold	18.00
Same in Boy's size—either Gold Filled or Solid Silver and monogram fob—complete	$10.00
Diamond Ring	16.50
Diamond Ring, larger	25.00

Long
TRADE MARK
Wholesale and Retail JEWELER
39 & 41 SUMMER ST. BOSTON
NEXT DOOR C. F. HOVEY & CO.

WINCHESTER.

Our folks are getting ready for their vacation outings.

Graduating exercises of the High School are to be held on Tuesday evening, June 26, and those of the Wadleigh school Friday evening, June 29.

The Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary have pledged $5000 towards a new Y. M. C. A. building, providing the Association will raise $15,000 to go with their $5,000. Winchester women are all right, and don't you forget it!

For some unaccountable reason interest in the contemplated 4th of July celebration here seems to lag. Enthusiasm appears to have pretty much oozed out, and unless there is a quick and sharp awakening, our celebration will be a slim affair.

The grade crossing hearing has been postponed to July 18. Some of our citizens are growing impatient and restive over the failure to do something about this important matter, and I don't wonder at it. The B. & M. people are not fretting over the delay.

Editor Wilson of the *Star* attended the annual meeting of the National Press Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, last week, as a delegate from the Suburban Press Association. He was accompanied by Dame Wilson, who is a pretty good Editor herself. After the convention the great crowd of quill-drivers indulged in a trip down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, and had a great time.

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

An African Sea Serpent Story.

Here is a sea serpent story from one of the great fresh water lakes of central Africa. The Globe Trotter of Nairobi, British East Africa, tells it: "According to natives on the shore and islands of Lake Victoria the real simon pure water python is a reality. Officers on board the Sibyl and the Winifred have time and again been unable to account for the unrest shown at times in the most tranquil waters. Sir Clement Hill in crossing the lake some years ago in a launch with one Macgregor, the engineer, saw this monster and described it as having a head resembling the hippopotamus, only three times broader, but much more flat and wedge shaped. The opinion of the natives regarding its length, etc., differs very much, but all agree that the reptile is amphibious and declare they have seen forty feet or more lying dormant on the bank, while the supposed tail, sixty or seventy feet from shore, created a commotion in the water resembling the wash of an ocean steamer."

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 25c.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn in the State of Mass., at the close of business, June 18, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$348,544.61
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		40.41
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		4,400.00
Bonds, securities, etc.,		19,587.50
Due from approved reserve agents		41,868 08
Checks and other cash items		2,574.06
Notes of other National Banks,		2,735.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents,		486.45
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	21,313.30	
Legal tender notes,	6,792.00	28,105.30
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation),		5,000.00
Total		$553,341.41

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		8,455.60
National Bank notes outstanding		98,400.00
Due to other National Banks,	2,035.86	
Due to State Banks and Bankers	21,802.34	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks,	13,916.33	
Dividends unpaid	21.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	257,500.31	
Demand certificates of deposit	30,552.80	
Certified Checks,	657.17	326,485.81
Total		$553,341.41

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, G. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21s day of June, 1906.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
JOHN M. HARLOW,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
Directors.

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated June 5th, 1906, the subscribed administrator of the estate of Samuel L. Anthony, otherwise known as Samuel Anthony, late of Everett, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the thirtieth day June, A. D. 1906,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, containing about 9,800 square feet, being lots numbered 488, 489, 490 and 491 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Munroe Avenue formerly known as Hill street, about 140 feet; easterly by lot No. 491 on said plan, now or late of Stephenson, about 70 feet; northerly by lots numbered 452, 453, 454 and 455 on said plan, about 140 feet; easterly by lots 486 and 487 on said plan, now or late of Ellen Murphy about 70 feet.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

ROBERT WEST, Administrator.

John G. Maguire, Attorney.
Woburn, Mass., June 12th, 1906.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Rosella P. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

WILLIS A. HUBBARD, Adm.
26 Vernon street.

June 6 1906.

The Trolley Wayfinder

for 1906 contains valuable information for travelers by trolley. Cities and towns reached by electric railways alphabetically arranged. Route maps a feature. Distance, fare and time between points touched by trolley cars throughout New England. It is the official publication of the New England Street Railway Club, and compiled by John J. Lane, Secretary. Price 10 cents, for sale on all news-stands, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing JOHN J. LANE, 12 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

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Uxbridge, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Gerald's Wife

By.... IZOLA FORRESTER

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Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice, roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass inclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the flat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lithesome, limp, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a bungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily until it opened and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the blessed damozel type yet. Her smooth dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen skirt and a white shirt waist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was flour sprinkled.

He had not expected to see her face to face so soon or alone. Neither had he expected her to act as she did. The color rose in her cheeks, tipping even her ears with pink. It was an old habit. He remembered it.

"I thought you were in London," she said.

"You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations."

He stepped into the hall after her. She hesitated and laughed, looking at her floured hands.

"I can't shake hands with you, and—and the biscuits are in the oven. I shall have to watch them. Do you mind coming out to the kitchen?"

He didn't mind. There appeared to be only three rooms—the studio-sitting room, the dining room and the kitchen. Collapsible ready-in-a-minute studio divans were in the sitting room and dining room in lieu of bedrooms. It was all charmingly, most uncomfortably odd, bizarre and bohemian.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked when he had found a chair in the kitchen.

Beatrice knelt beside the stove to look at the biscuit. He could not see her face.

"He went to the postoffice for the last mail. You must have missed him."

"Well, what ever made him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know! Don't you know?" she added quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well, Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall from overwork and so on, and he was ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come and stay indefinitely, so he pulled a few wires, and things happened. He was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healthy and workful again a month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick. "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him—the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous hearted, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuit. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuit throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?"

"Oh, so much!" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?"

"Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to."

Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice saw the point.

He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips:

"Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his, her eyes bright with startled wonderment at his tone.

"Why did you marry Gerald?"

"Marry Gerald! I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them. "There is Gerald, and that is his wife, my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to—well, to make the biscuit."

A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him.

"I knew who you were, but I wanted Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you."

"She did," answered Broderick happily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

The "Father of Leprosy."

The gecko belongs to a family of thick tongued lizards, which are widely distributed over the tropical and subtropical countries of Europe and Asia, and in all countries where he is known he is thoroughly despised. Because of his repulsive appearance he is called the "father of leprosy." Down to times comparatively modern it was firmly believed that contact either directly or indirectly with the little reptile was sure to communicate leprosy. The investigations of modern zoologists have proved that the little animal is undeserving of his name of "father of leprosy" and that he is indeed a most harmless and useful creature. Since the old belief in the ability of this reptile to communicate leprosy to any human flesh which might come in contact with his warty, sore looking skin was exploded he has retained his objectionable name solely on account of the bad appearance he makes. His skin is one mass of scaly and tuberculous excrescences that cover his body from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose. Every quarter inch section of this repulsive looking body has a general resemblance to the thickened, callous protuberances that appear on the human body in cases of leprosy. On this account and no other the harmless little gecko was given the name of being the progenitor of the worst form of disease.

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athene and on the reverse an owl often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch in his "Lysander" tells an amusing tale how Glippus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe and how he unripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity, but Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage made redhot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.

Highest Observatory In the World.

The highest scientific station in the world belongs to Harvard. It stands on the summit of Mount Misti, an extinct volcano near Arequipa, in southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,300 feet. No one lives at the station. No one could live there. The air is too rare and too cold. The barometer on the top of Misti often stands at fourteen inches. The thermometer often falls to 25 degrees below zero. Once a month an observer climbs up to the station to take the readings of the instruments. He is two days climbing up and two days climbing down.

Another Story.

An aged Scotch minister, about to marry for the fourth time, was explaining his reason to an elder. "You see, I am an old man now, and I canna expect to be here verra lang. When the end comes I wad like to have some one to close my eyes." The elder nodded and said, "Awell, meenister, I have had twa wives, and baith of them opened mine."—London News.

One Valuable Asset.

"What's the matter with the man in the second story of this house? The doctor's been coming here regularly for the past three months!"

"Oh, he's the doctor's best patient. He doesn't get well and he doesn't die!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Logic In Rags.

"I fine you $15 for being a vagrant," said the judge. "Have you the money to pay the fine?"

"Your honor," said the man plaintively, "if I had $15 I wouldn't be fined as a vagrant."

Got Acquainted.

Jones—I suppose you know more about that horse you got of Deacon Smith last week than when you made the trade? Brown—Yes, and I know a lot more about Deacon Smith now than I did then.

To him that has no employment life in a little while will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave the funeral of comfort will soon follow.—Anon.

THE FIRST BALLOON.

Result of the Experiments of the Montgolfier Brothers.

Proceeding on the principle that heated air expands and so becomes lighter, bulk for bulk, than air at the ordinary temperature, the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier filled a paper bag with heated air, which rose to the ceiling of the room. This preliminary success was rapidly followed up, and they gradually increased the size of the balloons experimented with until they were so satisfied with their progress that in 1783 they gave a public exhibition, sending up a linen balloon 105 feet in circumference, which was inflated over a fire supplied with small bundles of chopped straw. The balloon succeeded beyond their utmost expectation, and after rising to a height of over 6,000 feet it descended ten minutes after in a field a mile and a half away. The next balloon carried a car, in which were a sheep, a cock and a duck.

The success of this further experiment induced M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes to risk their lives by making the first ascent in the new and wonderful machine. Their balloon, which was forty-five feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high and was inflated with hot air, passed over Paris to the great astonishment of the people, attaining an altitude of half a mile. Ballast was then for the first time employed in regulating the ascending power of the balloon. The first venture was followed by others, and De Rozier, the first to ascend, was also the first to meet his death in this manner, having been killed, with a companion, by the burning of his balloon near Boulogne.

BACKBONE.

The Self Reliant Man Is the One Who Is In Demand.

Haven't you depended upon clothes, upon appearances, upon introductions, upon recommendations about long enough? Haven't you leaned about long enough on other things? Isn't it about time for you to call a halt, to tear off all masks, to discard everything you have been leaning on outside of yourself, and depend upon your own worth?

Haven't you been in doubt about yourself long enough? Haven't you had enough unfortunate experiences depending upon superficial, artificial, outside things to drive you home to the real power in yourself? Aren't you tired of leaning and borrowing and depending upon this thing and that thing which have failed you?

The man who learns to seek power within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed, but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will never fail you if you depend upon him and are honest with him, and that is yourself. It is the self reliant man that is in demand everywhere.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Tobacco Smoke.

The composition of tobacco smoke is complex. Analysis gives nicotine, pyridic bases, formic aldehyde, ammonia, methylamin, pyrrol, sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid, butyric acid, carbonic acid, oxide of carbon, the steam of water, an etherized empyreumatic oil, and tarry or resinous products, among which we detect small quantities of phenol. Of all the products of tobacco the most venomous are nicotine, pyridic and methylamin bases, prussic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxide of carbon and empyreumatic oil, and all that we draw into our lungs with more or less satisfaction.—Harper's Weekly.

Under the Rose.

The expression "under the rose," or sub rosa, to indicate secrecy, originates in the Greek mythological story that Cupid gave Harpocrates, the god of silence, a golden rose, desiring him at the same time not to betray the amour of Venus. According to another account, the traitors against the Greek states during the invasion of Xerxes held their meetings in an Athenian arbor formed of rose bushes. At Greek and Roman banquets the guests were always crowned with roses, and a cluster of these hung above the banqueting table was a sign that what was said in that place should not be repeated elsewhere.

Decline of the Bath.

One strange feature in the advance of civilization has been the decline of the bath. Washing in the golden age of Greece and Rome was a fine art, and baths were built with as much care as temples. There has been a revival in this century of public baths, but from an aesthetic point of view they cannot compare with those of a barbarous age. This is not an age of washers.—London Lady.

Should Have Said Shoes.

"Miss Backbay,' said Mr. O'Bull, who had been strolling along the country road with the lady from Boston, "I suppose your feet are very dusty. Permit me"—

"Sir!" cried the precise young woman witheringly. "How dare you!"—Philadelphia Press.

Unreasonable Freddy.

Tommy—Ma, Freddy's crying 'cause I'm eating my cake and won't give him any. Mother—Is his own cake finished? Tommy—Yes, ma; and he cried when I was eating that too.

A Traveler's Tip.

A guide is too often a man who tells you what you do not want to know in a language you do not understand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Where life is more terrible than death it is then the truest valor to dare to live.—Browne.

There is something on earth grander than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more.—Daniel Webster.

A virtue always outweighs a talent.—Momarion.

No man likes to be surpassed by men of his own level.—Livy.

Sacredness of the Mantilla.

Many attempts are being made in London and in Paris to adapt the Spanish mantilla to our use. To the Spanish women the mantilla stands for all that is national and characteristic, and so intimate a part of herself is the mantilla deemed that it is even held sacred by law and cannot be seized for debt.—London Country Gentleman.

A Clever Wife.

Friend—Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dressmaker's bill? Wife—Rather. Friend—And how did you quiet him? Wife—I showed him the milliner's account, and then he became simply speechless.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 24.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, John vii, 46—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

LESSON I.—The two foundations (Matt vii, 15-29). Golden Text, Jas. i, 22, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." God is a God of truth, Jesus Christ is the truth, the Spirit is the Spirit of truth, but there is an enemy who is the father of lies, and there is no truth in him. Deceit and lying are peculiarly his own. This enemy has many followers who talk well, but they are all talk. They say and do not.

LESSON II.—Jesus and the Sabbath (Matt. xii, 1-14). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 8, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." There is a religiousness which is for man's approbation and yet thinks to please God. Such was that of the Pharisees, for all their works they did to be seen of men (Matt. xxiii, 5). They perverted the Lord's days and feasts by using them for their own ends, and thus made idols of them. Jesus by His good works on the Sabbath days sought to enlighten them and give the day its right place for God and man.

LESSON III.—Jesus' power over disease and death (Luke vii, 1-17). Golden Text, John xi, 25, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life." Power over all the power of the enemy, all power in heaven and earth, are His (Luke x, 19; Matt. xxviii, 20), and this lesson illustrates two phases of that power—the one dependent upon the faith of the centurion and the other seemingly without faith on the part of any one; just His own compassion for the widow.

LESSON IV.—Jesus, the sinner's friend (Luke vii, 36-50). Golden Text, Luke vii, 50: "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace." Here we have a self righteous Pharisee, a sinner, but he did not know it, and a poor sinner who was very conscious of it and truly penitent. The sinner becomes truly saved and goes her way with the assurance of sins forgiven, while the self righteous man continues in his sins because he knew not that he needed a Saviour.

LESSON V.—The parable of the sower (Mark iv, 1-20). Golden Text, Luke viii, 11, "The seed is the word of God." The Pharisees who hated Him having decided to kill Him, He then began to teach in parables that the willfully blind might not see. This first parable and also the second, our next lesson, He explained when alone with the disciples so fully that they had in them the key to all parables and to His purpose during this age of His rejection.

LESSON VI.—The parable of the tares (Matt. xiii, 24-30, 36-43). Golden Text, Gal. vi, 7, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The seed of last lesson is in this one; those who receive that seed thus become the children of God. During this age tares and wheat, the ungodly and the godly, grow together till the end of the age at the return of our Lord. The zeal of the devil in sowing his tares should incite the children of God to more zeal.

LESSON VII.—A fierce demoniac healed (Mark v, 1-20). Golden Text, Mark v, 19, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." From Gen. iii the conflict is on between the Lord and the devil for man and his inheritance, the earth, but when God became incarnate in the Son of Mary it would seem as if the devil sought to imitate this. The mystery is that, having such power, as is manifest in this lesson, He should tolerate the devil at all, but his time will come.

LESSON VIII.—Death of John the Baptist (Mark vi, 14-29). Golden Text, Eph. v, 18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Here is a seeming victory for the devil in his being permitted to accomplish the death of John the Baptist, but it is only as far as human sight can see and for a brief period. The real gain was John's ((Phil. i, 21, 23). He had the victory in being faithful unto death (Rev. ii, 10). They buried his body, not himself.

LESSON IX.—Feeding the 5,000 (Mark vi, 30-44). Golden Text, John vi, 32, "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." The hungry multitudes, famished in body and soul, suggest the condition of the whole earth even today. The disciples' "Send them away" is the expression of most believers, but the Lord's "Give ye them to eat" is the word for each believer now as then.

LESSON X.—The gentile woman's faith (Mark vii, 24-30). Golden Text, Matt. xv, 28, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Here is another case of demon possession, a helpless little girl delivered by her mother's appeal to Jesus. There are still many demon possessed children and the very same Jesus, but where are the humble, trustful, persistently believing mothers taking their right place before Him?

LESSON XI.—Peter's great confession (Matt. xvi, 13-28). Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 16, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow (I Pet. i, 11) are set forth here in connection with His first reference to His church, and we are taught that as the members of His body, the church, we must be content to walk with Him in self renunciation and humiliation.

LESSON XII.—The transfiguration (Luke ix, 28-36). Golden Text, Luke ix, 35, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." There is a reward and a glory which will far more than compensate for all the suffering we may be called upon to endure here for His sake. It will not be until the resurrection of the just, for then only will the kingdom come.

Squelched Again.

"Mrs. Peck, I have stood your bullyragging just as long as I propose to do so. I shall proceed to give you a piece of my mind."

"A piece of your mind, Henry Peck? A piece of your mind! Talk about 'two bites of a cherry!'"—Chicago News.

The Eclipse of Art.

Playwright (to friend)—I'm going to the theater tonight. Friend—I thought you never went to see the first night's performance of your plays. Playwright—I'm not going to see the play. I am going to see how many people are there.

His Tender Way.

"Shall I sing 'Because I Love You?'" asked Mrs. Darley as she seated herself at the piano.

"No," replied Mr. Darley, who is a brute; "if you love me, don't sing."

A Mild Epithet.

In Sweden they call a plumber "rattensledingsentreprenor." In this country we have heard plumbers called worse names than that.—Toledo Blade.

Testing Prudence

.....By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Berkeley Marshall leaned luxuriously back in the shady chair, hoisted his feet to the bed and blew a ring of smoke ceilingward from his cigar. "To recapitulate," he began, directing his remarks to the calendar which hung on the wall and from which stared back at him the face of a supposedly beautiful young woman with a fixed and sugary smile, "your left ear is confoundedly out of drawing. I beg your pardon, I'm not an artist. I'm a civil engineer—or will be next June. And that isn't what I started out to remark.

"To recapitulate, I have peddled maps over three states, and the net profits of these adventures are $531.62. I have a steady job during the college year waiting on table at three per and found. Furthermore, I have a dress suit and clothes and ties and things. Further yet, I have an invitation from my cousin, Torrence Marshall, to spend a week with him at Sylvan Cove, the swellest resort on this little old ocean. It is now Saturday night, Sept. 15, and college opens up the 25th.

"The question seems to be shall I go on peddling maps and accumulating more filthy lucre, which I may possibly need; shall I go home, which is 300 miles away; to college, which is 450, or to Sylvan Cove, which is under a hundred and where pretty young women, it is presumed, abound?"

In due parliamentary form the Sylvan Cove question was put and carried unanimously, whereupon the boy—he was little more—bowed gravely to the calendar lady and thanked her for her kindness in voting with him. Then he ran down the stairs of the country hotel to consult the time table, for he was in a hurry to be off.

Marshall found Sylvan Cove in the elaborate simplicity stage of summer resort development. Everything was costly, but very plain, for the Cove was inhabited each season mainly by wealthy people who had become accustomed to their money.

On the first day of his stay Marshall naively confided to his cousin that he believed Prudence Fairchild to be the prettiest girl at the Cove, whereupon Torrence grinned and replied, "Stung, are you?" On the second day he learned that she could swim like a seal and golf like a Scot. That evening, by virtue of four dances which she generously gave him at the pavilion party, his stock of knowledge was augmented by the fact that Miss Prudence danced like a fairy.

His approval of the tanned, red lipped and wholesome young woman deepened during a long sail the next morning, when he discovered that her taste in books and tennis rackets was identical with his own. When Torrence informed him later, however, that her father, Rufus Fairchild, was credited with more millions than there were letters to his name the young man experienced a novel and entirely unpleasant sinking of the heart.

His own financial situation did not trouble Marshall—in fact, he found humor in his poverty. Marshall's father had been rich until an industrial flurry had left him broken and penniless. Berkeley himself, a natural engineer and in love with the profession he had chosen, felt the prescient stir of genius within him, vague but real. His teachers predicted great things of him, and with the knowledge of his own powers and his burning desire to achieve, fame and wealth were merely around the next corner.

Yet the fact of Miss Fairchild's wealth depressed him. "I've almost monopolized her since I've been here," he told himself, "and she'll think it's the blooming money. I suppose half this bunch that's hanging around her would marry a Digger Indian for the old man's pile. I wish she were poor!" The latter aggrieved and sincere remark revealed to Marshall that he was dangerously near being in love.

A certain sensitive pride, for he had a morbid fear that his attitude might be misconstrued, kept Marshall out of the girl's presence most of the time thereafter. Maybe she understood, for the possession of much money often brings a woman bitter wisdom; maybe it was a feminine desire to repay him for his aloofness; at any rate, Miss Fairchild contrived to give Marshall a glance at parting, as he held her cool little hand, that thrilled his every pulse. It was like the song of a nightingale or the scent of June roses. And the memory moved him again and again that winter as he built theoretical bridges in the class room or delivered vegetable soup in the hotel dining room.

Now, a look such as that from a girl who is not a flirt dwells in her memory too. Miss Fairchild's cheeks were hot sometimes when she thought of it and of the answering glance of bewildered joy that flashed from Marshall's blue eyes. "He might take advantage of it," she said to herself in brief, delicious panic when the invitation of a chum, Nell Burrows, to come for the January hop of the seniors at Marshall's college reached her. But she went nevertheless.

The assurance with which he confiscated five of the dances on her card at the ball showed that Marshall remembered. They sat out two, which was delightful, but dangerous. There was little said, and the silence between them was intimate and significant.

Removed from the glamour of the lights and the music, from the half shielded promise of her eyes and the intoxication of her beauty, Marshall was not satisfied. "If she were only poor!" he repeated to himself. "How can she know that it's she I want and not the money? Suppose that she thinks I'm a fortune hunter? And if the money makes any difference with her, then she doesn't care for me. I wish I knew. If you only could give me a sign, sweetheart, that you had faith in my love"—

It was lunchtime, and Marshall was at his accustomed table in the hotel. His musings were broken by the opening of the door. Miss Fairchild and Miss Burrows came in. They were accompanied by Bronson and Carrick, wealthy frat men of his own class.

Out of the corner of his eye Marshall saw Miss Fairchild start a trifle when she recognized him. When the party had been seated two tables away by young Condon, another student waiter, the girl's back was toward him. He had given her no opportunity for a greeting.

For it had flashed over the young man that the sign, either of favor or of contempt for his poverty and his menial occupation, must be given. The girl would show whether her nature were gold or dross. If she were ashamed of him, if she left the room without a word, he resolved to tear the love he felt from his heart and trample it under foot.

Marshall never knew what he did before the crucial time came, the moment of the party's rising from the table after lunch, but no detail of what followed escaped him. He saw the amused lift of Bronson's eyebrows, the scowl on Carrick's forehead and Miss Burrows' undisguised interest as Prudence Fairchild, eyes softly shining, came back to where he stood.

"If the mountain will not go to Mohammed," she said smilingly, "then of course Mohammed must come to the mountain. And I mean to quarrel with you some time for turning your back when I came in. But I shan't scold now; I'm leaving for home tomorrow, and I wondered if I'll see you again."

"I will call tonight to say goodby," he replied eagerly, "and I have something important to say, if I may see you alone. I think I've been waiting all my life to say it."

Her glance thrilled him as it had that September day at the seashore.

"You may see me alone," she whispered.

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Disraeli's Retirement.

In 1876 Mr. Disraeli was raised by the queen to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield, and he left the house of commons before the news of his elevation to the house of lords had been made public. His withdrawal from the stage where he had played so long the leading part in a manner obviously devised to avoid any sort of ovation was in accordance with the dignity which characterized the remaining years of his life after the defeat of the Conservatives, when the general election of 1880, in consequence of the Midlothian campaign, had terminated his public career. No applicant for his opinions on any subject ever received a postal card from Lord Beaconsfield. No speech was ever made by him at railway stations. He died in 1881 as he had lived—alone, a stranger amid a strange people. After his death his memory became to English Conservatives an object of almost sentimental affection; to English Radicals it remained an object of never failing animosity. But to Englishmen of all politics, to Conservatives and Liberals alike, his life continues to be a constant puzzle, an unsolved enigma.—London Standard.

Where Metal Does Not Rust.

Metal does not rust in Lake Titicaca, South America. A chain, an anchor or any article of iron, if thrown in this lake and allowed to remain for weeks or months, is as bright when taken up as when it came fresh from the foundry.

Still Looking.

He—Five years ago when I saw her she was looking for a husband, but she's married now. She—Yes, and she's still looking for him, especially at nights.

His First Customer.

Schwartz had just taken possession of the little book shop which he had purchased with the idea that there would be an ideal occupation for him, permitting him to sit around and smoke his long pipe all the time. His first patron, or would be patron, on the first morning of his advent as a book dealer was a young woman who wanted to get a book dealing with arctic romance.

"Good morning," she said. "Have you got 'Frozen Dog Tales?'"

"Vat? Lady, dis is not a Chinese restaurant."

"But you don't understand me. I mean"—

"I never heard of frozen dog tails yet. Meppe dey are someding dose Fillingjeeno beebles eats. But nod here, lady, nod here. Dis is a book store."

"Well, probably you do not quite understand me. I wanted to get some book that had stories of the north in it. Perhaps you have 'Pardners?'"

"No, ma'am. Dare iss nobody in dis store but myselluf. Schmidt vanted to take half, but I wouldn't let him in on it, unt"—

But the young woman was hurrying out.—Cleveland Leader.

Aaron Burr In Prison.

Even to his jailer Burr was the grand seigneur whose rights there was none to dispute.

"I hope, sir," ventured that official at their first encounter, "that it would not be disagreeable to you if I should lock this door after dark."

"By no means," graciously returned the prisoner. "I should prefer it to keep out intruders."

"It is our custom, sir," continued the turnkey, "to extinguish all lights at 9 o'clock. I hope, sir, you will have no objection to conform to that."

"That, sir," answered Burr, "I am sorry to say is impossible, for I never go to bed until 12 and always burn two candles."

"Very well, sir—just as you please," agreed the jailer. "I should have been glad if it had been otherwise, but as you please, sir."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Harper's Magazine.

Birds' Spring Wedding Clothes.

There are a number of birds that put on fresh, bright beautiful clothes for their spring weddings. These birds, when they mate, change their sober dress of gray or brown for plumes of gold and scarlet. Thus the warrior bird of Germany puts on for the mating season a ruff of many bright hues, while the female dons a cape of white. The grebe's wedding dress is two tufts of brilliant blue feathers. They stand like horns upon his head. They enhance his beauty greatly. The gnat catcher is a dull brown bird, but in the spring his plumes turn a beautiful green. The fire weaver's wedding dress is the most splendid of all. This bird, a sober fellow in the winter, wears when he takes a wife a dress of bright red.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Diving For a Wife.

In many of the Greek islands diving for sponges forms a considerable part of the occupation of the inhabitants. The natives make it a trade to gather these, and their income from this source is far from contemptible. In one of the islands a girl is not permitted to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges and given proof of her skill by taking them from a certain depth. But in some of the islands this custom is reversed. The father of a marriageable daughter bestows her on the best diver among her suitors. He who can stay longest in the water and bring up the biggest cargo of sponges marries the maid.

Whistler Saved Him.

A certain famous English poet whose name the reader must be left to fill in for himself was once threatened with expulsion from a swell London club for dancing a fandango upon the silk hats of other members. James MacNeill Whistler, however, interposed and saved him with his eloquence. One man of genius, Mr. Whistler urged, was worth any number of silk hats, seeing that silk hats could be replaced and men of genius could not. Then and not till then the irate committee reconsidered its decision and accepted the apology which was tendered.

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Strength of the Open Sky.

"What great deed was ever done indoors?" writes Emerson Hough in the Reader. "What great thing of the earth in art, in science, in romance, was ever conceived and brought forth within walls? Pathos grows there, and small tragedy and bitterness and pessimism, but not great tragedy, nor the vast and useful pessimism which uplifts human nature and humanity.

"The joyous, hopeful, optimistic things, the large and cheerful motives, are found beneath the sky. The Indians say that the babe born in the wind will be chief, and that might well be so. What strong blood ever grew indoors? What great drama of the ages was ever played there? What duel on the stair ever equaled the battle under the trees?

"Science may delve, lamp-wise, but what great things, even of science, came wholly from within walls? Electricity, navigation by the stars—the things which have really conquered the world—did these appear to man as he studied at some table side? No. The great and sweet things of knowledge came from the naked stars. Guilty and troublous wisdom may have housing, concealment, and so make a confession that it is evil, but before guilty Eden knowledge was out of doors."

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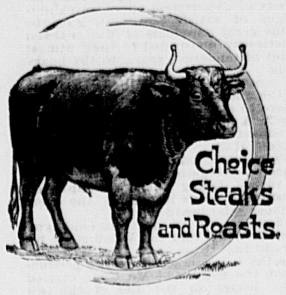

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10 30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M. **FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
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36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
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AMONG THE LILACS

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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It was a warm spring evening, so warm that they had ventured to sit out on the little wooden veranda. There was a suggestion of approaching summer in the breeze, and the air was redolent with lilacs. By glancing toward the right it was not difficult to see where the fragrance came from. On the other side of the hedge in the deepening twilight was a purple forest of plumes, and beyond that, white in the gray light, rose the old Howard house, the oldest in the tiny village as well as the largest. Selden Howard was the only living representative of the family.

Presently the group on Mrs. Jones' veranda began to speak of Selden, leading up to the subject from the fragrance of the bushes.

"Them lilocks is sickishly sweet," observed Mrs. Jones herself.

"Really nauseating," acquiesced the boarder who had been spending the winter here in this little cottage among the Berkshire hills. "By the way, I saw a strange man at the postoffice this morning and I overheard some one say he was Mr. Howard. Very good looking man he was and seemed to know a thing or two."

"That's him," confirmed Mrs. Jones. "But why shouldn't he know a thing or two? He don't do nothin' but travel and trapse round the country. Hardly ever home and won't have a thing to do with the people in the village."

The moon was beginning to show red and low in the warm dusk, and the lilacs made superb black shadow effects on the lawn. The little tired out city girl who sat on the lowest step of the veranda and who had just arrived that day had nothing to say. She was filling her whole soul with the beauty of the coming night.

Pretty soon, carrying her lamp, she went upstairs to her bedroom. She looked at the high mound of feather bed and at the small window at the foot into which was already flooding the spring moonlight. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she lowered the shade, slipped on a cheesecloth kimono, drew the pins from her hair, letting it fall about her shoulders, blew out the lamp and followed her whim to lean from the casement.

It had been a very long while since Katherine Hope had looked from a window over a garden when the moon was shining. True, from the window of their stodgy city lodgings on Eleventh street, her mother's and hers, she had leaned out at times when her head was hot and aching with too much work and had caught a breath of outside air. But that was so different. From that window she could look out only on clotheslines, sheds, the back windows of the boarding houses on the next street, and there whatever restful thoughts might come to her were made havoc of by an accordion, cheap coon songs or the caterwauling of feline creatures on the fences below.

And now—oh, the feathery, pale florescence of the lilacs over yonder! Katherine drew her breath in with delight as their dominant scent came up to her. If only her dear mother could be with her to enjoy the beauty of it all! But that had not been possible. When the physician had shaken his head gravely over his young patient's wornout condition and commanded an immediate change in the country it had been all that mother and daughter could do to scrape together the meager savings for Katherine's rest of a fortnight. And Katherine was not one to mew and whimper over impossibilities. She was here now, and she would make the best of every moment to grow strong and well again that she might go back with new life to her office work and the companionship of her sacrificing little mother.

The mild country air and the thousand odors of the spring played upon her face and lifted her loosened hair, gilded by the moonshine into the likeness of an aureole. Her white kimono fell softly around her; from the position in which she held her arms her soft elbows were plainly visible, and her exquisite face, leaning back a bit against the dark painted frame of the window, stood out like a cameo.

The girl was little conscious of anything except the wonder of the night, nor was she aware of one who watched her a moment from the shadow of the lilacs in the garden beyond the hedge. Selden Howard was returning from his dog kennels, whence he had gone to look after a sick collie, when his eye had chanced to fall upon the figure in the casement, and in sheer artistic appreciation had rested there.

"She's like some young princess," he thought to himself, pursuing his way toward the big house, "or a goddess. Her hair's like the silvery floss around corn. Her name ought to be Perdita, Marpessa or Ariadne. How ever in the world did the Jones family stumble across such a creature?" The glamour of the girl wove itself into his dreams, and in waking intervals he pondered on plans for an acquaintance. "Ah, ha, I have it!" at last laughed he.

Early the next morning he went a-fishing. As luck would have it, he secured a well filled creel. On his way home, without ceremony, he lifted the latch of Mrs. Jones' low back gate and entered. He walked right up to the kitchen window, for there stood Mrs. Jones rolling the dough for breakfast biscuit.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said he. "I've got such a jolly big creel full of fish here that I don't know what to do with them. There's no one over there"—nodding toward the big white house—"but my housekeeper, and she's sick this morning; so I'm wondering if you'll accept these?" With the gallantry of a knight he held out to her his creel.

"Oh, Mr. Selden!" exclaimed the good woman, a bit flustered, but smiling with unmistakable appreciation. (Would the heavens fall next? When had Mr. Selden Howard last honored her humble dwelling like this? Surely not since his mother died, poor soul!) "Accept them? Well, I just guess I will! And so Mrs. Patch is sick! Well, you'll just stay here to breakfast. It'll be all ready in fifteen minutes." This was as much as Howard had hoped for.

"You're awfully kind, Mrs. Jones," he said, affecting surprise. "And—yes, I believe I'll stay. I've a sick collie over in the kennels. I'll go back and look after her; then I'll be back to accept your hospitality."

When Katherine Hope entered the dining room Mrs. Jones of course presented Mr. Howard.

"How do you do, Mr. Howard," said she conventionally, with a smile, a little tired in spite of the play of childish dimples. But Selden was looking down admiringly on the fine, white parting that separated the braids of purest flax.

"And how d'ye like them, Mr. Selden?" asked Mrs. Jones a bit later, referring to the biscuit.

"I love them," answered he, referring to the girl's dimples.

Of course that was only the beginning. After that Selden Howard managed almost daily to meet Katherine, or at least to catch a glimpse of her. Her lovely, tired eyes and little, quiet ways appealed to him in an infinitely more tender and real fashion than had those of many a pampered beauty whom he'd met in the course of his varied travels.

One morning Katherine was reading "The House of Mirth" out on the veranda. At least she was supposed to be reading it. In reality she had closed the book, keeping the page marked with her slim forefinger. She had only two days more here in God's green earth, and the lilacs seemed to be calling her imperatively. She had been breathing in lilacs to that extent that her thoughts seemed to be fairly scented with them. All at once an impulse of yielding came to her. Why in the world should she not step over the low hedge and go into the lilac garden?

She did. Bees hung above the purple bloom, and a little attenuated fountain tinkled in the distance. Oh, it was altogether enchanting. Just then a golden eyed sable collie came leisurely down the curved walk to meet her.

"You beauty!" cried the girl exultantly, stooping to pat the dog's queenly head. The collie, with slowly swishing tail, gently kissed her behind the ear.

A commanding whistle from around the turn of the walk, and then:

"Mollie, Mollie, old girl, where are you?" Mollie sat with one ear up, the other down, as collies will when perplexed. She loved her master—but also she loved her new found friend.

"Ah!" cried Selden, coming upon them unexpectedly. "But it is beautiful to find you in my garden!" he said, looking gladly upon Katherine. "Do you know, last night I dreamed you were here. You are very, very welcome, little lady."

"You see," she explained helplessly, trying to hide her telltale blushes, "it was the lilacs. They called me."

Suddenly he took both her hands in his and drew her toward the bushes.

"Dear lilacs," he whispered whimsically, "she is here now—on enchanted ground—and we must keep her. You belong to my garden," he added masterfully, turning full upon Katherine, "and I will not let you go. The house yonder is very lonely and waits for you. You will stay?"

Her answer? Well, she was a girl and very tired, and he was a man and strong—and it was spring—and they were among the lilacs!

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When pursued the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it, he enters and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and, up to his shoulders in the water, he waits the attack of the dogs. With his fore paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and, as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant, he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.

The Scorpion of Ceylon.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and, taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, look, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare. Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the east. As one approaches the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.

So Far Off.

"My sympathies," says a writer in the Boston Transcript, "were always with an old lady who lived way down in the Maine woods. One day a sportsman came to the door of her little cabin to ask for a glass of milk. As he drank the refreshing beverage they exchanged confidences. When in response to her inquiry he told her that he came from New York city she commiserated with him, saying, 'Laws, sir, it must be hard for you living so fur off!' "

A Joyous Sight.

The master plumber had become rich and was going abroad for his health. On the voyage a school of whales was sighted, and the plumber was seen to rub his hands in ecstasies.

"Why is he so happy?" asked a curious passenger.

"He can't help it," whispered the captain. "He imagines each spout is a burst water pipe to be repaired by him at his old rates."—London Telegraph.

Removal Notice.

This is to notify my customers and the public that I have removed my Furniture business from 427 – 431 Main street to 424 and 426 Main street, Woburn, almost across the street from my old location where I have been for the past 13 years, and shall be

Open for Business at my New Store, SATURDAY, June 30.

I take this opportunity to thank the public for the very generous patronage afforded me in the past, and hope to have the pleasure of serving you at my new store, where I have much larger and better quarters, and invite you all to attend my opening Saturday evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Music will be furnished by the Woburn Brass Band.

☞ Please consider this a personal invitation to attend.

M. A. BURNES,

Complete House Furnisher,

424-426 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

Established 1893. Opp. Walnut St., G. A. R. Building.

Love's Young Dream.

She was waiting for him at the door when he returned home from business, and he clasped her in his arms. The honeymoon was over, and they had been just three weeks in their new flat. Her delicious dinners had not yet proved all that he had hoped for, but he was good natured about it because their servant was little more than a girl. The bride was looking after the cooking herself.

"Oh, Dick," she said as she took his hat, coat and bundle of newspapers, "I've had such a delightful day! Florence has been here, and she was delighted with our cozy corner, as she called it. Then we went out shopping together, and I've the loveliest"—

"Yes, yes, dear," he said, "but you can tell me all about it at dinner. I'm a little hungrier than usual tonight, and—why, what's the matter?"

"Dick," she tremblingly said, "I've"—

"There, never mind, dear, if you have spent a little more money than you should have done. We'll make it up somehow."

"But, Dick, I've let the girl out for the evening, and"—

"Oh, never mind the girl. We'll wait on ourselves, and I'll help you to wash the dishes. There now."

"But, Dick, dear, I've been so busy I've forgotten the dinner."—London Tit-Bits.

The Nazareth of Today.

Nazareth, where Jesus spent his boyhood, calls to mind a picture of a hazy, half mystical village of the far east. The Palestine of today is a network of railroads and telegraph wires. Modern hotels with elevators and bell boys now occupy sacred places of history. Cafes stand where once the hosts of Israel fought, contending with charlots and horsemen. The awkward camel back is transplanted by the compartment car. One would look in vain for the hospitable villager standing at the door of his humble flat roofed home. Tall, slanting roofed buildings predominate, with fresh red tiles imported from France. In a prominent place on the brow of a hill stands the English orphanage, which provides for the education of the orphans of Palestine. English and Arabic are taught here as well as housekeeping and needlework. A telegraph station, with an Armenian operator in citizen's dress, keeps Nazareth in touch with the world.

Quieted the Barber.

A distinguished senator from the northwest strolled into the barber shop in the senate wing one day for a shave. The chairs were all occupied. The statesman, seeing this, started to go out, with the idea of returning a little later, but the head barber of the tonsorial parlor sought to detain the senator. He called after him in a rather strident tone:

"You're the next, senator!"

The northwestern senator wheeled about, assuming a sad smile, placed a hand over his fast pulsating heart as though the throbbing there pained him and said to the head barber.

"Be good enough not to remind me of that any oftener than you can help. I understand fully that I am tabbed, but permit me to enjoy what peace I may until the blow falls."

And the occupants of the chairs chuckled under their soapy masks.—American Spectator.

The Ostrich.

Instead of being a stupid bird the ostrich is one of the wisest and most wary. About the dwellings of white settlers, who have neither the time nor the inclination to disturb him, he becomes so tame that he unconcernedly mingles with the poultry and milk cows as if he, too, were domesticated. He is always fearful of men on horseback, but is not at all disturbed by the approach of people on foot unless they are followed by dogs. These he greatly fears. On the plains he often associates with the deer or the guanaco, and an alarm of any kind will send them rushing away together.

The Snipe's Bill.

The bill of the snipe is provided with a nerve running down to the tip and then distributing itself over the end of the beak. This is the only instance of this kind among birds and is a singular case of the care of nature in providing for her creatures. The snipe seeks for his prey in mud and water, where he cannot see, and it is believed that the nerve advises him of the presence of food when his eyes give him no information.

Nature's Methods.

When one is sick there is usually something in the stomach that nature wants to throw up. When one has diarrhea nature is striving to remove offending material from the system. When one perspires profusely nature is getting rid of blood poisons through the skin. One should never attempt to check any such effort without being sure that its arrest will be beneficial.

Warning to Bearded Men.

"It is well that old men should wear beards," said a physician, "for when one becomes old one should be spared the exertion of daily shaving. But I would like to issue a warning to all beard wearers. I would like to shout 'Keep your beards dry!' in a voice loud enough to be heard around the world. Were those words heeded many cases of sore throat, cold and influenza would be avoided, and many deaths would be indefinitely put off. So many men with beards neglect when they wash their faces to wipe their beards dry! A beard a foot long demands a lot of toweling. It should be toweled after every wash a good five minutes. Otherwise it is damp. The owner goes about with this damp thing upon his delicate and sensitive throat. Then, if he takes tonsilitis or influenza, he blames the American climate. There are too many damp beards among us. Too many men, washing their faces three or four times a day, have their beards damp and clammy a good three hours daily."—New York Press.

Maine's Female Warrior.

During the war between the states when it became necessary to draft men for the army a recruiting officer, Parker Mears by name, went to an island off the coast of Maine called Loud's island. It claimed to be a plantation. As the boat neared the shore a tall, brawny female, the mother of several stalwart sons, appeared on the rocks and as the officer set foot on shore sternly demanded his business.

"After men for Uncle Sam," he answered.

She immediately began to pelt him with big, hard potatoes, and they came so fast and furiously that he was obliged to flee to the boat and row away as fast as possible. Mr. Mears, when a little excited, stuttered badly. Relating the experience, he ended with, "G-g-give her po-po-po-po-tatoes e-nough a-a-and sh-sh-she'll t-t-t-take Ri-Ri-Richmond."—Boston Herald.

Earthquakes.

No prediction can be made safely as to future earthquakes in any particular region. If any conjecture is warranted, it is merely that regions which are known to have contracted the earthquake habit are, on the whole, more likely to quake in the future than are regions which have long been free from seismic disturbances. No part of the continent seems less likely to be shaken than the Mississippi basin. Yet there were disastrous earthquakes about the mouth of the Ohio river in 1811-13. Regions covered with thick layers of clay, sand, gravel, glacial drift, etc., like much of the basin of the upper Mississippi, are less likely to suffer severely than those where solid rock comes to the surface, for the loose material acts as a cushion to deaden the vibrations which come to the surface from the solid rock below.—The World Today.

Wore Out His Finger.

There was a brakeman on the Colorado Midland railroad who years ago lost his index finger on his right hand. One day a lady passenger who had been much interested in the wonderful works of nature the brakeman had pointed out to her along the road noticed the stub finger. When the conductor came through the car she said to him:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me how the brakeman lost his forefinger? He seems to be such an accommodating fellow."

"Yes, mum, that's just it. He is so accommodating that he wore that finger off pointing out the scenery along the line," said the conductor.—Denver News.

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—MISS V. BROCK, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

PEPYS AND EVELYN.

Difference In Methods of These Two Famous Diarists.

Pepys' narrative is always dramatic —himself being the center of the play—while Evelyn is historical, pathetic or didactic, as the mood seizes him. Pepys gives us the comedy of his time, as Plautus and Terence gave us the comedy of theirs. Evelyn, on the other hand, has something of Livy in his composition and not a little of Cicero. Compare, for instance, their treatment of the great fire, and you may measure the distance between them. Thus it is that Pepys' account begins: "Some of our maids, sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about 3 in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window." And now turn to Evelyn and see the temper in which he views the destruction of the city. "The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length," he writes the day after the fire. "Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, 'Non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem,' the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but it is no more!"

Pepys sets the scene before you like a man; Evelyn reflects upon the tragedy like a writer, ingenious in reference and quick with allusion. We need not discuss which is the better method, but it may surely be said that the world will produce another hundred Evelyns before it fashions a fitting rival for Pepys.—London Spectator.

ANCIENT BELLS.

Well Known to the Egyptians Before the Jewish Exodus.

Bells were well known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord and when he cometh out, that he die not."

Hand bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighborhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit before the elevation. By the command of Pope John IX. church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.

The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St. Stephen's church.

No Time For Surgery.

The average woman thinks the sun and stars would cease to shine sooner than that she could interfere with the regular routine of household duties. A Sabetha woman was recently informed by her physician that she would have to have an operation performed. She said she didn't see how she could; that Monday was washing day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday the missionary society met, Thursday was the day to clean up, Friday to bake, Saturday to give the children their baths and mend. If he could get it in Sunday after dinner and before evening services perhaps she would try it.—Kansas City Journal.

The Sardinians.

Sardinia was a wild place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goatskins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardes are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

Clever Mother Wood Duck.

How does the mother wood duck get her brood of twelve to eighteen ducklings from her hollow tree to the creek? Hunters, fishermen and nature students have tried to answer this question, and many are the guesses at the riddle. Mr. William Brewster watched an American golden eye that had a nest in the hollow tree overhanging the water until he heard her, after she had made an inspection of the surroundings, utter a "quack" that brought her brood pellmell out of the tree and tumbling down into the water. A magazine writer says he has seen the young ducks climb out of the hollow down the tree and walk to the water, which was near by. Others believe that the mother carries them in her bill, taking them by their wings; others that she carries them on her back. —Country Life In America.

Origin of "the Levant."

Nowadays "the Levant" means solely the eastern Mediterranean region. But it really signifies the east in a general sense—the region of the rising sun, in fact—being derived from the French "lever," to rise. By "the high Levant" Bacon meant the far east. In the eighteenth century Chambers' Encyclopedia explained that "Levant" applied to any country to the eastward of one, and in this sense Evelyn wrote of "more Levantine parts than Italy." "Levant," indeed, was interchangeable with "orient," just as "ponent" was with "occident." So we find Milton writing of "Levant" and "Ponent" minds.—London Chronicle.

STONES SET ON FIRE.

Truly Remarkable Action of Sea Water In Ireland.

All the talk was of the old country, its marvelous beauty, its marvelous happenings, and Casey said to the Texan:

"The sea setting fire to tall cliffs—you wouldn't believe that possible, I suppose."

"Assuredly not," returned the Texan. "Neither in Ireland nor elsewhere."

"By those words," said Casey, smelling his shamrock tenderly, "you prove your ignorance of Ireland, sir, and show you have never been to Ballybunion.

"The tall cliffs of Ballybunion wade knee deep in the rough Atlantic. They are the bulwarks of Erin's west coast, and since the world's beginning the wild Atlantic surges, breaking against them, have eaten them out in caves and hollows.

"These cliffs of Ballybunion contain in their depths masses or iron pyrites and alum. Now and then the salt sea water eats into these masses, and oxidization at once takes place, and flames burst forth, and the rocks crack and melt in the great heat.

"Once the cliffs of Ballybunion burned for weeks. Like a volcano, they sent up yellow flame and black, foul smelling, bitter smoke, and the Irish came from hundreds of miles to see that wonderful sight.

"Only in Ireland, only in Ballybunion, sir," said Casey, fingering his shamrock, "may you see cliffs set afire by the salt sea they stand knee deep in."—Minneapolis Journal.

TAMED BY KINDNESS.

The Methods of the Elephant Hunter In the Far East.

This is how elephants are hunted in Ceylon: The people begin by clearing an open space near a forest, part of which is strongly fenced in with trunks of trees, with open places for doors. Then the elephants are found and with blazing torches, rattling of noisy instruments and spears are driven toward the open doors.

At last, with a rush, the great herd enters, the entrances are barred, and the poor giants of the wood find themselves hopelessly imprisoned. An elephant's rage is dreadful to witness, but the ingenuity of man has found a way of subduing it. One by one each prisoner is freed again, and tame elephants, remarkable for their sagacity, come up to him, stroke him with their trunks and otherwise cajole him until they lead him on to a good strong tree. The natives creep up behind, and in a minute the elephant is made fast to the tree by his leg.

All the time this is going on the tame elephants are humoring their deluded victim, but as soon as he is secured they go away and leave him. Then the men bring him cocoanuts and leaves to eat, which, of course, he refuses, as he is again in a great passion and struggling to be free.

But hunger subdues even the fiercest, and at last his wild roaring ceases, and he eats. From that time the taming process is comparatively easy. Again and again he is fed, as he requires it, by a kind hand, and the elephant, susceptible to kindness, becomes at last a docile servant of the man.

White Ants of Africa.

Natives of the east coast of Africa do not object to the presence of the great white ant colonies in their neighborhood. The ants exercise great fertilizing power on the crops. A resident of that country writes: "Every season I have seen the wonderful effects the white ant hill produces on the Kaffirs' maize and corn. Whenever there happens to be an ant hill in a garden its immediate vicinity can be at once distinguished, as the maize and corn are fully double the size of the surrounding crop. The bush country a few miles from this place is swarming with white ants and has also a large native population. The ants do not attack green crops to any extent."

A Taste For Dogs.

Mark Twain was once talking of war and of the hardships and privations of sieges.

"A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a woman who had two dogs. They were ugly little brutes, and when they came near him the man pushed them out of the way with his foot.

" 'I perceive, sir,' said the woman coldly, 'that you are not very fond of dogs.'

"The man started in surprise.

" 'I not fond of dogs!' he exclaimed. 'Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris!' "

A Patient Man.

The endurance of the music lover who sits out one of Wagner's long "Ring" operas has often been commented upon, but perhaps not more forcibly than in London. Well up above the stage was a burly figure in homespun, evidently a Scottish farmer who had come to London to see the sights and hear the sounds. After sitting through three long acts he murmured audibly, " 'Twas a patient mon that wrote all this!"

A Lake of Acid.

In the center of Sulphur island, off New Zealand, is a lake of sulphuric acid fifty acres in extent. The water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric acid and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F., and great care has to be taken in approaching it to avoid suffocation.

Man carries under his hat a private theater, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—Carlyle.

A Phrenological Point.

We have never yet seen a captain of a varsity crew who possessed a poor or retreating chin, a weak or turned up nose, a small neck or a diminutive brow or irresolute eyes.—Phrenological Journal.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron and even the praises of a friend to recommend him to the notice of the world.—Pliny.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1906.

TRUE WORDS.

Among a set of resolutions adopted by the National League of Republican Clubs at the close of their meeting at Philadelphia last week, was one

"to Theodore Roosevelt, the world's first citizen, who, through his rugged honesty, his persistent determination, his unflagging courage and his demand for a square deal for every person and every interest, has gained not only the respect and love of his fellow-countrymen, but the esteem and admiration of all mankind."

$12,000 FOR WOBURN P. O.

Last Monday Congress, with many others, appropriated the sum of $12,000 for a site for a government post-office in this city.

This means that, in due time, and that not a long way in the future, Woburn will have a fine handsome postoffice building, all at Uncle Sam's expense.

☞ Josiah Quincy, ex-Mayor of Boston, a gentleman distinguished in political and social circles, is firmly and unalterably opposed to John B. Moran for Governor. So much the worse for Josiah! It is true, no doubt, that the "Codfish," as an emblem of social distinction in Boston, has fallen far below its former exalted state, and has been, by Time, robbed of much of its former sacred character; nevertheless, many scions of old Boston families, including Mr. Quincy, still worship at its shrine; and to this day a bright and shining representation of the Cod adorns a high post of honor in the Great and General Court as a tribute to its past and rapidly fading glories. Now, in the eyes of the sacred Codfish John B. Moran is a Plebeian; he is not of the Aristocratic Order. To be sure, he claims to be a Democrat (not in a partisan sense), a friend of the common people, among whom he proudly classifies himself; a toiler. In the eyes of the sacred Cod these homely virtues disqualify John B. for the noble office of Governor of the State.

In these few and hastily penned remarks may be found, without difficulty, the reason for Josiah Quincy's opposition to John B. Moran's ambition to succeed Gov. Curtis Guild next January.

☞ Water Commissioner E. F. Hayward of the Board of Public Works has been of the opinion for some time past that a new pump is needed at the station, and last Saturday the Finance Committee of the City Council visited the station with Com. Hayward to make an examination of the condition of things there and glean facts as to the necessity of a new one. It seems quite clear to the experienced operator that danger to the city lurks in a much longer use of the old pump which is liable to give out at any moment and deprive the inhabitants, for an indefinite period, of the use of water, the effect of which could not easily be described. It is fair to presume, however, that the City Council and Com. Hayward will do the right thing and see to it that the water supply is not cut off by reason of official negligence.

☞ The Fifth Mass., Regiment Association of Veterans held their annual reunion at Wakefield last Wednesday, June 27. It was well attended. The members from Woburn, with Marrinan's Band were: Fort Staples, Jos. H. Parker, Jos. Linnell, Milton Moore, Jos. Field, Bernard Fletcher, Clarence Littlefield, Wm. Kendall, Rufus Whitten, E. F. Wyer.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Hargreaves—Circus.
M. A. Burnes—Opening.
Journal—Board Wanted.
County Com.—Pet. and Order.

— Circus July 4.

— Please read the ad. "Board Wanted."

— There were showers, with thunder and lightning, last Sunday night.

— McLaughlin & Dennison's Fruitade is a splendid hot weather drink.

— H. S. Class '06 reception this evening in Lyceum Hall. Dancing.

— It was the best High School graduation we have had here in many years past.

— Next week Collector Maguire will have a large batch of delinquent tax notices in the JOURNAL.

— Splendid weather for the graduating exercises. It was improved and enjoyed by the school people.

— The city ought to accept the Johnson proposition and widen Montvale avenue near Prospect street.

— The usher force at the graduation was as fine an aggregation of young men as mortal eyes ever gazed on.

— Rev. Albert Newhall of New Orleans, a relative of the Fox family, is visiting his people and acquaintances here.

— A tiptop circus and the 4th of July coming together here next Wednesday will enliven things to a remarkable extent.

— Miss Grace Heartz is at home to spend the vacation season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz, on Bennett street.

— The First Baptist and Methodist Sunday Schools held a joint picnic in Wilmington Wednesday. They had fine weather for it.

— The press agent assured us that Hargreave's circus is firstclass in every particular. Peruse carefully ad and reader in this paper.

— The 90th anniversary of Rev. Dr. March's birthday is approaching, and his hosts of friends are thinking up plans for celebrating it.

— Good progress is being made by the mechanics on the St. Charles parochial school building on Main street near the St. Charles church.

— The Marshall Tidd High and Rumford schools scholar prizes are appreciated. It was a wise and generous provision of Mr. Tidd's will.

— Mrs. David Wilbur Brown is visiting in New Hampshire.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Elva A. Caldwell of Wellesley College, one of the smartest girls that have graduated from the Woburn High School, is attending the College Conference at Silver Bay, N. Y.

— Mary G. Goode, one of the fair teachers of the Johnson school, and a good one, sailed on the Saxonia from Boston for Europe last Tuesday. She will return in about two months.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, July 1, will be Mr. Geo. H. Woods of the Weber Quartette, also a member of the choir of Dr. E E Hale's church, Boston.

— The Y. P. S. C. E. of Cummingsville celebrated the 6th anniversary of their organization at the Chapel last evening in fine style. The exercises were interesting and highly entertaining.

— The Boston Branch, Fitz & Stanley, proprietors, is the standby grocery of Woburn. They have been in business here about 26 years, and the reputation they have earned is an enviable one.

— The funeral of Charles Sumner Jones was held last Saturday. Due honors were paid him by the two Grand Army Posts and many citizens. He was a Veteran of the Civil War, and respected as such.

— The Bay State Military Rifle Association are to hold a grand shooting tournament at their range in Wakefield on July 23. Capt. John M. Portal, Secretary of the Association, is arranging for it.

— At the home reception given to Miss Anna M. Maguire, Valedictorian, last Tuesday evening, she was presented with a fine gold watch. Her Valedictory was one of the very best ever delivered here at a Class graduation.

— Miss Mary E. Godkin, the accomplished and efficient clerk in City Tax Collector Maguire's office, has returned from a week's vacation, and is at her post of duty again in City Hall, warmly welcomed by every patron of that municipal Department.

— On motion of Dr. Robert Chalmers at the School meeting last Monday evening, Dr. V. C. Stewart was appointed Medical Inspector of the Woburn public schools. For his magnanimity (he might have had it) Dr. Chalmers deserved praise.

— Miss Lizzie J. Calnan, an expert accountant and A1 allround writer in public offices, also, City Clerk Finn's Right Bower, took Miss Godkin's place in the Collector's Department last week and conducted the business of the same in the best possible manner.

— Principal Owen of the High School, Mrs. Owen, and Philip Herbert Owen, heir apparent, think now that they will go to their summer home at Monmouth, Maine, about July 3, and if nothing splits, that will be the date of their departure from this city for a vacation outing.

— The High School Class '06 consisted of 62 members—13 in the Classical Course; 19 in the Four Years General Course; and 30 in the Three Years Course. There were 12 Honor Members. A considerable number of them are to enter College this fall. Principal Owen is proud of the class.

— John M. Wallace, the Printer, had a famous time last week hobnobbing with the Royal Arch Masons in Boston who were there assembled in convention, attending receptions, partaking of banquets, enjoying sailing excursions down the Harbor, etc. Mrs. Wallace was also a participant of these pleasures.

— The Woburn Brass Band, Thomas H. Marrinan, Leader, have been engaged to play for the Winchester celebration next 4th of July. We are proud to be able to assure our esteemed neighbors that, if they had raked the State all over for a Band, they couldn't have made a wiser or better choice. The W. B. B. are OK!

— Subscribers for the WOBURN JOURNAL, new and old, can have the paper sent to their summer address without cost or trouble by simply forwarding a request, with changed address, to this office. To accommodate its host of patrons is the delight of the JOURNAL's heart. A simple postalcard will do the business up brown.

— Mrs. Dr. James H. Conway of Philadelphia is visiting Mr. James W. McDonald and her sister, Mrs. McDonald, with whom she proposes to remain several weeks. A former resident of this city, she has many friends who are glad to meet her here. The McDonalds go on their annual vacation about August 1.

— Chester Ingalls Conn, son of Horace N. Conn, was one of the graduates from the 4 years general course of the High School last Wednesday evening. His grandmother, the wife of the late George H. Conn, nee Nichols, was a member of the first Class that graduated from the same institution, and that was 47 years ago. His father, Horace Conn, and his mother were also graduates.

— Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist of the Unitarian church, having done special advanced organ and other work under Wallace Goodrich, acting director of the New England Conservatory of Music, has received a postgraduate diploma, which honor is ordinarily conferred only after at least two years of postgraduate study at the Cons., but was given to Mr. Lewis in recognition of his work in Leipzig and Boston.

— Mary Elizabeth Grimes, daughter of Editor Grimes of the *News*, one of Woburn's smartest and most popular young ladies, graduated, with honors, from Radcliffe College, Cambridge, last week. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grimes of Princeton, Mass., grand parents of this our "sweet girl graduate;" and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Grimes of Troy, N. Y., were present at the Class Day and Commencement exercises, and Class reception. Of course, the Editor and wife were on hand to witness, with great pleasure, the exit of their accomplished daughter from College life.

— Pupils of the Burlington Grammar School graduated on the evening of June 22, the exercises taking place in the church, which was beautifully decorated for the event, and were witnessed by a large and appreciative assembly. There were five graduates, all of whom acquitted themselves handsomely. An entertainment was given by the school in addition to the regular exercises, which was greatly enjoyed.

— At a recent meeting of the Library Committee Miss Brown, the Children's Librarian, was appointed to represent the Library at the meeting of the American Library Association to be held on June 29 to July 6, at Narragansett Pier, where men and women from the various Libraries throughout the United States will meet in conference, to discuss the best methods of carrying on this important branch of education.

— The pupils of the High School presented Submaster Frank R. Clark with a fine ring last Monday in token of their high esteem and appreciation of his good work in the classes. Mr. Clark's connection with the School ended last Wednesday. He enters the Harvard Medical School next September. He has proved a good teacher, and a popular one with the Committee, corps of instructors, and scholars, and also in the community.

— Mr. Lawrence Martin, one of the solid men of Oklahoma, formerly of East Woburn, Captain of the Democratic hosts of that Ward and of the city, has returned for a short visit among his old friends and political coadjutors, and to sniff once more salt breezes from Old Ocean. There is positively no political significance in his visit, especially as Hon. Jack Feeney is not a candidate for Mayor at this time, nor likely to be in the near future.

— Last week Woburn Lodge, I. O. O. F., Manchester Unity elected these officers: Harry W. Snow, Grand Master; Archie C. Ward, Noble Grand; George Moody, Vice Grand; Fred A. Johnstone, Elective Secretary. Other officers will be announced at the meeting July 18, when all will be installed by Past Grand, Homer A. White. James Sudbury, A. C. Ward, James Graham, were appointed a committee to arrange for a parade and church service and report at the next meeting.

— Mrs. Jennings, 417 Main street, has everything in her store that the juvinile patriots and enthusiasts of this city could possibly ask for to make the 4th a day long to be remembered by them. She has laid in a big store of just the things that make life worth living on great and glorious Independence Day, as the boys and girls will find when they visit her store on the "night before," and the Day itself. Don't fail to drop in and take a good look at Mrs. Jennings's stock of 4th of July goods.

— Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Cummings of Los Angeles, California, formerly of this city, are visiting their old stamping grounds and friends hereabouts. Mr. Cummings is a leading merchant in the fair city of his adoption on the Pacific Coast and has made a great deal of money since settling there a dozen, or more, years ago. He owns and occupies one of the largest and finest stores in that city, and his residence is said to be a superb one—commodious, handsome, and beautiful for situation.

— Chairman George F. Bean of the School Board and family propose to enjoy the vacation season on the European plan, that is to say, by occupying no fixed habitation during the hot months, but in flitting and skipping about from place to place, and like the busy bee, gathering honey from every opening flower. Warner, N. H., will not be likely to see much of them this summer, as has been its pleasure in many seasons past; but Warner's loss will, no doubt, turn out to be somebody's else's gain.

— Last Saturday evening, June 23, Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis, the well-known pianist and successful teacher, closed a series of pianoforte recitals at the Unitarian church, which were given for the benefit of her numerous young pupils, many of whom participated in them. The recitals were attended by the families of the children who were pleased with the progress made by the classes. Mrs. Lewis will give more frequent musical exhibitions of her scholars next season, and spare no pains to make them pleasing to the public.

— Mr. Guy E. Marion, son of ex-Ald. Elijah Marion of Lowell street, came up from Waterbury, Connecticut, where, for a couple of years, he has been employed by the American Brass Company in a responsible position, to attend the Tufts College Commencement last week, and spend a few days with his family and friends here. After graduating from Tufts a few years ago Guy took a Postgraduate course there, and subsequently went into business. He is a smart young man, and in no pursuit allows grass to grow under his feet.

— Alderman James H. Connolly, Chairman of the Committee to provide a Children's entertainment on the Glorious Fourth, has laid out a fine order of exercises for the occasion, for which he is entitled to, and will receive, the warmest and most cordial benedictions of the young folks. The entertainment is to be given from 9 to 12 o'clock in Lyceum Hall, to consist of Punch and Judy, a tiptop variety show, music, icecream, et cetera, in view of which the 4th can't get here a minute too soon to suit the little lads and lassies.

— So far as we have been able to ascertain, the arrangements for celebrating the 4th here have been perfected, and all that is needed now is the arrival of the Day with a plenty of sunshine and other desirable accompaniments. The committees entered enthusiastically into the work of arranging for the sports and entertainments, put things through, and made a good job of the whole business. Not a big celebration is looked for—it couldn't be expected on $200; but it will be a good one, and as satisfactory as one on a larger scale. These small family affairs on the 4th are almost always pleasanter, and far less expensive, than the great ones.

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

— Last Wednesday afternoon a goodly number of Woburn business men hied themselves to Revere Beach for rest and chowder.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, of Manchester, N. H., Miss Bernice and Master Austin, are visiting with Mrs. Page's mother, Mrs. Anna Smith, corner of Salem street.

— Mr. F. Percyval Lewis is visiting relatives in Oberlin, Ohio, and attending the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association, where he is meeting many musical people and renewing acquaintances made in Leipzig.

— The home of Towanda Club on Abbott street is being tidied up in great shape.

— The North Congregational church gave a delightful party on Hopkins's lawn, N. W., last evening.

— Mrs. Joseph F. DeLoriea of Warren avenue sails tomorrow for Great Britain, where she will spend the summer.

— Until the JOURNAL reads the testimony it will withhold comment on the case of Edward S. Lyons, License Commissioner.

— The Montreal train on the Boston & Maine was put on, for the summer, last Monday evening. It leaves the Woburn station for Boston at 9.09 p. m.

— Wednesday morning's Boston *Globe* contained magnificent portraits of Master Owen, Chester L. Conn and Anna M. Maguire. Reporter Wetherell is a hustler!

— At the Congregational church next Sunday evening the service will be of a patriotic nature. The Alpine Quartette will sing appropriate selections. The pastor, Dr. Norton, will make an address.

— "Is this hot enough for you?" was heard in all parts of this city on June 27 and 28, and answers were invariably the same, "it will do." That the weather was a roaster on those days no sane person will deny.

— The clergymen of this city will soon leave their pulpits for vacation outings, some to the seaside, others to the mountainous districts, and a few to "cool grots and mossy dells where rural fays and fairies dwell."

— The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the usual place Monday afternoon, June 24. It was voted to contribute towards a present to be given Mrs. Rolfe, by the Unions of Middlesex Co upon the occasion of her fiftieth wedding anniversary next fall. This was the last meeting for the summer.—PRESS SUPT.

— Without the sign of a struggle or an election treat on his part, Thomas Mulkeen was reappointed Truant Officer by the Board last Monday evening. He has served the schools of Woburn in that capacity for the last 25 consecutive years, and knows, by sight and name, every school youngster between the cradle and "freedom day," male and female, in this city. He can sit right down in his office and count up the scholars without a miss, and even provide for those soon to appear.

— The public are waiting, with ears wide open, for an announcement from headquarters to the effect that the City Council have voted to call a halt on weekly meetings and adjourn over until about the time when the "sere and yellow leaf" shall put in an appearance, and the harvest is ripe for the sickle. For six months their labors in behalf of the public have been hard, constant to purpose, unremitting, and wearing to brain tissue, or "grey matter," as the moderns term it; and a rest is imperative. The vacation signal for the Honorable Body is daily expected.

— We direct especial attention to the notice of Mr. M. A. Burnes of the opening of his new furniture quarters, 424-426 Main street, Saturday, June 30, and to the announcement of a concert to be given there from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. by the Woburn Brass Band. To view the interior of the new store and the stocks of elegant goods with which it is filled will, no doubt, attract a great crowd of people, and when is added to that a firstclase band concert by Woburn's favorite players, it can easily be imagined that a big rush of people will welcome Mr. Burnes's opening. Please read his ad. on first page of JOURNAL

— We hope the boys and girls will keep as still as possible next Tuesday night and behave themselves with a proper regard to the comfort of those who would like to secure a good night's rest preparatory to the exercises of the Glorious Fourth. It is not expected that perfect quiet will reign on "the night before," nor that the youth of this good old patriotic town will remain silent in their dear little trundlebeds until cockcrowing on the 4th; oh, no! But some noisy antics may be dispensed with without in the least interfering with the sports of the night. And don't fire off crackers under the windows of houses where sick people lie.

— In derision, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, sarcastically, a certain newspaper in this town, the name of which we forbear to mention in these columns, calls Winchester the "Spotless Town." A more brutal attack on the delicate sensibilities of a highly meritorious people can hardly be imagined, and to preserve the good name and fair fame of Woburn, and do justice to a sister community, the JOURNAL feels it to be its bounden and solemn duty, as well as its pleasure, to step into the ring and denounce and repel with all its powers the wicked slanders that the paper aforesaid, the name of which we, as aforesaid, decline to mention, would fain hurl against the fair character and reputation of the municipality which lies south of our city, and contiguous thereunto.

AMERICA'S GREATEST

CIRCUS!

And the Only Big One Coming Here This Year!

THE GREAT HARGREAVES RAIL ROAD SHOWS

Will Exhibit in WOBURN Rain or Shine

Wednesday, AFTERNOON and NIGHT JULY 4.

THOS. HARGREAVES
MANAGER
AN AMERICAN SHOW FOR AMERICANS

Circusdom's Most Exclusive, Amazing, Dexterous and Thrilling Aerial Acts, Athletic Performances, Gymnastic Feats, Trained Animal Exhibitions, Equestrian Displays, Acrobatic Acts, Stage and Ground Performances, Bewildering Both in Novelty and Number.

COMPLETE DOUBLE MENAGERIE

The Beauty and Fascination of Earth's Rarest Animal Life Brought Together Under One Huge Canvas Where All May See.

25 Really Funny Clowns 25

SEE THE BIG FREE STREET

PARADE

At 10 A. M. Positively the Most Phenomenally Prodigious Potpourri of Panoramic Pageantry and Pomp Ever Produced.

Exhibition Place: Salem and Wood Sts.

Performances 2 and 8 P. M. Doors Open 1 and 7 P. M.

This big Circus will exhibit in Lynn, Thursday, July 5.

— Dr. Irving Bancroft, son of the Veteran Major, after a brief visit here, has left us.

— Lawyer Fred Davis is forging right ahead. See U. S. Circuit Court notice in this paper.

— Rev. H C. Parker preaches his last sermon before vacation at the Unitarian church next Sunday.

— Mrs. O'Keefe and daughter, Miss Isabel, of Chicago, are visiting her sister Mrs. Dr. Murphy on Pleasant street.

— Dr. Chalmers is attending a new case of spotted fever on Salem street. It was thought the dread disease had entirely disappeared from this city.

— This is a treatise on Clams, written, not by a Clam, but by a smart young blood who was reared on a Clambed some 60 or 70 years ago, and, therefore, knows whereof he speaks. The particular theme, or subhead of the treatise, is fresh, fat Clams fried to a turn in batter and butter by Murray & Robertson at their popular restaurant 425 Main street, the neatest and nicest place whereat to obtain pure food, admirably cooked, in this city. Murray & Robertson make a specialty of fried clams, oysters, lobsters, fish—all fresh from the "briny deep"—prepared, cooked and served by experts—carefully put up in pound and half-pound boxes ready to deliver, steaming hot, on family orders. Their finely conducted restaurant is a great resort for epicures, and they enjoy a large and well deserved patronage.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's, Druggists. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 25c.

Hargreave's Circus.

It is a well known fact that the majority of circus-goers prefer the acts in which the performers' lives seem to hang by mere threads. In the great Thomas Hargreaves railroad shows, which will exhibit in Woburn on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, July 4, there are many conspicuous exclusive feature acts, which excite the apprehension of the beholder, lest the performer shall be killed. The intricate feats performed by the ærialists, high up in the dome of the "big top," without a bit of netting beneath; the phenomenal slides for life by the bold Japanese artists; the mad racing around the double hippodrome by the riders, jockeys and chariot drivers; the incredible stunts by the ferocious wild beasts in the open arenas—all abound in hair-breadth escapes from death in one form or another. In fact, as the press agent puts it, "the great circus is composed wholly of 'thrillers.' There is such a profusion of thrilling acts that spectators sit in open-mouthed amazement throughout the entire three-hour program." The press representative is authority for the statement that the Hargaeaves circus is larger in every department than ever before. Certain it is that the big show is everywhere creating a furore, and its advent is being eagerly awaited by thousands of circus enthusiasts throughout this section of the country.

Watch for the sublime and imposing free street parade, at 10 a. m. on the above day and date. This spectacle is said to be without a parallel in all the world.

St. Charles Parochial School Graduation.

A large number of people assembled in the basement of St. Charles church last Wednesday afternoon to enjoy the graduating exercises of the Parochial School. The room was beautifully decorated for the occasion; the music was fine; and those present, although it was hot, enjoyed the event highly. The pupils acquitted themselves handsomely. The following was the programme:

Welcome, Chorus by School
Salutatory, Miss Frances Maguire
Red Scarf, Bonheur
Chorus by School.
Recitation, Selected
Miss Margaret O'Connor.
Awake! Veazie
Chorus by School.
Recitation, Selected
Miss Winifred Walsh.
Dialogue. "Heavenly Guides."
Misses Rose Manning, Edith Dunbury, Anna Reddy, Anna Callahan, Anna Gorman.
Apollo, Bishop
Chorus by School.

Grammar school certificates were awarded to: Misses Margaret Duggan, Letitia Farrell, Rose Freelan, Mary Kane, Winifred Kane, Winifred Maguire, Agnes Manning, Mary McDonald, Eleanor McMahon, Agnes O'Donnell, Mary Walsh.

Farewell to Graduates, Tribute of Little Ones
Graduation Honors.
Valedictory, Miss Mary Murray
Regna Terrae, Peters
Chorus by School.

Class of 1906: Misses Mary Margaret Murray, Frances Elizabeth Maguire, Margaret Ellen O'Connor, Winifred Catherine Walsh, Rose Anna Manning, Edith Rose Dunbury, Anna Teresa Reddy, Anna Louise Callahan, Anna Catherine Gorman.

BE GOOD

To Yourself

During the hot days and cut out bread baking; it is a foolish waste of energy when you can get such delicious bread as Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread fresh from the ovens twice daily.

Suppose you start to-day. 10c. at your grocer's.

Our WINNER BREAD, for 5c. is not even approached by other 5c. bread.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

H. S. Class 1906—Graduation.

Last Tuesday evening, June 26, 1906, Lyceum Hall elegantly attired and brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, was crowded from pit to dome with as fine appearing and well behaved an audience as ever sat within its walls, to witness and enjoy the graduating exercises of High School Class '06—to listen to the sweet music, the eloquent oratory; to view with pleasure and pride the platform aggregation of mature wisdom and gravity of deportment there on exhibition; to mark, with swelling bosoms, the signs of satisfaction resting on the intellectual features of the School Board, and the great happiness of Master Owen and his corps of able Assistants. Pit and galleries were crowded to their utmost capacity with humanity of all ages, from the tot of tenderest years, to the hoary headed sire and the venerable dame by his side.

Thus filled, with an outdoor temperature close up to 80, the great Hall was nearly as hot as a bakehouse, but what cared the audience? isn't it always so on graduation night? and weren't they all there to enjoy a "feast of reason and flow of soul," hot or cold, as the case might be? A more attentive audience, or one better fitted to give tone to and adorn an educational event of high character, never before graced the seats of beautiful Lyceum Hall.

The singing by the Class and Euterpean Glee Club, conducted by Miss Dora A. Winn, with baton firmly in hand, alert, graceful, energetic; the row of lovely girls in pure white, with clear, belltoned voices, facing their accomplished teacher and the great crowd of interested listeners, was a feature of the exercises never to be erased from the memory of those who heard it.

No words of praise at our command are adequate to set forth in cold type the rare merits of the Salutatory by Chester L. Conn, and the Valedictory by Anna M. Maguire, two of the brightest scholars in the Class, and we will not attempt thus to set them forth, or elaborate on the intrinsic worth of the productions. Miss Maguire made a fine appearance on the stage, and Mr. Conn carried himself in a scholarly and manly way. Nothing better in the line of the two principal graduating parts has been witnessed here in years past.

The address by President Faunce of Brown University was a literary and rhetorical gem. It was able; sound in sense; pat to the occasion. The Committee were exceedingly fortunate in securing his services as Commencement Day orator. It was done, probably, through the influence of President Bean of the School Board, who is a Brown alumnus.

Mayor Linscott passed up the diplomas in just the right fashion, sprightly, quite gleefully, and in appropriate language.

Stella W. Eames and Arthur F. Ray won the H. S. Tidd prizes. At the Rumford, also provided for by the will of Marshall Tidd, Marion Sevrens and Chester, Sevrens won the Tidd prizes.

The H. S. programme follows.

PROGRAM

WALTZ FROM FAUST. *Gounod*
School.
SALUTATORY. Chester I. Conn
SONG. Joys of Spring, *Geibel*
Euterpean Glee Club.
ADDRESS. President Faunce of Brown University
SONG. Lovely Appear. *Gounod*
School.
VALEDICTORY. Anna M. Maguire
Presentation of DIPLOMAS and SCHOLARSHIPS. Mayor Arthur H. Linscott
SONG. 'Tis Morn. *Geibel*
Class of 1906.

HONORS.

PHILIP H. OWEN—English, History, Latin, French, German, Algebra, Geometry.
SYDNEY A. BEGGS—English, History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, (French and Chemistry.)
THOMAS J. BROWN—History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, (French and Chemistry.)
CHESTER I. CONN—Algebra, Geometry, French.
STELLA W. EAMES—English, Latin, French.
ANNA M. MAGUIRE—Latin, French, German.
RUTH W. COBURN—French, German.
ARTHUR F. RAY—Latin.
ARTHUR R. GAGE—(Physics and Chemistry.)
JOHN J. WINCHESTER—English.
ELSIE M. PATTERSON—French.
MILDRED A. FOX—German.

GRADUATES

Classical Course

Sydney Adams Beggs
Raymond Walker Brown
Thomas Jefferson Brown
Emery Chester Carter
Stella Walker Eames
Anna May Maguire
Grace Mae McKeen
Henry John McMahon
Laura Margaret Morrow
Philip Herbert Owen
Rowen Carlton Parker
Elsie Mabel Patterson
Arthur Foster Ray

Four Years' General Course

Carrie Melvine Armstrong
Charles Edward Callahan
Ruth Winnifred Coburn
Chester Ingalls Conn
Anna Bertha Cummings
Elizabeth Rose Dwyer
Roger Prescott Eaton
Mary Magdalen Fitchett
Mildred Arvilla Fox
*Arthur Reuben Gage
William Matthew Lynch
Helen Evelyn McDermott
Mary Agnes Murphy
Lillian May Pattison
Theodora Richardson
Oliver Fisk Sevrens
Lena Mary Wilkins
John Jacob Winchester
Arthur Carroll Yarrigle

Three Years' Course

Margaret Winnifred Callahan
Richard Matthew Cantillon
Julia Veronica Cogan
Charles Alden Cummings
Mary Loretta Davis
Mabel Agnes Doherty
Annie Louise Draffin
Marion Louise Fetridge
May Elfie Francis
Ida May Fraser
Agnes Alfrida Froberg
Mary Eleanor Griffin
Winnifred Theresa Jones
Dora Ethel Kimball
Emily Lentz
Margaret Elizabeth Marshall
Margaret Etta Martin
Francis Joseph McGovern
Joseph Michael McKittrick
John Francis Murphy
John Joseph Murphy
James Henry Murray
Stella Gray Preston
Nora Elizabeth Quinn
Anna Katharine Ray
Agnes Cecilia Reilly
Georgia Belle Rollins
Herbert Frank Shannon
Elizabeth Katharine Wall
Elsie Marion Wood

*Deceased.

JELL-O
ICE CREAM
POWDER

With two packages you can make a gallon of Delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes. Everything but the ice and milk in the package.
2 packages 25 cents at Grocers

Base Ball.

The all-around tie in the Patent Leather League was broken last Friday afternoon by Haley's team of Winchester defeating the Beggs & Cobbs team at the Park 14 to 7, and the chances of Haleys team winning out look good. But it will look bad if the championship goes to them, as they are not a Woburn team. The winner of the next game between Murrays and Lawrence & Sullivans will be tied with Haleys for first which means another game.

Patent Leather League Standing.

	won	lost	percent.
Beggs & Cobbs	1	2	000
Murrays	1	1	500
Haleys	2	1	750
Lawrence & Sullivans	1	1	500

The Trolley Wayfinder

for 1906 contains valuable information for travelers by trolley. Cities and towns reached by electric railways alphabetically arranged. Route maps a feature. Distance, fare and time between points touched by trolley cars throughout New England. It is the official publication of the New England Street Railway Club, and compiled by John J. Lane, Secretary. Price 10 cents, for sale on all news-stands, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing JOHN J. LANE, 12 PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

GOING AWAY TIME

Secure a supply of

FILMS OR A KODAK

Mitchel's PILL BOX

WILL FIT YOU OUT.

Woburn Panoram Post Cards and Swedish Post Cards sold.

Make your own Post Cards, Blue Print—Sepia—Velox.

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6 15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1 15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11 15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie M. Wyman, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charlotte W. Wyman of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

E. F. Johnson, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Maria Soucoup, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

REMOVAL !

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Factory: Akron, O.

To Let.

A STORE:

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

BUTTER — IS — Cheaper !

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:—

Your petitioner, the Winchester Rock and Brick Company, a corporation duly established by law, respectfully represents that the City Council of the City of Woburn in said County, have consented to the construction by your petitioner of a railroad for private use in the transportation of freight across and upon the way or travelled place in said Woburn known as Holton street at a point within one hundred freet from the Winchester town line and at the same level as said street; and further have consented that steam power be used on said road.

That the City Council of the City of Woburn by the provisions of Section 13 of Chapter 172 of the Laws of 1897 (City Charter) have all the powers of Boards of Aldermen under the general laws of the Commonwealth.

That a plan of the proposed location of said rail road is filed with this petition and made a part thereof; said plan being entitled "Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, Track for Winchester Rock and Brick Company near Montvale Station, Woburn. Scale 1 in. 100 feet. Feb. 1906. R. H. Rich, N. B. 22 P. 36-109."

WHEREFORE your petitioner respectfully asks that your Honorable Board, after due notice to all persons interested and a hearing, a judge that public necessity requires the crossing of said Holton street by said railroad for private use at the same level as said street; and also that your Honorable Board make a decree authorizing and requiring your petitioner to construct its road in such manner as shall be prescribed in the decree.

WINCHESTER ROCK AND BRICK CO.
By Henry E. Adams, Pres't.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the First Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1906.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioner gvie notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Winchester Highland Station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, Cross street, Winchester, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of July, next, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, by publishing a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least before said view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court within and for the County of Middlesex, dated June 5th, 1906, the subscribed administrator of the estate of Samuel L. Anthony, otherwise known as Samuel Anthony, late of Everett, in said County, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on **Saturday, the thirtieth day June, A D. 1906**, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, containing about 9,800 square feet, being lots numbered 488, 489, 490 and 491 shown on Plan B, Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Munroe Avenue formerly known as Hill street, about 140 feet; easterly by lot No. 491 on said plan, now or late of Stephenson, about 70 feet; northerly by lots numbered 452, 453, 454 and 455 on said plan, about 140 feet; easterly by lots 486 and 487 on said plan, now or late of Ellen Murphy about 70 feet.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days.

ROBERT WEST, Administrator.
John G. Maguire, Attorney.
Woburn, Mass., June 12th, 1906.

GO TO BASS POINT

IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING

BY **BOAT** FROM **LYNN**

FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 35 minutes.

WINCHESTER.

The story that Principal Lovering of our High School is to accept a like position in the Newton High School is without foundation. He has no idea or intention of making the change.

Baseball has had a greet run here this season, but the fun slackens and will soon draw to an end. Vacation is what we Winchester people are contemplating with the greatest interest just now.

The High School ball team played their last game of the season with the Woburns last Saturday. I suppose the JOURNAL, with its customary enterprise, will have a story of the game. [Of course! ED. JOURNAL.]

Bro. W. Buck wants a woman to fill a seat in the School Board in case Mr. Carpenter resigns, as the story goes. Mr. B. has the right idea about it—there ought always to be women on the Board, for, generally speaking, they prove more efficient than men.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Married Ladies Sodality of St. Mary's church: Rev F. E. Rogers, Spiritual Director; Mrs. P. Martin, Prefect; Mrs. Daniel Kelley, First Ass't.; Mrs. Edmund Gendron, Second Ass't.; Mrs. James McLellan, Secretary.

The original programme for a 4th of July celebration has been emasculated to such an extent that the prospect for "a rouser" is slim indeed. It looks as though there was to be no "Orator of the Day," no fireworks, no nothing in particular, except a band concert and baseball. Lack of funds is given as a reason for the partial failure.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Fitness to Win."
After this service the church will be closed till the second Sunday in September.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3rd Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Sermon and Holy Communion.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 21, Daniel Harold, aged 1 year 5 months.

In West Brimfield, June 16, Richard Erwin of Woburn, aged 17 years, 3 months, 17 days.

EVERY MAN Will Want A STRAW HAT

Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of

Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

NOTICE

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, June 28, 1906.

Pursuant to the Rules of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts, notice is hereby given that W. Frederic Davis, Jr., of Woburn, in said district, has applied for admission as an Attorney and Counsellor of such Circuit Court.

ALEX. H. TROWBRIDGE, Clerk.
By L. C. Tucker, Deputy Clerk.

Board Wanted.

By an ELDERLY LADY, not too far from the Centre. She will pay $3 per week. Answers left at JOURNAL office will be forwarded.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

Deadly Serpent Bites

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50 cents.

BOSTON LETTER.

Massachusetts Legislature Is Not as Bad as It Is Pictured

THE UNSEATING OF GETHRO.

Moran and Fitzgerald Both Are In the Calcium Rays.

There are several lessons to be drawn from the action of the legislature in unseating Representative Frank J. Gethro of Boston, on the charge of attempting to bribe other members of the Massachusetts house to vote against the so-called anti-bucket-shop bill. One of these lessons is that several districts in the state should send much better legislative timber to the state house than it has done this year.

There is a very general opinion that in unseating this man the house struck a mighty blow at bribery of members of the legislature.

This matter of attempting to secure the passage or defeat of legislation by the corrupt use of money has gone so far as to demand drastic remedies in order to crush it as far as possible; but this is the first time in the history of the Massachusetts house that any member has been unseated for such a heinous offense. Those who are familiar with the Massachusetts legislature and have watched its course for many years, take no stock whatever in the charges of wholesale bribery made by irresponsible sensationalists upon hearsay testimony. It is undoubtedly true that there are dishonest men in the legislature, but that this element constitutes a majority of that body, no one with facilities for judging for an instant believes. It is very likely that in getting together 280 men, there being 240 in the house and 40 in the senate, some dishonest men would secure an election. Some of the veteran newspaper men about the state house have set the number as high as 40; none of them believe that it would exceed 50 at the utmost, and out of 12 disciples, selected with much greater discrimination and care, Jesus found one Judas.

Most Legislators Honest

Whoever undertakes to make the public believe that a great majority of the members of the Massachusetts legislature are for sale, like frozen herring, has some ulterior and dishonest object in view. The present legislature is no doubt very much like others of preceding years. The expulsion of Mr. Gethro shows clearly that a majority of the members will not tolerate attempted bribery, either by insiders or outsiders. Had a majority of the members been guilty, they certainly would not have dared to vote for the expulsion of this man, knowing very well that if they did so he would be able to implicate them if he so desired.

The sensational newspapers have attempted to poison the minds of the public by the greatest mass of falsehood, misrepresentation and deceit possible to invent. It is probable that they have caused many to believe that the legislature is a much worse body than it really is. Expert judges have no hesitation in saying that the Massachusetts legislature is the best in all the galaxy of states. No less an authority than the Hon. James Bryce, the distinguished author of "American Commonwealths," in his volumes, states unequivocally that the Massachusetts legislature, for ability and probity, takes the lead in the sisterhood of states. This he stated after a tour of this country and a long sojourn here, during which he studied our American institutions and our state legislatures with the greatest care and attention. The best members as a rule come from the country districts.

There is some difference of opinion as to the course the house should have pursued in this bribery investigation. Many believe it should have been a public hearing. All the precedents were in favor of that course. The leading members of the house, however, and Attorney General Dana Malone, believed that more information would be secured if the hearing was in private, and witnesses were not so much in the limelight as to cause them to conceal what they knew.

Evidence Against Gethro

Three reputable members of the legislature testified that Mr. Gethro approached them and asked them to vote against the bucket-shop bill, saying that if they did so there was $50 in it for them.

A fact that militated against Mr. Gethro was his statement made shortly before the vote on expulsion was taken. In his appeal Mr. Gethro nowhere denied that he was guilty. He said he hoped that on the roll of those opposed to him there would not appear the names of those who had taken bribes or who had agreed to accept a bribe. If guilty he desired and exacted that the voices of the innocent rather than the votes of the guilty should convict him.

This statement, which many accept as a practical admission of the truth of the charges against him, caused him many votes of those who had been somewhat in doubt as to his guilt, and resulted in his expulsion which might not otherwise have been voted.

It now remains for District Attorney Moran to take up the matter and probe still deeper. It is his plain duty.

The city has seen a sorry spectacle recently in the mayor of the city as the leader of a gang making night hideous on Sunday, the 17th of June. The city had hoped for a fair amount of quiet on Sunday night, or at least until the earlier hours of morning, in order that the aged and the sick in Charlestown might not be deprived of their slumber and quiet, and that the celebration of the events which that anniversary commemorated might not be desecrated by hoodlumism and wanton disregard for the peace and comfort of others. The police had orders from Commissioner O'Meara to see that the celebration did not begin before the hour of 4 o'clock Monday morning, June 18. There was great relief felt in Charlestown at this decision.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the natives when Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, on midnight Sunday night, applied the torch to a monster bonfire and started a night revel which was declared by many to be a disgrace to the city. One of the best known of the Catholic priests of Charlestown declared that the events of the night before in that section were most disgraceful.

A Modest Official

Good old Middlesex county has an official who is worthy of honor. He is George A. Sanderson, district attorney for the county. Mr. Sanderson is a typical Massachusetts man, imbued with the true Massachusetts spirit. The other day he haled into court a big brewing company for violation of the anti-trust laws and had them indicted by the grand jury without fuss or feathers.

He also went further and secured the indictment of two former licensed officials of the city of Lowell on similar grounds. All this was done and the people knew nothing about it until it had actually been accomplished. In what marked contrast is such conduct with the brass-band-methods of our John B. Moran of Suffolk county. When Mr. Moran contemplates action against an official or a company, he first proclaims his purposes in the newspapers with much superfluity of detail, and then, sometime later on, takes action. It gives him much pleasure evidently to read his name and view his likeness in the daily press. He is extremely anxious that all the people shall know that he is a strenuous hunter after doers of iniquity, and that he is not only "the man who dares," but the dear friend of the people. Most of the cases which he has undertaken are slumbering on the trial list of Suffolk county. No man has yet arisen who dares to do nothing with such fearlessness of Mr. John B. Moran. As a doer of doughty deeds he ranks desperately low, but as an interviewer of newspaper reporters he has not an equal in the 10 eastern counties.

It may safely be predicated that Massachusetts loves the Sanderson type rather than the type represented by John B. Moran; the type which talks little and does much, rather than the type which talks much and does little. More representative of the Massachusetts idea is the man who tries his cases in court than the man who undertakes to try them in the newspapers first and then allow the courts to try them.

About the first of July it is said that Moran will issue his pronunciamento, in which he will define his attitude on the subject of the governorship. As the leading representative in Massachusetts of the Hearst idea in politics, Mr. Moran will have an opportunity to outline a platform with a view to catching as many votes as possible.

Wyman Reunion.

The Frances Wyman Association held their reunion at the old homestead in Burlington yesterday.

B. A. Wyman of Lancaster was chosen President; and Mrs. Edith W. Rolf of Lynn, Secretary and Treasurer. The following members were present and enjoyed the repast:

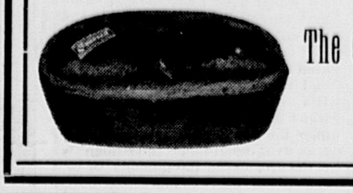
Mrs. Edith Wyman Rolfe, Lynn, Mass.
Mr. Louis A. Wyman, Lynn, Mass.
Mr. E. B. Hutchinson, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wyman, Lancaster, Mass.
Mr. J. P. Walker, Bangor, Maine.
Mr. Abram Wyman, North Easton, Mass.
Mr. Edwin B. Holt, Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. Nancy Wyman Holt, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. Albert L. Wyman, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth D. Pratt, Cliftondale, Mass.
Miss Mary P. Bacon, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Miss Elizabeth W. Davenport, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Freese, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn, Mass.
Miss Bertha M. Burbeck, Woburn, Mass.
Miss Ethel S. Burbeck, Woburn, Mass.
Mrs. Edward T. Brigham, Woburn, Mass.
Miss Marian Shaw, Woburn, Mass.

Creamalt
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)
The Oval Loaf

Better than any other.
Different from any other.
Richer than any other.
More food value than any other.

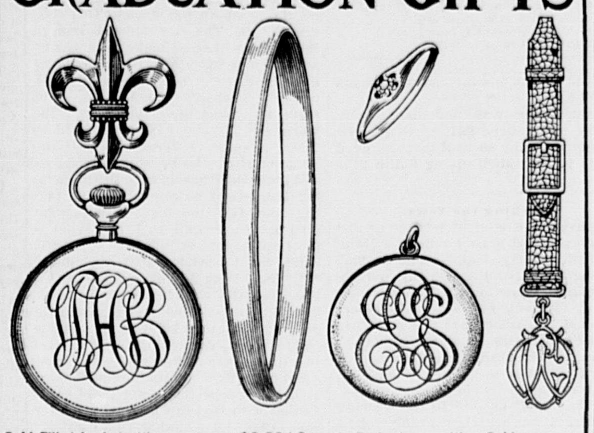
Is it any wonder that CREAMALT is the favorite bread of Greater Boston?

Fresh daily at your grocer's.



The GEORGE G. FOX CO.
BOSTON

GRADUATION GIFTS



Gold Filled Locket with monogram	$2.00	Same in Boy's size — either Gold Filled or Solid Silver and monogram fob — complete	$10.00
Solid Gold Locket with monogram	5.00	Diamond Ring	16.50
Gold Filled Locket with necklace	4.00	Diamond Ring, larger	25.00
Solid Gold Locket with necklace	10.00		
Gold Filled Bracelet	2.00		
Solid Gold Bracelet	5.00		
Ladies' Waltham Watch, Gold Filled Case engraved with monogram, and Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine — complete	12.00		
Same in Solid Gold	18.00		

Long
TRADE MARK
Wholesale and Retail JEWELER
39 & 41 SUMMER ST. BOSTON
NEXT DOOR G. F. HOVEY & CO.

FINE HOUSE

with all modern fixtures and conveniences, on one of the best streets in Winchester, over half acre of land. Fine buildihg lot can be sold off if desired.

I have property ranging from $10,000 to $600.

Many nice country homes at $2500 to $4000.

Houses to rent and cared for in the most careful manner.

I also do a general Insurance business, having some of the best and strongest companies to offer, such as The Hamburg-Bremen of Germany; The Svea Fire and Life Insurance Co. of Sweden; The Western of Pittsburgh (no risks in San Francisco); The American Central, with many other of tha best home companies.

Don't forget to call at 413 Main street and see for yourself.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
413 Main Street, WOBURN

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms on

Friday, July 6th, 1906,

at 7.30 o'clock P. M., for the election of Officers and transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held on FRIDAY, July 6th, 1906, at 7.45 o'clock P. M., for the transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, June 22d, 1906.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 7th, 1906, will draw interest from that date.

The July dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, July 21st, 1906, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Foster, of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of July, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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The Miracle

By TROY ALLISON

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Esther Blake felt certain that there were positions in life that she would have found less trying than that of only child of a popular minister. She loved the dear old rectory, with its shabby furniture; she had grown up feeling that the beautiful gray stone church with the stained glass windows was part of the family possessions; but, while these things helped make the condition pleasanter, they did not keep her from wanting the things that other girls had and to do the things that other girls did.

Christmas after Christmas her lips had quivered when she had received from one to a dozen handsome Bibles from the friends in her father's congregation. Her mother had a sense of humor, and when Esther on her twentieth birthday received Bible No. 37 she laughed and told her daughter that for Christmas she would buy her an adjustable extension bookcase. There seemed nothing else that she needed quite so much.

The girl's face seemed half divided between a desire to laugh and to cry.

"I don't see why they think I don't want a trinket occasionally—a fan, a bracelet or something a little bit frivolous, mamma," she said. "I have nineteen Madonnas hanging in my room, and I have received at various times a copy of almost every religious picture ever printed. Of course I like them, but I wish I could be considered as a mere girl some time and not a part of St. John's church."

She had as a little girl cheerfully given up the dancing lessons that she wanted. She was never invited to card parties because each and every hostess felt a tiny bit doubtful as to whether it would be suitable to extend such invitation to her.

Even the dinner parties and ice cream festivals had failed to be particularly interesting to her—for if there were a curate or a theological student among the guests she was sure to have him assigned to her. As a schoolgirl she had stolen furtive glances at the college boys who wore their hair long and played football—there was something fascinating in the jolly way they laughed—and she had wished that her hostess would understand that she would like occasionally the girlish frivolity of eating a philopena with a football youth. But they never did understand, and she continued to discuss with curates the last Sunday's sermon or a new plan for decorating the church next Easter.

There had, however, been one glorious period of freedom—she had spent two years at a boarding school, had played basketball as hilariously as any girl on the team, had eaten welsh rarebits, cooked at midnight behind covered transoms and chinked doors, with the same temerity shown by the girls who had lawyers or doctors for fathers.

And, best of all, she had become acquainted with vivacious Elise Bourland, whose mother was French and whose father considered life worth living and the world a jolly place to live in.

Contrary to the idea that like seeks like, the two girls, so different, had formed a fast friendship.

When Dick Bourland, who practiced law in a city neighboring the school, paid his weekly visits to his sister, he pronounced demure little Esther Blake altogether charming. At the close of school he told her so, and, finding that she admitted having exactly the same opinion of him, he had taken the long journey to reach the little South Carolina town and state the case to the rector.

Dick's mother had, upon the announcement of the engagement, written a nice little note and invited the girl to come for a visit that she might get acquainted with her future relatives.

The girl stood in the library by the window watching the rain that had been steadily pouring all the forenoon, puckering her forehead in anxious plannings of the possibilities of the case.

"I really don't see how I can go, mamma," she said finally. "It is impossible for papa to afford it now."

Her mother tapped her pen meditatively against the inkstand and tried to help her plan.

"You get your railway fare at half rate, you know, my dear—that helps some—and you could alter my new gray crape and make it look youthful enough for a calling dress. Then you have your white commencement dress. There's a small foundation, you see, to begin with."

Esther came over and sat on a stool by her mother's knee.

"I can't help wanting his people to think I'm nice—and for him to be proud of me. You understand, don't you, motherkins?"

Mrs. Blake patted her on the back and her eyes grew misty.

"Yes, yes, dearie, I understand perfectly—but I also remember that Dick loved my girl for herself—when she didn't have half the pretty clothes the other girls were able to afford. That's the thing to keep in mind, little daughter."

Esther kissed her impulsively. "You are the best kind of a comforter, mother mine. Come, let's look over the remnants of our wardrobes and see if we can't accomplish some of those wonderful things one reads about on the woman's page—'How to make a handsome evening dress out of an old lace curtain,' or 'a dressing sack out of a silk handkerchief trimmed with your father's old neckties plaited into tiny edgings.'"

Mrs. Blake laughed and followed her upstairs. They soon had the girl's bed covered with odds and ends ransacked from both wardrobes.

Esther finally sat down, an old fashioned lavender and white delaine dress that had belonged to her mother's more youthful days lying in her lap.

"I really can make up a lovely little evening dress out of this," she exulted. "I wonder it's not been made over long ago."

Mrs. Blake did not tell her she had kept it packed away in lavender and tender memories because it was the dress she had worn as a bride the first Sunday at St. John's when she came to the then strange town.

"I can manage with the dresses, but I don't see how anything less than a miracle could produce the shoes and gloves that ought to go with them. One could perhaps find a recipe for a pair of long white gloves to go with the short elbow sleeves I intend making for my little lavender dress if there only were time to read enough woman's pages. They might say, 'Take the old silk stockings of your Aunt Eliza and crochet a proper finish, fastening with the pearl buttons taken from your grandfather's white moire vest,' but I'm sure it would take more intellect than I can command to put them together properly and evolve a pair of long white gloves."

Mrs. Blake suddenly sparkled with animation.

"Why, Esther Blake, speaking of miracles, I've had a pair of white gloves, the kind you want, lying in the bottom of my trunk for five years. They may be a little yellow, but we can have them cleaned, and there's plenty of time for the odor of gasoline to wear off them."

She didn't tell the girl the history of those gloves.

Five years before, when the rector was having more financial difficulties than it seemed right for one man to have, he had read the marriage service for one of the wealthiest young men in the town. It was a quiet home wedding, and the bridegroom had laughingly presented him with the bride's gloves as a souvenir.

The rector always had been in the habit of giving all wedding fees to his wife for her own personal use.

When he upon his return home gave her the gloves she had tossed them into her trunk, wondering in the depth of her heart what earthly use the bridegroom thought those gloves would do her financially distressed husband.

She now found them in the very bottom of her trunk and tossed them into Esther's lap.

"After all these years, my dear, maybe they will be of service. They belonged to one bride. Perhaps they will prove a talisman to bring happiness to a girl who is just engaged."

Esther unwrapped one glove from the other and commenced smoothing them out. They were long and soft, of the finest suede.

She slipped one of them on to straighten the fingers, then turned them in astonishment.

"Mamma Blake," she exclaimed, her face crimson with excitement, "there is a piece of paper money folded in every blessed finger of this blessed glove!"

Mrs. Blake turned pale and picked up the mate that had fallen unheeded to the floor.

"Call your father, dearie," she said in an awed whisper. "There's a ten dollar note in each of these fingers. As badly as we've needed money at times, I've had a hundred dollars lying in my trunk for five years."

When Dr. Blake came he sat down on the edge of the bed, and the three stared helplessly at the long white gloves.

"I'll go this very afternoon and thank Mr. Carter," he said, looking slightly dazed. "Perhaps he will overlook the thanks being several years delayed when I tell him my little girl is going to wear these gloves at her own wedding."

Date and Rice Experts.

"There are date experts in the Sahara," said a sailor, "men that can distinguish varieties of the date as easily and accurately as you or I can distinguish the various vegetables. As I went from Biskra to Tougourt last winter I learned a lot about dates. I'd thought, the same as you, that there was only one kind. I found there were seventy-nine kinds. And the Arab expert, the date merchant, could tell those seventy-nine kinds apart with ease. All the world's dates come from the Sahara. They grow in the oases. The date palms need just a little water along with the hottest kind of a hot sun—a desert sun. The variety of the date is amazing. I know myself now nine kinds. It's the same with rice in Burma. The best rice comes from there, and there are 102 kinds of it, which the Burmese rice grower has no difficulty in differentiating."—New York Press.

Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

The Sistine Chapel, Rome.

The chapel is a beautiful place in itself by its simple and noble proportions as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations of the ceiling, conceived by Michael Angelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it. It was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination in a dreamy way far more than the gilded oak tree in the arms of Sixtus IV. by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?

Eased His Conscience.

"I have examined our public subscription boxes for years," said an officer of a charitable organization, "and in them I have found many queer things. The very queerest, though, was last year. On opening a box in a New York railway station I found the gold settings of a necklace, a stomacher, a pair of earrings and five rings. They were magnificent settings, worth a deal of money. I could not help wondering what the stones, which had been roughly torn out of them, were like. These jewels, of course, had been stolen. The settings were now given to charity by the thief. The stones themselves would be recut and sold. Around this gift was a note, which said:

"'Sell for the sick. My conscience goes as far as this.'"

The Reason.

"I think the picture lacks atmosphere," said the kindly critic.

"Fact is," said the artist, "I had a hard time raising the wind while I was painting."

Hard to Shake Off.

Hewitt—He sticks closer than a brother. Jewett—Yes; he sticks like a church debt.—Woman's Home Companion.

Goats as Mowing Machines.

A flock of Angora goats was put on a rocky hillside that it was desired to have cleared and got into grass. It was such a tangle of brush and briers that it was with difficulty one could make a way through it. The goats actually ate their way in until it was penetrated with paths in all directions. After the leaves within reach were eaten they would stand on their hind feet with their fore feet in the branches and so eat the leaves higher up, or, if the bush was not too large, would throw their weight against and bend it to the ground, where others of the flock would help strip it of its foliage. The leaves would come out again only to be eaten off, then sprouts would come from the roots to share the same fate, until at the end of the second summer everything in the shape of a bush not over six feet tall except the pines and laurel was completely killed and white clover was beginning to appear. These goats with their long, curly, white fleeces attracted more attention probably than anything else on the place; but, as can be imagined, they had to be well fenced in, for they would run over a stone wall like dogs.—Country Life In America.

Poetry at $1,875 a Line.

The highest price ever paid for poetry was $1,875 a line, $15,000 for an eight line poem.

It was not a good poem either. James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," wrote it. Smith met one night at dinner in London Strachan, the famous English printer. Strachan, what with old age and gout, was most infirm. Indeed, he could hardly walk. But his mind was exceedingly powerful and brilliant, and he talked so well that Smith on his return home wrote the following doggerel about the old man:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's strength
In due proportion spread
In you mounts upward, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Though this was undeniably rank poetry and ranker flattery, it pleased Printer Strachan so well that he added to his will a codicil giving Smith $15,000.

Breaking the News.

"Alaska is a land of adventure and romance," said a gold miner. "Many queer things have happened in Alaska," he continued, smiling—"many wretched things. Sometimes it has been necessary to break sad news to mothers at home, and sometimes this news has been broken with wonderful skill.

"An Alaskan called on a woman in New Hampshire to tell her of her son's death in the Klondike.

"'Yes, lady,' he said to the weeping mother, 'I was with him to the end. I seen him die. And I tell ye, ma'am, as he wuz dyin' he looked jest like an angel.'

"'Did he?' the mother sobbed.

"'He certainly did, ma'am,' said the Klondiker. 'Swingin' back'ards and for'ards in the air thar ye'd 'a' thought he had wings.'"—Kansas City Journal.

For Umbrella Forgetters.

"Lost umbrellas, forgotten umbrellas," said the lost and found clerk, "pay my salary. We sell all that are unclaimed, you know, deriving from this odd source $100 a month. Nearly all lost umbrellas are left in trains. There is a thing to do with an umbrella on entering a train that will assure you of not leaving it. I'll tell you what that thing is. When you sit down in the car place the umbrella on the outside, between yourself and the aisle. Thus the umbrella is a fence. It bars you in. When you jump up hastily to get off at your station you fall over it. You can't forget it whether you would or not."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Man, the Monstrous Specter.

What a monstrous specter is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming, and yet looked at nearer, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes!—R. L. Stevenson.

The Dog's Kennel.

Damp is the greatest evil to which the dog confined outside the house in a kennel is liable. It will kill the strongest dog and must be carefully guarded against. If a dog is to keep in health, too, it is necessary that it should be able to enjoy plenty of sunlight, and the kennel should always be placed facing south, except in the hottest parts of the day in summer, when it should be moved into the shade.

Woes of Society Ladies.

There should be an eight hour day for "fashionable" women. We cannot talk scandal continuously for twelve, as we do now. The excitement and the strain upon the imagination are terrific.—Letter to London Truth.

Pretty Full.

"McLush has been arrested for drunkenness and wants you to bail him out."

"Bail him out!" ejaculated Colonel Pepper, who had heard the remark indistinctly. "Good gracious, is he that full?"—Exchange.

A Snake That Swallows Eggs.

The hydraci yeti is a native of South Africa, and, taken all around, he is a curiosity in the reptile line. Unlike the regulation snake, he has no teeth in his mouth, but has a full set of grinders in his stomach. These dental wonders grow from the center of each vertebra. They pass through the walls of the stomach, and are each crowned with enamel. Hydraci is the champion egg sucker, and the teeth in the stomach appear to be nature's provision for breaking the shell of the egg without running the risk of losing the precious contents. When the egg lands in the stomach and the serpent's instinct tells it that everything is all right, the abdominal walls contract, and the egg is crushed against the long row of vertebral teeth.

State Flags.

Most of our states have flags, some of them very peculiar ones. These are carried as the state colors of the militia regiments. Our own is too familiar to need description. "The white standard of Massachusetts" has been seen in the forefront of many battles. New York displays a buff flag, and the state banner of Maryland bears on a ground of blazing yellow the arms and motto of the Calverts. The heraldic design is so disposed as to give Maryland's flag, seen at a distance, somewhat the semblance of a gorgeous crazy quilt, although we suppose to the Marylanders it is more suggestive of the picturesqueness of a royal standard.—Boston Transcript.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 1.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xviii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 2, 3—Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In previous lessons we have called attention to the persistent conflict between light and darkness, between the Lord and the devil, and to the fact that while God dwelt in Christ on earth the devil also manifested a special possession of people old and young. He continues to do this, and it may be, as S. D. Gordon suggests, that he is still looking for, but has not yet found, a man whom he can possess and control as fully as God possessed and controlled Jesus of Nazareth. This man he will yet find, and he will be the man of sin, the beast, the antichrist, and then will come the consummation of the long conflict and the victory for the Lamb (Rev. xiii, 6, 7; xvii, 14).

When the disciples came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, where Peter would have liked to continue, the first miracle was the casting out of a demon whom the disciples could not cast out, Jesus assuring them that this kind could only be overcome by prayer and fasting. Then He again foretold His sufferings as the only way by which He could fully and finally conquer the devil. Our lesson today begins with the disciples' question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" And we remember that on that last night at the Passover in the upper room there was a strife among them as to which of them should be accounted the greatest (Luke xxii, 24). This also is from the devil, whose ambition is to be like the Most High and exalt his throne above the stars of God (Isa. xiv, 13, 14). The same spirit is seen in the sayings "Let us make us a name" and "Is not this great Babylon that I have built * * * by the might of my power?" (Gen. xi, 4; Dan. iv, 30.) But while we expect these things from the world and the devil how shameful to find this spirit in those who bear the name of Him who became poor for us and humbled Himself unto death, making Himself of no reputation and taking upon Him the form of a servant (II Cor. viii, 9; Phil. ii, 7, 8). What is the Lord's reply at this time? A little child, * * * become as little children, * * * humble as this little child (verses 2-4). A little child suggests helplessness, emptiness, dependence. No young of any animal so helpless as a little child. It can do nothing for itself and just lives in the mother's love and care, satisfied with what the mother has to give. This dependence upon and satisfaction with God in Christ as a Father who pities and a mother who comforts are what we need.

The words of Jeremiah to Baruch are always appropriate: "Seeketh thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" (Jer. xlv, 5). When we have received the Lord Jesus and have thus been born again and become children of God (John i, 12, 13), no child of the most loving parents was ever provided and cared for as we are, for "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things (Rom. viii, 32), and how comforting the words, "Your heavenly Father knoweth" (Matt. vi, 32); "He careth for you" (I Pet. v, 7). Then notice that all children of God as well as actual little children have special guardian angels who always have access to the presence of God (verse 10; Heb. i, 14). I fear that few believers derive anything like the comfort they might have from the ministry of angels. They are ever with us; they go and come like lightning; they strengthen our bodies; they guard us from the enemy; they delight to do His will, hearkening to His word. There are texts to prove all this. Let each one look them up for himself and believe God and be comforted.

Then think of our safety—"Shall never perish." Compare verses 14 and John iii, 16; x, 28, 29. God is not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9), but those who are in Christ, redeemed by His blood, can never perish—not only safe in the arms of Jesus, but, as one has said, "Safe as an arm of Jesus," for we are members of His body. Some one may want a sure word concerning those who die in infancy and cannot rest quietly on the teaching of this lesson or on His "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It seems to me that Deut. i, 39, contains a principle which ought to satisfy any one. Then there is such a comforting word in Zech. viii, 5, for all who have little ones in heaven, for though that refers to the earthly Jerusalem all earthly joys are but shadows of the greater and more real joys of heaven and of the kingdom.

Note that He counts all that is done to His redeemed, even to a little child, as done to Himself (verses 5, 6). Compare with this Matt. x, 40-42; xxv, 40, 46. Note also "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii, 8) and compare His "Why persecutest thou me?" to Saul. Fail not to notice the words of Him who willeth not the death of a sinner, who came to save the lost, who bare our sins in His own body on the tree, concerning everlasting fire and hell fire in verses 8 and 9 and compare xxv, 41. If it was not a fearful thing to perish and if the torments of the lost were not an awful reality, how vain and useless were the sufferings of Christ that we might be delivered from the wrath to come, when there is, according to some, no wrath of God. Let us tremble if we are ever tempted to question the word of God or its statements concerning anything therein recorded. We are ever on the witness stand and are testifying for Christ or against Him.

The Violin.

Each instrument excels in some particular passage, the piano in scale passages, the harp in arpeggio, the mandolin in the rapid repetition of one note, the banjo in the rapid playing of broken chords, and so with other instruments; but the violin can beat them all on their own ground, while there is much violin music that can be played on no other instrument.

An Optimist.

"Blank started out to be a rose specialist, but the insects ate up his flowers so fast he had to give it up."

"Wasn't he discouraged?"

"No; he found so many interesting varieties of bugs he went in for that subject, and now he's just as enthusiastic over bugs as he was over flowers!"—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Doing.

"Miss May," began Mr. Hoamley, "would you—er—be mad if I were to kiss you?"

"Not necessarily," replied the bright girl, "but I would certainly be mad to let you."—Philadelphia Press.

Larry's Wedding

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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When Larry Donovan was promoted from footman to coachman and moved from a room over the stables to a trim cottage with a fine view of the Hemstead's lawn he felt as if the summit of his ambition had been reached. If genius is a capacity for hard work Larry could well lay claim to it, for he toiled early and late with a pertinacity which set him high in the estimation of his employer and enabled him to put by a snug sum by the time he had been in America three years.

There was only one thing wanting to make Larry's happiness complete, and that was the presence of Ellen O'Meara, who was already on her way from the old country. A month ago Larry had sent the money for her transportation.

Ellen was the belle of Ballymoran, and his winning her was to be viewed in the light of a great triumph. For awhile it had been nip and tuck as to whether she would marry him or Tim Kearny. But Ellen had chosen Larry, and in the letters she wrote him from time to time there was no mention of Tim Kearny.

"Shure, her heart's all mine," said Larry to himself, and as the day of Ellen's landing approached his joy became more and more apparent.

Indeed, the whole Hemstead household took an interest in Ellen's home coming. The servants knew her age to a dot, that her eyes were as blue as the lakes of Killarney and her hair like burnished copper.

The morning of his wedding dawned clearly and Larry was in jubilant spirits as he took the Long Island train for New York. How Ellen would delight in their little cottage and exult in the surprise that her husband was not a groom, but a full fledged coachman.

Larry boarded the immigrant ferryboat, and it was not till he had reached the immigration building on Ellis island that he found that the Cedric, the steamer on which Ellen was coming, was a day late.

A whole twenty-four hours to spend without Ellen! Larry wandered disconsolately through the long bare halls of the building, stopping to look at the newly landed immigrants in their cage-like compartments and thinking of the time when he had been like them. In one of the halls a girl was talking to a blue coated official and biting her lips to keep from crying. She was young and slender, with deep gray eyes.

"I'm sorry," the official was saying kindly, "but we haven't been able to get any word of the aunt who was to meet you, and you're too young a girl to work alone in the city. It's against the law. If your aunt doesn't come for you, you'll have to go back to Ireland to your own people."

"But they're all dead," said the girl. "Shure, there's no one belonging to me at all except this aunt in New York whom I've niver seen. An' if she doesn't come for me"— The girl broke off with a sudden sob, so childish, so piteous, that Larry, in spite of his happiness, felt his heart ache for her.

"It's a shame, it is," he said to himself. "A poor young bit of a thing like that! Faith, if my Ellen was only here we might think of something to do for the girl." And on his way back to New York Larry determined to speak to Ellen about the matter. Women's wits were much better than men's in such cases.

Next morning he was early at the island and instead of waiting in the immigration building tramped up and down outside that he might catch the first glimpse of the boat that was bringing Ellen to him. Presently he descried it, and his blood raced at the sight.

He stood as near as he could to the gangplank and anxiously scanned the faces of the immigrants crowded on the deck, but Ellen's was not among them. Larry was filled with an anguish of apprehension. Then his heart leaped. He had seen the glint of Ellen's red gold hair. For an instant she faced him, their eyes met, and then she turned and spoke to a man beside her. He laughed and pushed back his cap. As he did so Larry recognized him. It was Tim Kearny. They were coming down the gangplank now, and Ellen, to steady herself, put a bare red hand on the railing. On her fourth finger gleamed a plain gold wedding ring.

Larry was too stunned to speak. Dazed, he turned toward the immigration building. He knew not what to do or where to go. The mockery of it all swept over him—the fruitless years of planning and working, the little house that he had meant to be so happy in. Worse than all, the shame of returning alone smote him to the quick. But as he stumbled on there flashed through his mind the memory of the gray eyed girl he had seen the day before. She had been so helpless, yet so lovely in her grief. Somehow the recollection of her loneliness seemed to draw him toward her as if by an invisible bond.

"Shure, misery loves company," he said to himself, "and if the girl could only learn to care for me 'tis joy and not sorrow might be in store for us."

He quickened his steps, fumbling in his pocket for the letters with which Mr. Hemstead had invested him in case he had trouble in proving his right to Ellen. They certified as to Larry's character and errand beyond a doubt and satisfied the middle aged official who ran his eye across them.

"Well?" he said.

The situation was a difficult one, and it took Larry some moments to explain.

Finally the official threw back his head and laughed. "We've had a good many romances on the island," he cried, "but this beats all! Still, as far as I can see, there's nothing against your marrying the girl if she consents. At present she's expecting to be deported, for we've found that her aunt died some days after the girl sailed."

So Nora MacManus was called from the women's detention room and came with a look of wonder, a wonder which deepened as she saw Larry.

"They're telling me you're from the owld sod," said he, "and that your name's Nora MacManus. Is it of the Innishowan MacManuses ye are?"

"Yes," said Nora. Her voice was as soft as the run of a river.

"I was at Innishowan once myself," said Larry, and he went on to speak of the old people and the old times. "Faith, they're a great bond whin people are in a strange land," he said.

Then Larry took both of Nora's hands at the same time.

"Nora, girl," he said, "listen to me." While he was speaking she kept her gray eyes fixed on his honest blue ones. He did not pause until he had told her the whole story. "I've lost faith in one woman," he declared, "but not in all. And the little house back there is lonely and empty, and my heart—shure, it's lonely and empty too. Will ye come and fill it, Nora, alana? Will ye trust me whin I tell ye that the longer I stand here speakin' with ye the more I love ye?"

"It gives me a feelin' o' home to know they have the Blarney stone in America," said Nora, a gleam of humor appearing in her eye.

"I'm no worse than an aunt ye niver had seen," pleaded Larry, "and I may be some better. And the people where we're going—shure, they'll niver know but what you're the girl I came here to marry. There's such a thing as love at first sight, Nora, darlint, and that's what's the matter with me this minute. Ah, say ye'll marry me, though I know ye've niver set eyes on me before"—

"Oh, but I have!" cried Nora. "Yesterday in the hall"— She stopped with a quick blush.

"Ah," cried the delighted Larry, "then ye did notice me, my angel! 'Twas hardly a wink I got last night, for your face kept hauntin' me. I thought of what I'd heard ye say and how lonely and hard it was for ye, a girl in a strange land."

"Did ye, now?" said Nora. "There's few would have thought o' that!" A wonderful change passed over her face. Her eyes softened. "If ye think—if you're still shure"— She faltered, groping for a word.

"Ah, Nora, is it 'Yes' ye mean?" cried the ecstatic Larry.

And Nora nodded.

So Larry and Ellen were married, and the kindly official and the matron of the detention room were witnesses of the simple ceremony. And it chanced that as he and his bride stood on the deck of the immigrant ferry they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, also bound for New York.

"Nora, my dear," said Larry, "this is Mrs. Kearny. Mrs. Kearny, I'd loike to make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Lawrence Donovan." He shot a sharp look at Tim. "Is it on your weddin' thrip ye are?" he questioned and without waiting for an answer drew Nora toward the bow of the boat, so that in going down the gangplank they took precedence of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, who followed sullenly behind and were just in time to see Larry call a cab, hand Nora into it and, jumping in after her, close the door with a victorious slam.

"There are times," said Larry, "whin it pays to be exthravagant," and, leaning over, he squeezed Nora's hand.

London's Comic Paper.

London Punch was concocted in the back parlor of a public house behind Drury Lane theater. The first editor of Punch was the landlord of that tavern, and in that room assembled almost every night some of the most lively wits of the day—more noted, as Dion Boucicault tells, for wit than money. The landlord made punch, and around the bowl those men would sit drinking, smoking and cracking jokes.

The landlord proposed that their jokes should not be wasted, that their wit should start a comic paper. A good idea, but what name to give it?

What name? The child should have its father's name. And the landlord pointed to the bowl of punch. And the paper was started. It struggled on for about a year and then was sold for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the firm that printed it. The best writers in England hastened to their standard. It has the notoriety of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe.—Sunday Magazine.

Baking Bread.

The action of yeast on dough converts some of the starch into sugar. Then the sugar is made into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. When the dough is baked the alcohol is driven off. If the bread is underbaked some of the yeast may remain unkilled, and such bread by being kept may have more of its starch changed into sugar. Thorough baking kills all yeast, and keeping of such bread does not cause any ripening. Stale bread is more digestible than new bread solely because it is more easily masticated.

Pike's Peak In Summer.

The first part of the road to Pike's peak is through a picturesque ravine with a beautiful mountain torrent roaring and leaping through it. This ravine is a popular walk, and one sees many climbers who shoot their kodaks as the train passes, until one knows exactly how it feels to be a celebrity. As one goes on the climbers become gradually fewer, and after three or four miles they are left behind. Suddenly a new turn in the road shows that the first foothills have been surmounted and that we are climbing the vast bare side of the peak itself. The track stretches toboggan-like far ahead. Great views unfold. One looks down on lonely wooded valleys, where blue lakes glisten, on the tops of the mountains and over mountains to the plain that stretches away like the sea. It has grown cold, and patches of snow begin to appear. The date is Aug. 1, but in the snow keeps on the summit we shall soon be snowballing one another.—Four Track News.

Alabama's State Flag.

Over the historic capitol at Montgomery waves not the national flag, but the Alabama flag, and not one Alabamian in a thousand would recognize it if he saw it elsewhere than on the capitol. The flag in question has no history woven into it, for it was not adopted until 1895. It presents a St. Andrew's cross in crimson on a white field. Such a cross is shaped like a letter X, and the books suggest that the apostle Andrew died on a cross of that design. Few if any other states indulge in flags of their own. A flag is the symbol of sovereignty, and state sovereignty is limited by the federal constitution. When we were a part of Georgia we granted to the federal government the executive power of punishing treason, and if any one becomes a traitor to the Alabama flag we might have to call in the federal government in order to punish him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Tongues of the Balkans.

Too many languages are spoken in the Balkans. A traveler in that region writes of the babel: "Turkish, Bulgarian, Serbo-Croatian, Roumanian, Armenian, Greek, Albanian, Kulzo-Wallachian, Chingeni, the language of the gypsies; Spaniole, the language of the Jews of Spanish or Portuguese descent, and the language spoken by the German, Austrian, Roumanian and Russian Jews. Add to this Arabic, Persian and Syrian, largely spoken in Constantinople; Italian, on the northeast coast of the Adria; Russian, in the northeastern parts of Roumania; various Austro-Hungarian idioms spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Caucasian languages of the Circassians and Georgians." Not one of these languages is of common use.

The Lone Star of Texas.

The origin of the Lone Star flag of the republic of Texas is not entirely clear. The claim has been made that it was unfurled in the present territory of Louisiana in 1810, but other searchers cannot find earlier trace of it than the presentation of such a banner to the company of Captain Andrew Robinson in May, 1835. Still another claim is made for a flag unfurled at Velasco Jan. 8, 1836, and said to have been made by a Miss Troutman of Nashville, Ga. One story has it that the star came from the fact that Governor Smith, for lack of a seal, used a brass button from his coat which bore a five pointed star.—St. Louis Republic.

A Clerical Pun.

A complaint was brought before an eminent English bishop that a clergyman in his diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood when, in fact, he had no such degree. "I call it, my lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back." "We need not use quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith," the bishop replied in his blandest manner. "Call it a false hood."

Before and After.

She (cuttingly)—There is no doubt about it—marriage does improve a man's politeness. He (surprised)—How so? She (blandly)—Well, you frequently get up and offer me a chair now. Before we were married you never gave me more than half a one.

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Banker (to the new cashier)—Say, if ever you are seized with the desire to run off with the cash let me know. I'll go with you.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.